

Distant voice of thunder and storm,
can you hear, can you hear it mourn
for days gone by and nights to come,
for ages forlorn and the silvery dawn?
The wind is yearning, the skies are burning.
Cry out a praise for the queen is now claiming her land!

The rage of a feline, the wisdom of a man.
Flaming gaze of a beast no creature can withstand.
A servant for none, a liege of her own.
Holding the crown none would dare to demand.

Far away, whence thunder is from,
can you see, the skies are torn?
The clouds turn dark and cover the sun,
the land is shunned, bereft and scorn.
The wind is yearning, the skies are burning.
Cry out the praise for the queen is now claiming her land!