

Opera IX, In The Sixth Tower

Shining in darkness the very eyes of the lord o birds of prey announces the passing of time
With his piercing call
The thick dark leaves of the forest dance in the wind and in worshipful adoration
The heavens tremble and the bright lightning flashes, leaving the heart's of the forests sons
The howling of the wolves become a macabre litany
Premonitions, obscure premonitions crawl in the night air
Built on dragon's bones the imposing tower stands
There the old of the oak turns the profaned sealed pages
The timeless pages built on sacred and terrible rituals
The wrinkled hands turn the pages, the hypnotic starring eyes nourish the thousand thoughts
In the whirling magic of this silent ritual
While the moonlight reflects the dragon's breath
When the ancient gods ruled the earth, giving abundance and death with a simple and fair hand
Glorious were their crowns, but the greed let the man to no longer follow the way of faith
But only the path of power. His greed drove him to excavate the depths of the earth
In search of hidden treasures
The rocks were broken and scattered to extract gold and gems
Mans disrupted the earth creating chasms liberating wealth and tremendous powers imprisoned
In the womb of the earth for thousands of years
Blinded by a mad quest, made pacts with the lord of the abyss
Repayed with the supreme art of metals
The sublimation of the elements earth, wind, water and fire
Death and destruction would spread
Blood of the guilty and the innocent may spill on earth nourishing the abyss