

Listen, sons, I'll tell you everything
about forgotten names of Atlantean kings
Ride to the East and mourn the West
Both one root of our kind
When you look for bonds of universe

Best look in your heart!

Listen, sons, I'll tell you everything about forgotten names
of Atlantean kings, blood of Avalon and past in your veins!

You'll see us!

Drowning in sunbath of the young ages when spirits were alive
When trees were whispering about creatures hidden in mountain's heart
It's in breath of the breeze, it's in memory of trees
There's lot to learn before you can hear eternal mysteries

On Golden Times! On Golden Times!

Walk through the fire till you see shores of misty isle of gods
Where deads come alive, rest upon stars and get ready for next dawn
It's core of the time, it's principle of blood
Watch how they dance and maybe you find out you are one of us

Fire means that you can always light the stars
Air stands for - for the freedom of your beating heart!

Water means that bright times always come again
Earth stands for - future of your kind

Fire means that you can always light the stars
Air stands for - for the freedom of your beating, beating heart!
Beating heart!

Listen, sons, I'll tell you everything about forgotten names
of Atlantean kings, blood of Avalon and past in your veins!

Fire means that you can always light the stars
Air stands for - for the freedom of your beating heart!

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Best look in your heart on Golden Times!