

Pale Prince On A Moonlit Shore

Folkodia

Signs I can see
Bright astral glyphs
Mourning in the sky;
Death she walks
And withers lilies of the night

Spirits of the wind remember - whisper - reveal!

I'll be tidings for my soul
In the clash of chaos and law
What destiny's in store
For the pale prince on a moonlit shore?

Spirits of the air recall my glorious deeds of old!

Where the sky meets the crystal sea
Phantoms of the past
Actors wearing deathly white masks
Dance such a sorrowful waltz

(Specters induce delirious dreams of what is to be)

In the tone of dragon growls
Arioch unfetter thy hounds!
I'm riding flames, I ride enraged
To sound the horn of fate!

By moonlight I shall fight
Countless the kills I claim
By ecliptic light
Justify my cruel black fame!

"Slay them all, burn the foe!
The bright empire is above all!
Slay them all, burn the foe!
My empire's above chaos and law!"