

Voice Of The God

Arthemis

On to the snow, in a desolate moor
We're marching through thunders, we follow the moon
A new day is rising, it only can tell
What will be our fate...
The swords now are shining, we're ready to kill

Searching a new way to scrub all my pain
But sword shocks and blood are contrasting my aim
What now I need is a stronger defence
Help me if you can...

Now heaven is falling, the snow's turning red
Night riders fight with a sword made of steel
Trying to defend our king
A great scream of victory'll rise from the voice of the Gods

Sorrow and destruction have found now their way
We've got the right but it's so hard to say
A million of soldiers have died without fear
Feeling deadly shivers...

We roam through the mountains, we fight to survive!
Silently, across the snow plain, we look to the sun's shining high
Searching for a new horizon we're proud to belong to the king