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 himhandling proud his magic swordHe'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 asches of ancient glory... Born!They all hail the mighty chosen onereaching the skies with their cry
They are ready to reach AncelotArwald's calling loud...
Magic and steelgods lead us to a new dawn'Glory ride with us! Lux triumphans!

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