

King of the World

SIG:AR:TYR

In the distant North, beyond the Eastern Sands
From the winds of the South, far from Western lands
A shadowed throne He wrought, and the nine He taught
Of a future kingdom, of a distant time

The wise have sought Him, and the brave have fought Him
The false have worshipped Him, the true have revered Him
He whose fate, the spinning world lies
Within the mountains, far from ancient skies

And the dreams of an ancient sign, of a shadow far from time
And the priest whose next in line, bloodied hand on poisoned vine
In the light of the pure green ray, of the elder ones that stayed
And a world that's far away, in a night where there is no day

Few have seen His dreams, or heard the silent screams
Chained to this world, Rex Mundi...
Lord of creation, child of the black sun