

# Rakoth, Insurgent one

One Thou, the Risen One, Insurgent Mage  
Who shook the power of gods  
All that you've done, eternal rage It justifies unholy thoughts  
You fight alone - Young Gods are foes  
Defending their Hallowed Land  
You feel so strong,  
Darkness is yours  
Feel there's no need to defend You do everything  
If they ask you for help you help everyone  
You pity their grief, you will not deny Whether beggar or king  
Likened mortal to god, there's no thing that can't be done  
But see their belief - they worship the Lie  
Raise your sword of black in raging flames  
You challenge gods in Hallowed Land  
No turning back, it's not a game  
The reign of lies must come to end  
Your armies vast devour the worlds  
And conquer lands on their way So strong and fast infinite hordes  
It's time for Young Gods to pay  
And the battle's begun  
At the gate of the Land that is Hallowed for all  
Their armies are great, much stronger than yours  
"Outnumbered you're gone  
So prepare for the end, now you'll suffer your fall  
Sealed is your fate - you're out of your force"  
"How dare you, worthless one encroach on holy things  
Rakoth now you'll be gone or slave to Seven Kings"  
"No way, I'll die but free or crush the tyrants down  
My armies cannot flee - they're led by Darkness Crown"  
The Hallowed is trembling, igneous gales  
Summoned from Chaos, incinerate the worlds Lost...  
The battle's lost, you're chained and bound  
Down to the Bottom of Worlds  
Ruined is your host, no fame you found  
Disincarnated by the Lords  
And all returned - no truth, just lies  
And Young Gods rule the worlds again  
But people learnt on your demise  
And your defeat was not in vain  
Free spirit lives on  
And no power for gods to erase it from mind  
The riot after riot, they know no more rest  
Now you're not alone  
Not the slaves but free men can no longer be blind  
The times won't be quiet - your spirit will last