

## Disciples Of The Iron Crown

Atlantean Kodex

Over the land there lies a shadow  
Westward reaching wings of darkness  
The tower trembles  
To the tombs of kings  
Doom approaches  
The dead are awake

And the day when the tyrant is rising  
Shall be the day when the gate will appear  
And the dead will march from black mountain  
To take back what is rightfully ours  
The iron crown

And the time has come for the oath-breakers  
At the Devil's Stone of Vilseck  
They shall stand again  
And hear there a horn  
In the hills it shall be ringing  
From the grey twilight  
To rouse the forgotten people  
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