

Prophetic Age

"Guardians Of The Lost Temple"

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When the wind blows
Behind the hills
From the mist you'll hear
Quakes in the horizon and fear in the air

Guardians of the lost temple
With burnt swords
Spread suffering with their foes

Follow the wind
Fight with pride
You're the chosen warrior
Nothing would defeat you, nothing

Wizards cast their spells
As the dusk waits for the dawn
Through unknown lands
Among bloody ways never sailed

Don't be taken by weakness
Go by the light of your sword
Darke your ways
And search eternal might
Cause when the sun gets down
Behind the hills
A new day will
Reapper with eternal
Might for your fellows

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