

Old Woman

Root

I used to know you, pretty Rullbräh,
Already as a little girl,
You used to play alone in the Woods,
And you wandered in rocks.

Today you have a mysterious Mission,
You must find the Black Stone,
Only you can touch it,
However you will not change the
Run of time by this.

The Stone and Dygon are one and the same,
And you will break through this Damnation,
Late, late time is being filled up,
After all you are the mother of Dygon.

Through your touch the power,
Of the maledicted stone will be broken,
But Kärgeräs will lose everything,
Asit is fated in the damnation.

This what you yourself have caused,
You yourself will redress,
Only a recollection of you will remain,
Your sacrifice is made of stone.