

# Nocturnal Rites, Test Of Time

Standing lost at a crossroad  
Life is lying in my hands  
Faith is calling above us  
And who can tell when the world will end

Time will choose only one man  
Only one must grow old  
We can both see it coming  
And we know, it's been told

Passing through centuries  
My mind growing weaker  
Whose fate will be sealed  
The gift of growing old

Only the strongest one  
Will make it to the end  
The final gathering is at hand

The time has come, there will be one  
To stand the trial and the test of time  
Another lifetime is on the other side

We're the last ones standing  
Only one must fall  
By the sword it settles  
And we know it's been told

As the sereel rings through the night  
I strike the deadly wound  
We both see it's coming  
And I know I'm the chosen one