

Opera IX, Battle Cry

Impotently at the end of an era we assist
As a last rampart we protect the ancient wisdom
Our valour multiply our blades
But this is not enough
Falsehood and treason have reduced our lines
And increased the ones of the enemy of the ancient gods
Their thirst of lands and power will bring death and destruction for centuries to come
The gods, offended by whom have blackened them, have forget us
As two terrible dragons battle arrays clash
One white as his prophet's livery, tint in nothingness and emptiness of his sentences
The other one red, as shame and rage for thousand years of egression endured
Through sparks and flames, bloody rivers flood through the green plains
The schock is terrible and many sons of the earth lost their lives on the field
Brother they were, now full of hate infused by the priests of the god of the desert
For a supposed difference of belives
The white dragon dispers and disbound his enemies, divouring them with fierce
Without mercy, without honour!
And after our killing, they convert our sons with tortures
They fill our sons hearts with fear and suspect, hate and ignorance
Another era will have to pass over
But nothing is linear in the circle of time
The wyrd repeat himself and the forgotten forces will free themselves
Gathering our sacrifice!