

# Lunar Aurora, Rebirth of an Ancient Empire

Mystic summonings behind the wall of sleep  
Veil of swirling fog  
Realm behind all warmth and light  
Let swords slice their path through the maze of rotten thoughts  
And winds blow the dust  
From forgotten memories  
Once buried by the ashes  
Of lost pride and strength  
From the crypts of frozen flames  
To the high majestic mountains  
The throne of might is slumbering  
Awakened now  
By the wizards' summonings  
Rebirth of dark infinities  
As the silhouette of a pale moon's eye appears upon the throne  
Gate to the highest of the old sorcerers' dreamworld  
The essence reflecting in the mirror of time  
Sparkling like the distant fires  
Throughout the night sky's frozen air  
Dreamkings of immortal spheres  
Throning in every warrior soul  
Ride the wings of destiny  
Fulfillment for the high divinity  
That mirrors in the ancient runes  
Written in the shining  
Sharpened silver blades  
That guide the mighty throne  
Beautiful weapons lie beside, once laid down by (the) ancient knights  
Their circle crushed by treason  
And the remaining proud ones gone through the moon gate  
Into their grave beyond all shape  
Now summoned again to a kingdom lost in lies  
The throne of might is slumbering  
Awakened now  
By the wizards' summonings  
Rebirth of dark infinities  
Lead the blades in battles of the one law's might  
Gather in the vast moonlit fields  
From the forest of endless night  
Receive the wizards' darkened spells  
Never lost their strong belief  
Proudly watched by the ancient sorcerers' eye  
For the kingdom of eternal shape will rise again