

Face of the Goat in the Mirror  
Eyes Burn like (an) October Sunrise  
As Once they Gazed upon the Hillside  
Searching for the Memories...

In the Shadow of the Horns  
only seen by the Kings  
of the Dawn (of the) First Millennium  
upon the Thrones

In the Shadow of the Horns  
Cleansed like the air in the Night  
World Without End

(we've become) a Race of the Cursed Seeds  
for five United Forces  
in the Eternal Dawn  
the Kings that held (their) heads high

The Triumph of chaos - Has Guided our Path  
we Circles the holy Sinai - Our Swords Gave Wings  
Invisible force of our Abyssic Hate  
Our seeds Boil as we gaze upon the New Millennium

Weeping by the Graves of the Glorious Ones  
(so) the hardened Frost Melts Away  
Clouds Gather across a Freezing Moon  
I kiss the Goat - Witchcraft Still Breathes