

Dawn Of Relic "Watchtower Son"

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Years are passing by
Warden I am, Lemurian guard

Through these lonely hills
Where the hands of moory fog
Reach for the beating hearts

Scarlet harvest moon
I have watched you for so long
Each of your calm seas
Where the oceans of sand dance frigid

Dreamworld Lunarian
When the world and moon were torn apart
"Through the uncouth times
when under the Christian vincer
the ancient heathen faiths stirred
stealthy and the pale moon of Britain
looked on strange deeds in the ruins of Tacricon
and Hexhaus and by the shadowed towers
along Nadrians crumbling wall..."

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