

Artefact, Menhir

Come from ancient civilizations of millenar centuries
Menhir keeps its full magic power through the ages
Under the banner of the stone, don't fear the spellbound of the sorcerer
Vortex of sorrow can't touch your soul
Machiavelic artifact of the wizards never worried him
Under the mountains
Near the altar of wisdom, await the mystical oracle that consecrates the
chosen one.
The village acclaims a new god with pipes and horns.
Made of meteorits and starfires, the rocks illuminate the citadel with
hyperboreal light
But the times of armageddon are coming
The wrath of the black horde has begun
Once he's mastering the art of the ancient wisdom no one can touch him
The constellations of Aldebaran and Antares are now shining