

Archontes, The Crown Of Spring

Hear these words, oh my good Lord
Do you remember good old times?
When the rust ate the swords
And the air sang with rhymes
Now the swords eat the flesh
And the air sings with cries
We have to fight for our land
And for the sun in our skies
We have the power of million hearts
Till death takes us apart
We are equal: slave and king
Bless'd by mighty Crown of Spring