

Lux Triumphans

Rhapsody

At the court of king Chaos only blood
can write its own tragedy...'march, all led by golden winds
Mighty warriors from the silver hills
Elves and trolls from holy mystic woods
run through the last snow
Glory, pride and honor ride with him handling proud his magic sword
He's now coming from the middle lands
Burns the flame of north
They will all meet in the Kazar ruins
In the temple of the fallen one
not so far from Ancelot
their hope will be born...
Born from the ashes of ancient glory... Born!
They all hail the mighty chosen one reaching the skies with their
cry
They are ready to reach Ancelot Arwald's calling loud...
Magic and steel gods lead us to a new dawn
Glory ride with us! Lux triumphans!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>