

Great Vast Forest "The Gate Behind The Moutain"

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We ride by the south mountains
On the cold and silver morning frost
I hear the louden ride of the centaurus.
Warriors from the ancient world
They open the black time gate of power and magic.

Transsilvan winds
That through for the ocean clean the sky
And abnormal images are put among black clouds
On the mountain gate.

In the magicÃ„s throne He looks the abism
So endless as a labirint of torments
Dawn dominium of rebellion angels.

Infernal creatures,
That speel fire and hold lakes and forests
Wing slaves in this world of impure nature
Where a cash of demoniuns stand for the battle
A terrible vision something no dreamed
By the less human race.

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