

He Polic Ealo (odious)

Nightfall

(Dedicated to all those brave ones, betrayed by leaving the Grand

Civilization in the hands of a fake God; the Byzantine empire.
)

Riders cross the raging firetongues
As the cannons shot the grandstone
The ghost of past is here to stay
And the kingdom will surrounding with visions
Of the empire, it's failing, by blood and fire
Bloodbath; as heads falling with no voice
The war knight is here, risen from the mountains across
HE POLIC EALO

By steel and stonethrowers arrives the end
As the sky turns dim and the ground red
"_Eleeson emas, Eleeson emas
O esu upsiste megaloduname krite_"
Where is he now, should you call him once more?
Baptised in "holy" water once, now in your own blood
"_Egennetheto to thelema son
...egennetheto he sfage_"

As the sirens singing, the conquerors' victory upon
The broken faith of the ones who believed in their
"Glorious", "merciful" "God"
Alone now, fight, kill, defend your own
Forget the lies and stand brave upon the carcasses
Of your precious, doomed children