Lunar Aurora, Rebirth of an Ancient Empire

Mystic summonings behind the wall of sleep
Veil of swirling fog
Realm behond all warmth and light
Let swords slice their path through the maze of rotten thoughts
And winds blow the dust
From forgotton 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 nightsky's frozen air
Dreamkings of immortal spheres
Throning in every warrior soul
Ride the wings of destiny
Fullfillment for the high divinity
That mirrors in the ancient runes
Writen in the shining
Sharpened silver blades
That guide the mighty throne
Beautiful weapons lie beside, once layed 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 sorserers'eye
For the kingdom of eternal shape will rise again