

Abused Majesty "Immortality Crusade"

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Nobody knew his identity
Nobody saw his real visage
His face was always behind the helmet
A nameless warrior, looking for werwena
He fought in each battle without repose
Believing every time that it was his last.
Before him only fields colored with blood
His wolfish soul was howling for freedom
For ages death have followed his track
But every time he managed (to deceived it)
Hope of finding the valley of peace
Kept him alive (throughout the centuries)
Be my friends
For I am the true confessor of flesh,
That lives forever!
(He left behind only sorrow and pain
Not guilty for anything
Born to kill and destroy
That was his destiny)
Black wolf, brother in misery
(Showed him the path)

And revealed before his eyes, the desired view
The valley he was seeking whole his life
Endless field of werwena
Possessing the power of immortality
But when he was only one step
From the goal Death stood by his side
Asking for one last battle
And he couldn't refuse
(To much he hated her,
That was his destiny)
He saw thousand faces of death
And within them all his sufferings
Now, when he believed in nothing
Was the time to die
(Distressful body reposed among werwena
To turn into dust
Helmet, which he didn't took of from his birth
Crashed into ground,
And from within it escaped a young Eagle)
(And the Eagle in it's flight for freedom shouted out:
- withdraw from the house of death!
And they have gathered, and they have become the
ones it was said to
And they are deathless, those who fly the wind)
Be my friends
For I am the true confessor of flesh,

That lives forever

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