

The Legacy

Mithotyn

In this realm of the old spirits
There is neither day nor night.
Mighty powers of the past shall soon
Be woken from their dormancy in the land
Of lurking twilight.

The legacy of the elders.
Waiting for the chosen one.
The legacy of the elders.
Waiting, waiting, waiting.

The lost secrets lies hidden deep into
The guarding primeval stone.
It holds the science of magic protected
Where the shadows of he gods walk alone.

The knowledge of the forgotten parts
Of our dimension
Shall soon at last be revealed.
The powers shall rise again so the destiny
Can be sealed.