

# The Fall of Arthrone

Unexpect

N Ap ertiaNoK al ruep, SerdneT tnaved L  
Towers escaping by millions on floating platforms  
Glowing from lunar reflection  
Among these astral bodies, resides a faerie  
Weaving on a star, empress of space and time  
It's a feeble attempt, to overcome the throne  
Since the dispersion of the Orb

Mid-season of the coloured rains on Arthrone's kingdom  
Cowardness of the loathsome guards of this empire  
A ball of fantasy disappearing in shadows  
Behold, the fall of Arthrone  
A goblin smiling by a flash of rune  
The being of nothingness part with his domain

Vast extent of already forgotten beats  
Observing his face with its impregnated ugliness  
Crying under the whinning moon  
Dances the scarlet viper of our writings  
On the stones, soon to be angels

End-season, ashes and ruins for the rose  
Myrmidon, this only bird in the wind  
Source of lightning, reflection of the warrior  
Behold, the fall of Arthrone  
The quiet dawn of a tired sunset  
Solemn scorn, all that is given to us

O, L engcr sed stnaSiup es treum  
DnauK L enuL aruelp r siamaj  
L serteKna es tnorderp ne selioT  
Lerorua esucicnehs snad nu reheuoK ed licloS

O, L engcr sed stnaSiup tse trom  
Siuped L noitrepsid ed LebrO  
Ctse L serte iuK Stiufne ne snoiLim ed seLeKrap setnativel