

Ascendant "Legacy"

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In ancient times
A child was chosen
He was the youngest of brothers

Chosen and anointed
Raised to be King
Him, the legend,
The slayer of goliath

Troubled times
Presented by the treasures
Of this World
He was a king
With reverence
And a King of Human measures

In spite of absence
From the giver of life
The treacherous king
The wounded soldier
He welcomed and dressed
In robes of white

Embedded in the future
We must ask our selves
How will we contribute?

Kept in his legion he remains
Fights side by side
With thousands of his kind
With all of us

This is the legend
Reminding us
How we are chosen
That we are most loved

This is the legacy
Of all who fought before
Of all our brothers
That are no more

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