

Airged L'amh, Guardian Of The Ancient Deeds

I belong to the golden age, when the gods blessed the human race
I remember well in my time shining eyes in prosperous faces
Was a King through graceful days. Now these years belong to the past
Golden cities became memories lost beneath the depths of ancient seas
Dark prevailed upon the light. Storm of fire and steel provoke rain of blood
Sorcery covered the land. Thrashing our souls with hate from caves of Crom.
Taste the cauldron of my blood. Sky chariots appeared from another world
I hearkened to dark whispers of the ancient craft, to learn the secrets all through the time
I have witnessed what the wisest had never seen, I've walked in ways beyond your fantasy
I am Tuan, my name belongs to the myth, Guardian of the Ancient Deeds
Mine is the voice that's coming to you, penetrates within your dreams
Tribe of my own does no longer exist, Guardian of the Ancient Deeds
Dust in the wind is what they became, whispers in my ears.
I am the great ancient white, the man beyond the myth, Guardian of the Ancient Deeds
They exist in my memories.
Only I remain the same, through the path of the centuries, growing old in different shapes
To bring you the truth that resists
And as the sun appeared on the other side of the hill, the tribe of Tuan was vanished
Alone he walks in the fields of death, blood-covered now stands...