

A Dream Of Sleeping Warriors

Abused Majesty

In the times when Hamon Father
the Spirit of the World was already dead
Moonlit Knight lay bound under the Mountain of Death

In the grave of the Earth the memory of the past is still lasti
ng
Abiding in the helmets and swords of the great warriors,
Ashy knights who, not finding solace in a fight,
had to rest by their master's side committing ritual suicide

But their sleep was light to be ready on time for the wartime b
laze
And arising from the ashes, to join the flaming army

Being united in the Flaming Dragon
to draw their swords again
By the side of the great King of Serpents,
they are supreme defenders of the Earth
From the Nida of Fire they are men of mist
and smoke roused from sleep
To strike the enemy from the depths of flaming water

From sacred rivers of fire, like a fiery hurricane, to strike t
he invaders
The troop of spectres is sleeping, waiting to be alive again
Ages pass but ghostly hands are still ready to grasp their weap
on
And to restore the memory of the past of the ancient sons of th
e Earth

Among them there is the Great King of Serpents,
the Son of Time, the Lord of Mist,
Three immortal old men have kept their prophecy
Among the nine rings of time

He fell asleep but he will return, equally mighty,
he will lead the army of spectres
And he will destroy the hungry hordes
from the Satan's Mountains
He will take the young warrior's soul

Who was born in the hour of death
of Hamon Father And the Spirit of the World
The Son of the Three...