

Imperial Age, Vanaheim

I can see the sun never setting
Northern Lights in the polar night,
Tilled earth on the northern pole,
Warm green meadows, clear blue skies...

Our world is still alive,
Our memory revives,
Our homeland is and will be
Vanaheim!
Spirit of the Warrior Race,
It will rise among their graves
And the ancient might of old
Shall arise, and its knowledge will unfold!

Once a great race descended from the sky,
Took the fight, overcame its foes.
Built the Solar and Lunar empires,
Lost itself in the flames of war.

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Over ages the knowledge is passed
From teacher to apprentice
All that's left from a world
So mighty glorious and old...
But there are those who still
Remember the ages long forgotten
Their immortal minds are here today:
Behold!

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