

Tvangeste

"From Nameless Oracle"

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At the final glorius battle
Sons of human they will know
What's the point of being human
Through the fight with sons of mind
Have no way to get some knowledge
Dashing in the bloodish chaos
Have no fade to get some power
In the days of fight to death

Calling Atl'aman, we'll see the damn of heaven
Calling Atl'aman, we'll see the rising of Patala
Let the fury comes, to clean the wild minds of mortals
Let the powerfull swords with hostile crash the tamples
of the lie

And when the half of everething came,
When the battle pass throught the top of horror
violence
Seven Atl'aman came from the dark valley of Earth
And the chaos hadn't power to sighn'em
There was the sons with eyes full of fury passion
Of there world and the languages gave the softness of
their hearts

These are by the command of Atl
Standing up at the head of the army
These are by the command of gods
Seven as one they will take
Old the sons of humanity
To the
Final attack with the darkness and weakness of mind

Shall we do know
what's the point of holly visions?
Wanna to try?
Are you ready for blind?
Shall we do know
what's the point of crying and tears?
Wanna to see are you ready to fill?
Shall we do know
What's the point of freedom and power?
Wanna to see?

Are you ready to lose?
Shall we do know
What's the points of honour and bravery?
Wanna to try are you ready to die?
No.....

One! Will be down!
Will lost!The everything!
Great Pandulum! Will reel! Again!
Everlasting pain! Do not! Leave'em!

Hold! By power of the weel!
At the hopeless deadly lines!

You're as the stars now,
Fell down, to wail yourself
Roaming though the dusk dimensions.

Here, in the highlands,
Battle will complete at last.
Visionary dream,
Become a horror weapon
Here, at crossing sides
Two forces tell the truth
Of the innocent meaning of lies.

Come here, sit here
Return your will
Things are blink now, visions make you to heal
Sleep now, rest now,
You're lost your wings
Dream is real now indulgence in foollish it means

(Vano Monolog)
In the deepestdream going human sons, timly touches
Thay greatpower, timly slidesover it
And didn't know what was thatvisionery meetings
Blashing in the sacred spirit.
Losing memories of the being, they had
To woke the abilityof magic nature...
Becousetimes by times the heaven over the mankind
Will stay pury and cold as the phantasmal dream.
Only little sparks of light are blinking somewhere.
It will wake up and recall the hole sorrow madness of
the dream.
Blashing...small fire begins to grow up...
Yes, too small but it's real fire
A little hope that dreaming wouldn't go any longer.
Slowly...slowly...the other sparks of fire
Get the mists of Dragon Lore

...now look! Answering to mists of lore another sleepers
Begin to dreamed wory

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