

Runic

"When The Demons Ride"

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To the farthest town of the highest hill
I was led by the spell of misfortune witch
With a drunken crowd wounds from past were healed
But it's not good to lose the control
... Under unconsciousness...

World is coming down, far beyond the seas
Rulers never have enough to feed their greed
With a broken law they have free the beast
Our destiny will be hanging
By a thread when the demons ride

Stygia is my destiny
Stygia is you destiny

Heartless mercenaries
Your ambition knows no boundaries
Infidel defilers of the sacred graves
As the black clouds bring the storm in the wind
Their speech will drive us to misery
Don't believe in their words spat from hell

A frozen poison made of rage was poured
Deep inside their soul
There is a dusk without it's dawn prepared
For those who built their thrones
Over the martyr bones...

Don't waste your life...
There is no crown which earns a life

Unhealing wounds have overflowed their riverbeds
Fallen traditions have been humbled at the sight of the adepts
You have subjected whole empires to your will
But don't forget that some species are never tamed...

You can spread my remains over the oceans
But you will meet with other threats...
You should realize that distressed wings beat stronger
In mighty raven's flight

Fly again...

Blind crowds are waking up from your lies
Can't you hear the shadows breaking up the silence?

Figures are riding
Before my eyes...
Can't you feel their presence streaming in the cold
wind?

From the farthest town of the highest hill
I was sent by the spells of misfortune witch
I left empty words in a mountain but
Our destiny will be hanging
By a thread when the demons ride...

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