

Arafel, The Birth

The skies and the future, the color is the same

It's black:

The land is in a swamp there is no way,

Dark falls on homeland. That's it. The end is on the way

Horned knights, they are coming soon

Their blades shine under the opaque moon

Enemy: they want to rule our motherland

Enemy: they'll take our treasure till the end

Enemy: they'll burn our homes and fields

Enemy: they came with war!

The land needs help, the people pray for it a lot:

All of a sudden lightning strikes from the sky. It's a marvel from the dark!

È âîò íà ñ&

Âåëèêèé &

Forgotten sun brings back to us illumination

The baby's cry revives lost hope of the nation

Forgotten sun brings back to us illumination

The baby's cry revives lost hope of the nation

The wind, is rocking the cradle, and father holds the candle

A flame-colored look from the baby's eyes makes father's eyes to freeze like ice

Birth of demon or birth of god, but he must grow up with chosen blood

Òåïåðü ïð&

Êàê äåëà&eu

&luml;ðîéòè "ï

Ñìîòðè , c ê&

The crowd hails the little king

The steed was snorting beneath the prince

Forgotten sun brings back to us illumination

And Alexander revives lost hope of the nation

Have you enough strength to defeat the enemy horde?

Have you enough power to stay with the throne?