

Runic

"Predecessor"

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We're back
To times of fears and mysteries
I think I'm unable to understand...
The walls that fate has laid out for me...

Ancestors

Let me ask you the questions
Replace our frustrations
Your wisdom revelations
Will get us free of our convictions...

We have reached the last meridian
While we drifted against the streams
We have given up our existence
We may perish just for a dream...
Lost dreams...

Coming through the centuries
Spirits of great kings sent their legacies...
Standards were placed in the wrong hands
Stained by conspiracies
By force, they were suddenly stolen by force
Divested of the values that once made us
Feel proud of them...

Decisions have been already taken
Luck has been pushed by the same spectres
Time puts everyone straight
But the bird of ill omen is flying over our heads...

Sold
We have been...
For nothing...
We have been sold down the river...
Hungry wolves are devouring us
We can't find no lights through these everlasting
walls...

Decisions have been already taken...
Never mind if they were mistaken

Go!

Black marks are strongly impressed on my mind
We are gnawed by the uncertainties
But everything is beginning to make sense
With the colder wings...
... That brings the airs of truth...
... Perhaps the answers doesn't like you...
Winds that full the airs with fumes
... Coming from our past remains
Winds that turn the sky as black as...

Black colours stained the standards we gave up in past
Now we have lost our identities
Now we are sons of a kingdom uncrowned
Unbron
Reborn in the centuries...

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