

Haggard, Chapter V: The Hidden Sign

As the rose did nearly wither
The five ones might have failed
Then hearts would turn to iron
And gradual night'd prevail

Fear did wrap the land
The mighty mourning bells are stirred
And northern winds carry their screams
To a place they'll never be heard

Beneath a moonless sky
Within the candles light
Runestones whitened a thousand years
Archaic rites
Of taken lives
Let the circle be the gate!

Secret rhymes
A parchment full of signs
Written in the book, so long ago
Gives mortal power to the ones defiled
Withered life
Becomes revived
Let the circle be... the gate!

Als des Nordwinds schaurig Flstern
Hllt wie Schatten ein mein Herz
Klte lngst erfror'ner Trnen
Welch entrissen mir mit Schmerz

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus

As the clouds divide
And starlight falls
On sacred grounds
The eternal call
Now see the light
As the druids rise

To the one that has been born
With the hidden mark of the unicorn
As sigh of those who descent from
royal blood

For thou shalt ride, do never rest
And search the beast that
keeps the magic chest
Unleash the secret that slumbers
In the dark

Reveal the hidden mark!

As the moons last rays
Slowly fade away
Where the peaks meet the
sky horizon is in flames
Clouded seas and gusty trees
Let the circle be the gate

At the awaking of the sun
The ritual is done
Another place, another time

The galleon will rise again
The druids' bane slumbers again
Let the circle be the gate

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