Catamenia, Tuhat Vuotta (ang.)

Thousand Years
Glance stays to the distant, waiting for the death to come.
Only the pain as a mourner, escort to the underworld.
So bend the will, so bend the mind, when arrived the cold.
Ice covered the lands, it buried your empire.
Thousand years of madness , thousand years of pain.
You made the world as you like it, like disabled child.
Breeze like a whip, barren and cold north.
Wiped upon you, bringing the seed of devastation.
Now as witness only the eyes of the last man.
Mark of hand disperse to snow, all achievements of human.
Thousand years of madness, thousand years of pain.
You made the world as you like it, like disabled child.
Watch how falls the power, see how lands change.
Cause you're only of your crowd, the last blinded by hate.
Left without the meaning, without the legacy.
No part of the future, never reaching the splendour.
This how collapse holy signs, declines the man to the lost.
Without fight falls the sword, changing the crown's owner.
Once you were superior, holy child, unique.
But you turn against yourself, destroying your own world.
Thousand years of madness, thousand years of pain.
You made the world as you like it, like disabled child.
Watch how falls the power, see how lands change.
Cause you're only of your crowd, the last blinded by hate.
Left without the meaning, without the legacy.
No part of the future, never reaching the splendour.