

# Fountain Of Nepenthe

Atlantean Kodex

Cold are the waves that carry our ships  
Through uncharted seas to our homeland  
Storm clouds gather as we approach  
The gates of twilight await  
Swords drawn as we walk through the clouds  
Endless glory and wisdom  
Oblivion, sweet mead of the gods  
Our past lives cast off like a gown  
The spells have been cast, the veil has been lifted  
We leave this world  
Elysium beckons  
The Golden Bough opens the gate

I feel no more pain, grief has fled my soul  
And then we see a shining shore and ten white temples  
Procession to the Fountain of Nepenthe  
Clad in white robes I bear the Golden Bough  
A pilgrim twixt the worlds of gods and men  
A shining shore and a far green land  
The meadows of the Island of the Blessed  
A king will come and lead our people home  
Where earthly gyves will be no more

Dark is the path appointed for us  
Wind-demons scream as we pass  
One single flame at the edge of the night  
One beacon, one guardian, one truth  
Our forefather's blessings grant vision and might  
Through negative veils we march onward  
Katharsis - As we blaze through the void  
Our souls become one with the light

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Five thousand years have passed  
Since first light shone upon us  
Through forests deep now darkness falls  
Who will be our king?  
Who will bear the crown of oak and bone?

Who will lead our folk? Lead us home?  
An age is coming to an end  
And from our mountain thrones we watch  
Who will sing our songs when the last of us has gone?  
Who will tell our tale when all hope fails?