

Rhapsody Of Fire, Clash of Times

Mountains of bones and skulls in the sand
The death in this place never ends
Where are the hills, rivers and fields ?
The desert is cruel indeed

Oh how much pain I feel... Could I believe this is real ?
Oh what's the use of fame ? My efforts would all be in vain

Life still continues for a hundred lost souls
But thirst will transform them to ghouls
Even a King can fall from his throne
If rain is an old memory gone

Lord won't you care for them ? This omen was foretold for men
Lord I won't take your place (but) I'm here for the entire human race

Here comes the water, the magic from the sky
Rain is worth my sacrifice
Here comes the water to melt what's petrified
To wash away the clash of times

Lors I won't take your place, but magic will help the human race

Here comes the water, the magic from the sky
Rain is worth my sacrifice
Here comes the water to melt what's petrified
To wash away the clash of times

Wash away the clash of times !