

Ancient Bards, Impious Dystopia

The end crawls on the last two souls,
in a barren world, all that's left is destruction.

Prospect slit by a dreadful split.
When the fates are done,
the two sides of the whole will finally cross swords.

He is the champion of unwanted souls the defender of cowardly
deviance everything that he wants,
he takes it by force, he takes it no matter the cost.

She is the brightest pure being of
all, the descendant of mythical candor,
in her conscience she keeps,
the true key to be in touch with the heart of the world.

You can't win this,
just step aside I'm tired of your spineless demeanor
Get on my side, into the dark avoid your impending demise!

I'm not enticed by your words of demise,
you won't lure me into joining your venture.
Every blow from the dark,
I'll fight back with light, by wielding this Black Crystal Sword!

The ascent of primeval forces in the night ignites the ancestral fight

In the rise of primeval forces in
the night our past and future collide
Impious dystopia a sentence of doom
moving away from the truth Wisdom is lost

Knowledge is out there for me, I will take it as I please.

The ascent of primeval forces in the night ignites the ancestral fight

In the rise of primeval forces in
the night our past and future collide
Impious dystopia a sentence of doom
moving away from the truth you're lost
Impious delirium you chose the wrong path it
breaks my heart, I can't let you fulfill your plan