

Novalis Deux, Rome

It's an honour and wonderful to live

Don't praise this
Breath the air, it's sick
Don't praise this
This is the end

Glory, power, eternity, Rome
No mistake
This empire can't exist
Breath the air, it's sick
This is the end

All forever, splendor and wine

You follow the illusions
You will fall and your blood trickles into the ground

I am the master, the blood
In this land

Ignorance, arrogance
Breath the air it's sick
Drink your last drop
Because this is the end
You will see, this is the fall of Rome
Mistake