

The Prologue (The Elysian Fields)/Rome

Ten

A citadel under siege again
The grandiose mystique, the pain
Power and sin, her pious endeavours
She brings a godless world together

Her legionnaires in the pouring rain
A motionless machine in wait
When rapture begins
The silence is severed
And soon the blood flows cold as ever

Rome is now
You're in the eye of the hurricane
Rome is how
You will obey, or be slaves

Romulus he decided
One should be king
Remus would be denied it
Deemed my dream, my
Rome
Like two worlds colliding
Blood, flesh and bone
Death, as the one surviving
Screamed "My dream, my Rome!"

Protecting empire far away
But is the mistress still the slave
When enemies fall
Crushed, bound and tethered
She knows they won't lie still forever

And so it's fear turning feet to clay
Beyond the tears, rebuild again
Nations and creed contorted together
The kiss of fate stands sealed forever

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My Rome