Ashtar "Druid Dream"

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Seek on stories
Ride the skies
He stole the stars
By staring the night
Eyes on the prism Keep the mist
Druids of Dark skelling black hearts
Release the spell
With crystals held
The world begun
By withering hands
Eyes on the prism Keep the mist

Druids of Dark skelling black hearts
Magic flows thy belic souls
Fight the bravious enemies
Lightning deep ghosts
Reflect the power, believe the prophet
Those sublime races In the highlands of grace

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