

# Haggard, Chapter I: Tales of Ithiria

Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra

Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra  
Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem

My son, now listen what I say:  
Keep in mind what you have learned  
Wrap your fingers 'round your sword  
Maybe you will not return  
Thousands that we once have been  
Only a few are still here  
I've to give this sacrifice...

... oh, the autumn brought us fear!

My life, my blood, my tears, my pain  
I'm the guardener of thee  
Through an axestrike I have lost  
The ability to see  
Now my child, your time hath come  
Mercy - not with those you'll harm  
Wrap your fingers 'round your sword...

(And the ones we love will fall  
Like autumn leaves  
On these endless fields)

... as the horn sounds the alarm!  
Und als der Sturm begann  
Als Fleisch auf Eisen traf  
Hell wie der Glocken Klang  
Die Schreie derer, deren Glck versagt

Mit Wunden berst  
Der Eichenhain ihm Schutze bot  
Wie die Legende sagt  
War dies des Vaters sich'rer Tod

Now that all silence was disturbed  
The Ground, as red as autumn leafs  
Father Frost, the last they feel  
On these mighty, endless fields

Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra  
Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem

Hush hush, my child  
Mother death is your bride  
If you listen her song you will follow  
So better beware  
Let your senses take care  
Your innocent mind will be hallowed

A step in the dark  
(Miserere Dominus)  
A secret to hide  
(Rex tremendae majestatis)  
A legend to tell  
(Liber a eas)  
Drowned in the waters of time  
(Miserere Dominus)

A secret to hide

He holds  
Wisdom of ancient times  
A parchment with numbers and rhymes  
Fear speaks the spell to survive  
The circle of druids - alive!

They all gathered in the night  
Within the torches light  
As their slumber did awake

So I did wish a thousand times  
Mother Death would come to me  
In her arms I will entwine  
And I'm rising up to thee  
Now my child, my time hath come  
Mercy - not with those I'll harm  
I wrap my fingers 'round my sword...

... as their horn sounds the alarm!

Now the winter begins  
On this endless fields