Naer Mataron, The Triumph Of Will

We are reborn from the ashes of our death We summon the mystical phoenix, the return of the immortal After the Great War, we are tragic fighters In the hour of judgment, we will return again in our posts.

On the right of the last avatar the upcoming Kalki the avenger
After the twilight of the Demigods
A red blooded sky, a sunset, the decline of the civilization, and suddenly a
golden dome
A symbol appears golden and pure
It rises in the night from the shadow of our swords
Wreathed in the myth, soled down in fire

ZEUS upsets the cosmic disorder HERCULES drowns the snakes THESEIS lifts the rocks and rigs FAETHON sets the sky on fire FIVOS kills the python

The head of Medusa is in the edge of our swords The sacred one Values are recoded from the depths of centuries To regain Nemesis