

The Sorrows of Victory

Heaven Shall Burn

We welcome the wandering years
We follow the road of destinies
And ten thousand men ride by my side
Leaving their homes and pasts behind

At my command, the greatest armies fall like leaves
And I triumph, so I carry the sorrows of victory
A feeling of fatedness captures my mind
We are the favoured few and I am the chosen one

Bright eyes stare
Now I carry the sorrows of victory
And dark eyes glisten
A passage at arms, in veneration of the enemy

As crusaders leave their fortresses
Sent by the only god, blessed and elected man at arms
I see a grand and noble army of the highest knights
Brave and superior, elite leaders, never to be conquered

Yield to their fate
Delivered to the splendid force of destiny
Their graceful providence
Predestinated by the holy ghost alone

Their death defiance is so vital for this upright war
They ride with courage born from true belief
Boundless devotion, until their self-abandonment
From the beginning longing for his glorious order
To be immortal and eternalized
As deathless songs will carry all their names
This glorious endeavor
Eternalized

Ad perpetuam memoriam!

Gone are their colours, all saviors lost without a trace
Set to each other by the same divinity
As they stare into an unknown distance
Untold passages at arms, welcome his triumph, eternally
...And we carry the sorrows of victory

Oh, this glorious disaster, immortalized

Per omnia saecula saeculorum
In perpetuum!

As crusaders reach the promised land
Their sense of mission unrestrained
I see a grand and noble army of the highest knights
Doomed and convicted
Haunted elite leaders never to return

Per omnia saecula saeculorum
In perpetuum!