

## Dark Moor "Alea Jacta"

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My sight is a blurred skyline  
The blue stream its head inclines

Doubt's river-like  
Made with cold blood  
My will's the dyke  
That stops the flood  
When anguish grows  
It overflows so slow

When I have just done my best  
I say: Alea jacta est  
I've made up my mind  
With my troops behind  
The eagles are shadowing the west!

I see the river  
And know I have to cross

Waters carries past with them

Never coming back yet

A bitter stone like round distress  
Suddenly I take and toss

Gushes flow with scum light red  
Omen of a fast end

When I have just done my best  
I say: Alea jacta est  
I've made up my mind  
With my troops behind  
The eagles are shadowing the west!

Doubt!  
After reflecting I shout:  
Eagles of the war, march on!  
Water hasn't got return when it is gone

