

Naer Mataron, Diastric Fields Of War

Polemos!!!

A man hides, changes names... . and He attacks
Bright, strong:cuts through the dark
In black holes, in distant dimensions He invades
For the dark night, for Unique moments.

The dawn breaks golden, the war gets stronger
I look for You, I ask for You, I scream Your name.

EXETLAIOS

Exetlaios:.Warrior, ancient guard, sign our path
"Another Spring the stars promise, an eagle holds the glory";
The dance begins, the war proclaim, High destructive flames
A galaxy talks for a tribe
In space walks this tribe.

Polemos!!!

Vachic celebrations,Mainades!!!
The mind of zeus-zagrefs
Exetlaios adored the sign of war
Death bursts and the oracles wake
As the temples take revenge

In a mystic realm, a new generation springs
And from a temple the weapons came in sight
Ancient sorcerer geometers, changes
The Diastric Fields Of War:.