

## **Dark Millenium "Medina's Spell"**

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Raise your breath, crypts of Medina.

Towards the realm of ritual  
Leaded by the grief  
The faith in spiritualism  
Possesses your belief.

The master won't remit your sins  
The judgement has arrived  
The atmosphere will bear the fate  
The seven mists will rise.

Consecrate the gates to the magicians' hall  
Raise the silence, lead the barons to their seat;  
Fallacious thoughts die away,  
Pernicious doubt begets decay  
When the omen prays to heaven for relief.

Hear the prophet's call:  
"Woe to the valley of the seventh mystique."

(The curse of Medina:)  
A new sin will be born  
Upon a life's relic  
Redeemers will be torn  
For the reign of this mystique.  
The guardians to the spell  
Protect the ritual  
The barons of the dark  
Confess.

Let the rubin touch the spirit,  
Take the fragment to the king.  
Awake the valley of the witches  
The curse will form the seventh sin.

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