

Through the wasted years and all bitter times
The druid came to heal all our crimes
As long as we're surviving he shall conquer us all
In the book of ancient magic and light
The ancients will obtain the knowledge of their might
To heal the tortured souls, their ultimate goal
Angels of mercy in disguise
Save tortured souls
Freedom is their goal
Onwards they dwell
Druid, a winning streak
Ancients, doom is in your hands
If you want to see the day
The reward is to travel through the skies in times to come
Then it will be you who lives