

Now the seal is broken
which captured all misery
while dark hands of fate
fulfilled the augury

The script of this tragedy
Now lies in my hands
I read the lines, realize the signs
how the story ends

The High King is dead
struck by his vision
greater than men
It'll spread out through time... an eternal rhyme
- sic transit gloria mundi -

A challenge between darkness and light
Medraut and his clansmen of terror
A discordant soul burnt the seed
with voices of blight

Take my hand I'll be your guide
On the battlefield of wrath
Read my mind I