

The Mark of Power

Keep of Kalessin

Adorn the face of your son
Through the third eye I saw
The battle left to be won
This pure face ornamented
With long and pale red scars
Everlasting under the golden stars
The time has come
For you, my son
To bear the mark of power
Gods, hear me know
I will revive the serpents throne
Gods, hear my cries
The throne is mine to rule alone
See this our providence,
Your breed and your blood
The everlasting stand
Through (the) devouring flood
It's time for one
To become
Heir to the throne of fire
I care not if you hate me
As long as you will fear me
I rise monuments as
The victor's fortune
And as display of your fallen
And failed creation
For what I have undone
I stand here as the peerless son
"You helped to put the sword in my hand
We have climbed this mountain together
And I stand on your shields at the top
Your spears - my fortification
Your enemies are mine
But I speak the words of the gods
And I can summon the thunder"
The time has come
For the one
To bear the mark of power

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