

Moonlyght, Fantasy

... And when he woke up it was fantasy
He felt the joy of a thousand dreams
Yes, fly over the mountain of shadows
And shine without shame, without misery

Forming the pride of this fairy land
He was the one who betrayed the pain
From the world of the dead, returning with strength
With the day, with the night, triumphantly

Into the frost but with fire in his eyes
He used to be the king of this realm
In An nightly embrace, in tranquillity
Oh... it was fantasy
Oh... it was only fantasy...

When only dreams fall upon the light of dawn
When only, shame comes from the sun
But still we are blind...
Submerged by nothingness...

Fly away...

The warrior fights the hours of darkness
While glory still burn inside
But with a touch of sadness
Begins to drown...
Begins to drown...

He falls into the deepest slumber
No light to save his poor soul
Only total darkness and black misanthropy
To reign in his once beautiful kingdom...

... And when he came back it was reality
He felt the pain of a thousand wounds
Yes, go through the mountain of shadows
And bleed with all shame, with all misery...
The earth is raped by our filthy seeds
And worthless beliefs