

Walls of the Red Temple

Graveland

Crushed walls of the ancient temple
Covered by thousand years old dust
Ornaments in the holy stone
Engraved by passing time
No one remembers anymore
The red dawn of the ancient power
In the shadows of high columns
Wind wailing sadly
Lost centuries ago
Ancient magic of the red priests
Captured and blinded him
Condemning to fate of a lonely guardian
Walls covered with blood
Never changed the color
Spilled blood marked them for good
Each ray of the light
Changes into red
In the temple of the past gods
Thousands of people prayed
Red priests uttered their incantations
Bloody light of the unknown sun
Reflected in the mirrors and gold
Warriors of the red hairs
Raised towards the skies
Of the grey mists of wilderness
Hooded figure emerged
As a spirit of the kingdom of the mists
Red glow spreads around
He walked among withered trees
Which once drank human blood
Far the horizon
A wind stirs up the clouds of dust
Among its fret curtain
One can hear the howls of ghosts
Defeated in many battles
They follow their murderers
In the lethal procession
At the gates of the red temple
Their fate will be decided
Unknown priests
Uttered their incantations
Temple candles
Still melting in red blood