

## Gwydion

### "Ofiússa"

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Receding past their birth  
These lands of vast shores  
Stood pristine to every man  
All but the forgotten ones

Who were these settler's of old?  
Of whom ancient Greeks have known  
Our prelude was almost lost  
The first legacy

People of the serpents  
Oestreminis  
Land of the ophi  
My sweet Ophiussa

Beyond, beware!  
Unknown! The void!  
An endless ocean  
Tomb for daring trespassers

This primordial soil  
Fertile, dynamic, in constant turmoil  
Unveils a seed

May it develop, grow,  
Expanded by ductile bronze  
Absorbed, claims by hungry roots  
Maintaining this gaunting obsession

A spring of fire looms, spills ignites  
Flames of war and dust

The winter of a kingdom  
The story yet to unfold

Our story has to unfold

Esta porta transporta a essÃªncia;  
Do etÃ©reo, ausÃªncia da razÃ£o...  
Para trÃas: a eterna vespertina  
Sombrio, um vulto de naÃ§Ã£o

Num rasgo, Alcanceado o momento  
A passagem p'ra outra dimensãõ  
As serpentes carregam seu portento  
O despertar d'Ofiãssa!

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Your grounds have encompassed  
Half of our bloodline source  
To the south, we'll gather out  
All of what remains

The scripts in Tartassian  
Leads to the Cynetes's lore  
Or beyond, formation of the serpe real...

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