Airged L'amh, Intro - Guardian Of The Ancient De

[Far away lost in the years of ancient history, in the twilight of time stands Tuan McCarel an archety belong to the Golden Age

When the gods blessed the human race

I remember well in my time shining eyes in prosperous faces

Was a King through graceful days

Now these years belong to the past

Golden cities became memories lost beneath the depths of ancient seas

Dark prevailed upon the light

Storm of fire and steel provoke rain of blood

Sorcery covered the land

Thrashing our souls with hate from caves of Crom

I hearkened to dark whispers of the ancient craft

To learn the secrets all through the time

I have witnessed what the wisest had never seen

I've walked in ways beyond your fantasy

I am Tuan, my name belongs to the myth, Guardian of the Ancient Deeds

Mine is the voice that's coming to you, penetrates within your dreams

Tribe of my own does no longer exist, Guardian of the Ancient Deeds

Dust in the wind is what they became, whispers in my ears I am the great ancient white, the man beyond the myth

Guardian of the Ancient Deeds

They exist in my memories.

Only I remain the same

Through the path of the centuries

Growing old in different shapes

To bring you the truth that resists

I belong to the Golden Age

When the gods blessed the human race

I remember well in my time shining eyes in prosperous faces

Was a King through graceful days

Now these years belong to the past

Golden cities became memories lost beneath the depths of ancient seas

And as the sun appeared on the other side of the hill

The tribe of Tuan was vanished

Alone he walks in the fields of death

Blood-covered now stands...

Dark prevailed upon the light

Storm of fire and steel provoke rain of blood

Sorcery covered the land

Thrashing our souls with hate from caves of Crom

Taste the cauldron of my blood

Sky chariots appeared from another world

I hearkened to dark whispers of the ancient craft

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Ancient Deeds