

Abhorrence

Distant

When the war of the beasts brings about the world's end
The goddess descends from the sky
Her dark wings spread apart
She guides us to bliss, her gift everlasting
Infinite in misery is the gift of the Goddess

We seek it thus, and take it to the sky
Ripples form the waters surface
The wandering soul knows no rest
There is no joy

For you are beloved by the goddess
Hero of the dawn, destroyer of worlds

Dreams of the morrow hath the shattered soul
Pride is lost
Wings stripped away

My friend, do you fly away now?
To world that abhors you and I?
All that awaits you is a somber morrow
No matter where the winds may blow

My friend, your desire
Is the bringer of death and a gift of the goddess
Even if the morrow is barren of promises
Nothing shall forestall me

My friend, the fates are cruel
There are no dreams, no honor remains
The arrow has left the bow of the goddess

My friend, your desire
Is the bringer of death, the gift of the goddess
Even if the morrow is barren of promises
Nothing shall forestall my return

Fernando
Legend shall speak
Of sacrifice at world's end
The wind sails over the water's surface
Quietly, but surely
Even if the morrow is barren of promises
Nothing shall forestall my return

To become dew that quenches the land
To spare the sands, the seas and the skies
I offer thee this silent sacrifice

Nothing shall forestall my return

I am my own salvation
Your eternal slumber