

Rakoth, Mountain God

Behold the vast dismal hall beneath the black mountain and the great ebony throne in the middle of it. See the ancient god sitting upon this throne and holding in his hand a golden chalice full of human suffering and fear. Once god of joy he became god of pain... By the will of Young Gods. The sword on the altar before the throne... The sword of blue magical steel... The Great Sword of Power... My disciple, it must be yours! Tortured victims fill all the hall before the throne Losing the rest of mind and soul with the parting groan Eyes gushing blood, mouth torn with a scream and no one hears Before this face, bloodlustful and grim, life disappears Winged creatures under the ceiling - down they stare Harvest pain, fear and suffering bouncing there Mixed with gore it makes the drink for the ancient god Raising powers of Mountain King - dreadful lord Hagen, disciple of Darkness... Step forth and take what now is yours... The sword... And I will help you with my force I gather the power for flaming spell Around myself turning the world Gaining true fire from the heart of Muspell Floods of the time I distort Fire shines into their eyes, hear their cries Dusk dies, uncovers disguise, see their demise Trampling down mountain guards you break to the throne Crushing their swords, slashing apart with the strength grown Fire shines, blind are their eyes, your powers rise Dusk dies, uncovers disguise, now take your prize Before the throne you grab the sword - finally yours You pierce the chest of mountain lord with no remorse With their lord disincarnated the servants of the mountain disappear And the souls of the tortured finally obtain their long waited freedom Rejoicing in their afterlife Banished is the god - the body's dead and spirit roams But no return for blood that's shed and for painful groans Victims death turned into power that never dies Now it's waiting for its hour to arise