

Visionatica, Roxana The Great

People were embossed by old stories
In a time of fighting in a land of the highest mountains
They were the royals, they were the greatest

She belongs to him, she was the queen of the greatest king

She dances like fire flames
And shines like the brightest star
She was the emerald of the people
Roxana, the Great

In the golden carriage he went into the fights
He has put himself in the way of the enemies
Wars of the lands became wars of the world
He belongs to her, he was the king of the greatest queen

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