

Ancient Wisdom, No Tears at His Funeral

The WinterMoon Enlights The Funeral Sky
And Lost Souls Are Gather Here Tonight
Eyes Are Filled With Mourning Tears
But In My Mind No Grief Ever Entered
Soon I'll Spread My Darkened Wings
In This Night Of December Grim

Where Witches And Warlocks Gather
I Will Stand Above
And No Grief Will Ever Enter
This Soul Of Mine
Through The Dark Sky
I Will Eternally Ride
As The Winds Guide Me
To The Valley Of Hidden Treasure

No Tears At The Funeral
Of The Forgotten Emperor
No Flowers At The Grave
Of The Forgotten Emperor
The Burial Took Time
For Countless Of Pears
But Still This Land Is Mine
I Am The Guardian Of Time

The Night Gathers My Strength
I Am The Predicted
My Soul Is Immortal
For All Eternity