

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

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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!

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(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!

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Ὕμνῳ Ἀπόλλωνα ἰατρὸν, καὶ Ἄσκληπιόν,
καὶ Ὑγίαν, καὶ Πανάκειαν, καὶ θεοὺς πάντας
τε καὶ πάσας, Ἱστορας ποιεύμενος, ἐπιτελέα,
ποιῆσειν κατὰδύναμιν καὶ κρίοιιν ἐμήνδρκοντόνδε,
καὶ ζυγγραφὴν τῆνδε.