

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