

Opera IX "Battle Cry"

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Impotently at the end of an era we assist
As a last rampart we protect the ancient wisdom
Our valour multiply our blades
But this is not enough
Falsehood and treason have reduced our lines
And increased the ones of the enemy of the ancient
gods
Their thirst of lands and power will bring death and
destruction for centuries to come
The gods, offended by whom have blackened them,
have forget us
As two terrible dragons battle arrays clash
One white as his prophet's livery, tint in nothingness
and emptiness of his sentences
The other one red, as shame and rage for thousand
years of egression endured
Through sparks and flames, bloody rivers flood
through the green plains
The schock is terrible and many sons of the earth lost
their lives on the field
Brother they were, now full of hate infused by the
priests of the god of the desert
For a supposed difference of belives
The white dragon dispers and disbound his enemies,
divouring them with fierce
Without mercy, without honour!
And after our killing, they convert our sons with
tortures
They fill our sons hearts with fear and suspect, hate
and ignorance
Another era will have to pass over
But nothing is linear in the circle of time
The wyrd repeat himself and the forgotten forces will
free themselves
Gathering our sacrifice!

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