

Epiclore, The Resignation Of False Arts

(the dawn of mission: word starts
to spread in the domain of serenity)

Great dreams of rapture, transcendental bloom
reigning the essence of what's known to you
Signs of the real world can't enter your homes
but I know there's more than what you'll ever...

know in your peaceful but hollow domain,
open your mind for a new change of reign...
We are but messengers heeding the word
thus you will behold a new order of world...!

(transition)

Intense perception of life,
like thunder raging in the sky,
controls my heart
leading me on into a new dawn
Glorious, divine melodies
corroborate from within
I feel reborn into the new dawn,
a dream once started must go on...

(dormancy)

(the dawn of rivalry: false forms of art
begin to reign the minds of the weak,
leading the world into injustice and greed...)

Born from the greed to appeal to the weak
with its tempting style and simplicity
Arise, be applied, for the world filled with lies
is in need of art and sincerity

(preparation for the battle)

(the clash for superiority)

(transition)

Powerful kingdom of
light, peace, art and immortal might,
bring on your laws: elation to thee
and those, who (are) within the silent walls
- left to die - (who) take on to trust,
to rely on what they learn,
what they have heard... raise high your voice!

Intense perception of life,
like thunder raging in the sky,
controls our hearts
leading us on into a new dawn
Glorious, divine melodies
corroborate from within
We are reborn into the new dawn
a dream once started has gone on...

(return to serenity: never will man's greed
disguised in art leave the world,
but the change is on...)

On wings of time false arts resign
True skills sustain, for good remain

Our futures lie in hands divine
rest free and sound, rapture's unbound...
In your hand, reign over land,
wings of freedom try!

(peace at last...)