

Scythia

"Spirit Of The Quest"

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Thunder on the Mountainside
Amongst spires of stone where shadows hide
The journeys been long and
Weariness only grows

Hollow and desolate
Our march of exile carries on

Spirit of the quest lives on
It is the strength to move beyond
Spirit of the quest lives on
A glimmer of hope in the darkest times

Adversity has no meaning
When the fire begins to roar
Life courses through a tired soul

Spirit of the quest lives on
It is the strength to move beyond
Spirit of the quest lives on
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