

Asguard, Rebellion

The night's dark, it's raining, and the skies are shadowed
The borders of their gothic town cut through the dark

High towers and sharp roves rise, disappearing in the dark.
The square is full of gallows with ropes, carrying the dead
That rock in the wind!
Hooks violently tear their bodies and legs to pieces!

At an alarming sound of the bells death arises..
Death arises from dreams
With you, fires and bayonets

So many heads have been taken with them
As if they were roughly picked flowers.

Deep cough of desolate cannons
Counts the groans of passing hours.
Here comes one.

Absurdity is sensed in the fires burning
And in the cries full of strength.
See this fresh blood from each vein,
Feel that savage fear from tension:
Chaos doesn't rule long!
And everything calms down,
Gets back to the centuries of its wait
In the realm of dreams