

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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