

The Arrival

Folkodia

Mankind has always looked
Skywards for its destiny
Now the velvet blue-black night
Finally breaks her silence...

I found myself in glens
Where no mortal dwells
Away from the lights
Of the cities of the blind

I looked up to the sky
And saw the star that shines
Than Venus far more bright
Blotting out its peers there on high

My hunting-hounds bayed
Wild, their tails on edge
And as I took a closer look
I saw a disk of fire in the night!

I clutched my sword in fear
And took three paces back
Knowing that this omen means
They have finally come...

That shining orb, the Gorgon's eye
Haunts my sleep, fills my dreams
For I know what this omen means:
They have finally come...