

# Rod of Asclepius

## Arrayan Path

Beware the snake, it's crawling in these four walls  
Again, the God will protect you from pain  
Once more, a poison that heals your wounds

Led astray, taken from the burning flesh of a mother slain  
The son of a God, the one who sang in the desert plains  
He felt that he was  
Never trying to taste the sweet revenge  
Always be the lesser deity  
Never gonna be there in time  
To stop the thunderbolts  
Never thought that he would be so afraid  
Every man's nightmare comes to life  
Staring at one of your children dying  
The Protector of his kindred

He takes the rod, points to the sun  
Hiding the dark, the chosen one  
Asclepius, giver of life  
We will unite, this is our road  
He takes the rod

Led the way, he learned to heal the wounds of the men who were betrayed  
A mighty warrior under the spell of the Centaur reign  
He is the one, the one  
Who was not afraid to raise the dead  
Using all the blood of the Gorgon head  
He was the giver of time  
Or he was taking it  
He was never gonna let you fall  
Can you stand the sight of the serpent-crawl  
Staring at you in the eyes  
The Protector of his kindred

He takes the rod, points to the sun  
Hiding the dark, the chosen one  
Asclepius, giver of life  
We will unite, this is our road  
He takes the rod

He feels the rage, the undertaker, (the Rod) never surrender  
Always trying to tame the fire, the magic in our hearts  
You feel the rain fall on your face (and under all circumstances)  
Protect the rod! Protect the rod! Protect the rod!

He feels the rage, the undertaker, never surrender  
Always trying to tame the fire, the magic in our hearts  
You feel the rain fall on your face (and under all circumstances)  
Protect the rod! Protect the rod! Protect the rod!

(One night he was struck by thunder)  
One night he was struck by the thunder  
(A God inconsolable)  
Nowhere to run now Apollo will come to unleash his rage!

He takes the rod, points to the sun  
Hiding the dark, the chosen one

Asclepius, giver of life  
We will unite, this is our road  
He takes the rod, points to the sun  
Hiding the dark, the chosen one  
Asclepius, giver of life  
We will unite, this is our road  
He takes the rod

Ὅμνυμι Ἀπόλλωνα ἰητρὸν, καὶ Ἀσκληπιόν,  
καὶ Ὑγίαν, καὶ Πανάκειαν, καὶ θεοὺς πάντας  
τε καὶ πάσας, Ἱστορας ποιεύμενος, ἐπιτελέα,  
ποιῆσιν κατὰδύναμιν καὶ κρίοιιν ἐμήνδρ κοντόνδε,  
καὶ ξυγγραφὴν τῇνδε.