

# The March of the Golems

Solar Fragment

Wake up and follow me  
your rise is the start of my mastery  
unshaped, a scorn of man  
four thousand soldiers are at my command

Right from the shadow  
comes the flaming eyes  
their faces lifeless and vacant they stand  
These are the warriors of an ancient time  
made of stone and clay  
they will smash down the land

So they march till the end of all time  
noone can ever stop them by steel or fire  
you disbelievers, bow to me  
I'm forcing the town to its knees  
and claim what has always been mine

The earth is shaking  
forsaken lands we will leave  
as we walk to the scene  
They were mistaken  
for every selfpleasing laugh  
they'll be torn apart

I have the power  
for I wear the lordship's ring  
These eyes, the tyrant's eyes  
a crucial part of his fake regime

I have the power  
for I wear the lordship's sword  
My plan, a perfect plan  
not yet, but soon the throne is mine

So they march till the end of all time...

And they scream, and they cry  
for all their houses are stamped to dust  
those woods grow nevermore  
But if they beg, if they pray  
I shall be merciful and spare their lives  
'cause I'm a noble man