

Moonsorrow

"Legacy Of A Thousand Years"

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prelude

For a thousand years we have wandered,
seeking for our forsaken people, and lo!
before us is the path to the city of the gods.

CITY OF THE GODS

At the bottom of that valley
surrounded by heavenly towers.
There cross two brisk rivers
carrying long gone time.

Here the company will stop,
resting in the warmth of rain.
Somewhere far, far away
sounds a bronzen horn - hearken!

Path leads to a valley,
waters running downwards.
To eternity our time shall lead us,
to the golden house of the gods.

At the flash of lightning
the dreary mountains unveil.
Water pounds the green vault,
nourishing the woodland folk.
A thousand years may have passed
from the moment we left our home.
At last have we returned
to the city of the eternal.

Path leads to a valley,
waters running downwards.
To eternity our time shall lead us,
to the golden house of the gods.

Our forefathers, they feast
around a wooden table.
In the fragments of a broken spell
they dance with blooded feet.

The open, forsaken lake
is sleeping in forever.
The frail unrippled breaks
only at the touch of man.

A thousand years
for a brother to betray brother.
And the beauty of the city of the gods
will vanish before our eyes.

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