

Bekhten's Curse

Gorod

My Lord, my fair Lord, Great god who expels the strangers
O my fair Lord, may your power obliterate the monster
Greatest god of the great gods! My land is yours, we're all her
e to serve
May your greatness put an end to our curse... once and for all
Thus were supposed to be the king's words...
There are things that can not be explained, yet we would like t
o understand them
But when some of us decide to cloud the truth to get their way
They can show endless imagination...
While the Valley of the Kings was falling apart
My land was already wiped off the map
Their Moon God has never been a healer
Rather a protector of the realm... of the powers that be
My Lord, my fair Lord, Great god who expels the strangers
O my fair Lord, may your power obliterate the monster
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e to serve
May your greatness put an end to our curse... once and for all
This is now what everyone believes he said...
Thus they saw an opportunity to make themselves heard
For a simple matter of gain, they carved an immortal lie
We have all been erased and the hour of my death
Will definitely plunge us into oblivion
While the Valley of the Kings was falling apart
My land was already wiped off the map
Their Moon God has never been a healer
Rather a protector of the realm... of the powers that be
For a matter of glory...
There are beings without decency
While the Valley of the Kings was falling apart
My land was already wiped off the map
Their Moon God has never been a healer
Rather a protector of the powers that be