

## The Last Act

Heimdall

The sun's just started his march  
and the clouds darken the plain  
Look - the swords high in the sky are ready to fight  
The winds brush their skins  
Now no move - eyes to eyes  
Honour, pride, fates of their mates  
in a single fight

Hear the force of the winds  
An era is dying  
Hear the rumbling of thunders  
The sound of the blades

Master of the thunder  
Their future in your hands  
Master of the thunder  
It's the birth of the empire

The king is on the ground  
Now defeated, bloody, unarmed  
Praying for a noble burial  
or his life to be speared  
Around him, holy and bright  
The sword - belt of his friend shines  
Blinded by anger, Aeneas slays the foe

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The storm is near  
The hero fights alone  
Aeneas slays the foe blinded by anger