

"Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
where Mars did mate the Chartaginians..."

No dreams come true,
in the dark of his empty study,
he seems to long beyond the rest
of human race,
heavy deamons of the night now
are talking with my heart,

black arts will raise
my mind up to the sky
to control the powers of the world

Gloomy shadows of the earth,
in the dark of the night I'm evoking you,
now spirits of the hell dance 'round 'n 'round
with my soul,
I'm the king of illusion

Your will will be done...

On wings of glory,
my stare covers the world,
stars, winds and fire,
I control just with thought,
whatever I please in one second is real,
whenever I dream I can live actually,
whoever I face I'm the one who can win,
but I'm not...lord of my soul anymore

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No fear, no real aim,
in heart,
my dreams have other hopes now,
I don't feel emptyness, anymore
when clouds fill the sky,
I feel I'm lord,
I'm Lord of my soul