

The Triumph of Will

Naer Mataron

We are reborn from the ashes of our death
We summon the mystical phoenix, the return of the immortal
After the Great War, we are tragic fighters
In the hour of judgment, we will return again in our posts. On the right of the last avatar the upcoming Kalki the
avenger
After the twilight of the Demigods
A red blooded sky, a sunset, the decline of the civilization, and suddenly a
golden dome
A symbol appears golden and pure
It rises in the night from the shadow of our swords
Wreathed in the myth, soled down in fire ZEUS upsets the cosmic disorder
HERCULES drowns the snakes
THESEIS lifts the rocks and rigs
FAETHON sets the sky on fire
FIVOS kills the python The head of Medusa is in the edge of our swords
The sacred one
Values are recoded from the depths of centuries
To regain Nemesis

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