

# Naer Mataron, The Triumph Of Will

We are reborn from the ashes of our death  
We summon the mystical phoenix, the return of the immortal  
After the Great War, we are tragic fighters  
In the hour of judgment, we will return again in our posts.

On the right of the last avatar the upcoming Kalki the avenger  
After the twilight of the Demigods  
A red blooded sky, a sunset, the decline of the civilization, and suddenly a  
golden dome  
A symbol appears golden and pure  
It rises in the night from the shadow of our swords  
Wreathed in the myth, soled down in fire

ZEUS upsets the cosmic disorder  
HERCULES drowns the snakes  
THESEIS lifts the rocks and rigs  
FAETHON sets the sky on fire  
FIVOS kills the python

The head of Medusa is in the edge of our swords  
The sacred one  
Values are recoded from the depths of centuries  
To regain Nemesis