

Impotently at the end of an era we assist  
As a last rampart we protect the ancient wisdom  
Our valour multiply our blades  
But this is not enough  
Falsehood and treason have reduced our lines  
And increased the ones of the enemy of the ancient gods  
Their thirst of lands and power will bring death and destruction for centuries to come  
The gods, offended by whom have blackened them, have forget us  
As two terrible dragons battle arrays clash  
One white as his prophet's livery, tint in nothingness and emptiness of his sentences  
The other one red, as shame and rage for thousand years of aggression endured  
Through sparks and flames, bloody rivers flood through the green plains  
The shock is terrible and many sons of the earth lost their lives on the field  
Brother they were, now full of hate infused by the priests of the god of the desert  
For a supposed difference of beliefs  
The white dragon dispers and disbound his enemies, devouring them with fierce  
Without mercy, without honour!  
And after our killing, they convert our sons with tortures  
They fill our sons hearts with fear and suspect, hate and ignorance  
Another era will have to pass over  
But nothing is linear in the circle of time  
The wyrd repeat himself and the forgotten forces will free themselves  
Gathering our sacrifice!