

## **Sig:Ar:Tyr** **"King Of The World"**

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In the distant North, beyond the Eastern Sands  
From the winds of the South, far from Western lands  
A shadowed throne He wrought, and the nine He  
taught  
Of a future kingdom, of a distant time

The wise have sought Him, and the brave have fought  
Him  
The false have worshipped Him, the true have revered  
Him  
He whose fate, the spinning world lies  
Within the mountains, far from ancient skies

And the dreams of an ancient sign, of a shadow far  
from time  
And the priest whose next in line, bloodied hand on  
poisoned vine  
In the light of the pure green ray, of the elder ones that  
stayed  
And a world that's far away, in a night where there is no  
day

Few have seen His dreams, or heard the silent screams  
Chained to this world, Rex Mundi...  
Lord of creation, child of the black sun

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