

Archaïos "Gothic Belief"

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Surpassing my grave
I rise from the deep
And violent in nature
I call upon thee
The master and ruler
Of these Nordic lands
I summon thy masses to obey
My will and command

[Chorus 1]
Fear all this strength
That grows in your eyes
Should have never looked back
Now it's your time to lie
In the ashes of old
Generations to be
Facing up all that is
Our gothic belief

I keep falling on, from deception

My encounter won't take me home as I had thought
I feel I'm at the end of my redemption
The one that shows the path to the land beyond

[Chorus 2]
Fear of this end
That grows in my eyes
Should have never looked back
Now it's your time to die
In the ashes of old
Generations to be
Facing up all that is
Our nonsense belief.

Morning of ashes rise
Morning from ashes, rise.

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