

Battle of the Golems

Kerion

songs of fairies don't rise up from the glade
golden sun into the darkness fades
i remember the whisper of cold wind in the trees
carrying the sweet smell of fresh flowers
where the river flows in misty woods

now is coming the legion of the dead
violent warcries resound in my head
from the tower far away the keeper is watching
under the full moon all are sleeping
while the flames of evil are burning

Thousand shapes from the hill are coming
flag of the legion floating high
warriors of stone are waiting under a starless sky
for the battle

valiant golems, sons of rocks and stones, time has come for us
to
fight once and for all