Unexpect, The Revival

Forever trapped, Who will be the mold ?
A new rule, a new age, for this Land of cold

Sorrow and pain, give me the rage
Sorrow and pain, to break out of my cage

A young man descendant of Lond
Is my bringer of hope
"The shell so desired at last..."

After so many milleniums, my name again will be
Listen well children of the frost, to my unholy stoy...

In my icy stronghold I sat
Gazing at dark trophies of mortal defeats
Encased in pure crystal snow
Striving for the eternal return of the Ice Age
The tale of how I fell would be too long to tell
But one day came a spirit from beyond
With a quest divine, an entity called Lond...

With priests of the North, wizards ans swordsmen all bold
Lond led these mortals where frosen death abode
On a dismal night of tragedy they stood before my gate
Stepping into the hearth of foulness toward their fate

They came with Fire and Faith
To bring me down
The one reason to their hate
Me the Suzerain of Cold...

Their legions decimated, standing tall the Holy Land
Sorcery and steel unmade me, a final spell was cast
Trapped in a dimension, between the cosmos and the past
Alone with my loneliness, Behold my angry song

(Servant Spirit:)
"An Epic tale, a prophecy
The circle now is done
Our King at last shall be set free
When converge moon and stars
Beware oh you mortals
For vengeance and penance shall be ours..."

Beware oh you mortals
For vengeance and penance shall be mine...