

The Craft

Wildpath

Hear the story of a Kingdom's decay.
Fighting constantly people lost all their faith.
The Sun turned to black. "End is near" the king said.
Against the evil one, his son'll lead a march to the west.

"We'll march 'till the end fighting for our land !
There is no way back home... Since our fate calls."

Dice have been thrown ! Sacrifice of a son...
An evil spell's been sent to turn sane again.

A few days later a new sun is shining above !
The dark craft's honoured !
A king's tear for his son...

"So far from home, just sadness remains...
Walking day after day, what purpose for this quest ?
Tears won't fall, as long as I don't look back.
I'll keep on marching even if the sun warms my back !
Despite our death... Endlessly to the west...
Despite our death... Endlessly... to the west..."

"We'll march 'till the end fighting for our land !
There is no way back home... Since our fate calls."

Dice have been thrown ! Sacrifice of a son...