

Archaios "The Traveler"

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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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