

## Archaïos

# "The Traveler (At The Necropolis) Part 1"

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A secret expedition had come from before  
A dearly expedition was brought to us all  
Amidst of the winter the snow was belayed  
Arriving the ruins you could near their prayers.

Their dead talked,  
Their dead danced,  
For their masters.

As if their souls burned from the grip of death

Their dead since  
Their dead killed  
For their owners.

As if they were crying to be released  
From their afterlife cells.

At the necropolis - Always at the service of majesty  
At the necropolis - Keeping the door open for the ones

To come

In this secret journey no one was told  
That all that had seen this would in the course.

Their dead robbed  
Their dead fought  
For their slayers.

Vanishing enemies without any chance of a stand.

Their dead cried  
Their dead died  
Once again

Just to be release from their energy cells we call  
Soul.

At the necropolis - Always at the service of majesty  
At the necropolis - Keeping the door open for the ones  
To come

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