

# 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