

Keep Of Kalessin, A New Empire's Birth

From the tallest mountain he watches
The serpent, the saviour, the eater of men
He who thrives on dead flesh

The phantom king hungrily awaits
The march of fallen souls
Rise from the ruins of your gods

Who will be guided by his song?
Who can prove where they belong?

I fear, certain death
From the ruins of pride, I am reborn
I'll search through every stone,
On every top I will climb
When I am there, the bells of triumph will chime

Clearing your view from a curtain of mist
Ruling the people with iron fist
Judge me not for those that had to fall

Cold benighted wastelands
Abandoned by the living
Cold, unforgiving
The fallen land reveals it's night

Symbols of gods sculpted into the mountains
I'm the life of this land, the law is my command
Of your fallen and failed creations
The end of an era, a new empires birth

Descending comes the ones of old
Down from the skies like long time told
The fallen land reveals it's night

Before the eyes of the people
A king falls to the earth
Shimmering steel ends an era
A new empire's birth