

Ofiússa (A Terra das Serpentes)

Gwydion

Receding Past Their Birth
These Lands of Vast Shores
Stood Pristine to Every Man
All But the Forgotten Ones

Who Were These Settler's of Old?
Of Whom Ancient Greeks Have Known
Our Prelude Was Almost Lost
The First Legacy

People of the Serpents
Oestreminis
Land of the Ophi
My Sweet Ophiussa

Beyond, Beware!
Unknown! The Void!
An Endless Ocean
Tomb For Daring Trespassers

This Primordial Soil
Fertile, Dynamic, In Constant Turmoil
Unveils a Seed

May it Develop, Grow,
Expanded by Ductile Bronze
Absorbed, Claimes by Hungry Roots
Maintaining This Gaunting Obsession

A Spring of Fire Looms, Spills Ignites
Flames of War and Dust

The Winter of a Kingdom
The Story Yet to Unfold

Our Story Has to Unfold

Esta Porta Transporta a Essência;
Do Etéreo, Ausência da Razão...
Para Trás: A Eterna Vespertina
Sombrio, Um Vulto de Nação

Num Rasgo, É Alcançado o Momento
A Passagem P'ra Outra Dimensão
As Serpentes Carregam Seu Portento
O Despertar d'Ofiússa!

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Your Grounds Have Encompassed
Half of Our Bloodline Source
To the South, We'll Gather Out
All of What Remains

The Scripts in Tartassian
Leads to the Cynetes's Lore
Or Beyond, Formation of the Serpe Real...

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