Rahpsody, Lux Triumphans

"At the court of king Chaos only blood can write its own tragedy..." Mighty warriors from the silver hills march, all led by golden winds Elves and trolls from holy mystic woods run through the last snow He's now coming from the middle lands handling proud his magic sword Glory, pride and honor ride with him Burns the flame of north They will all meet in the Kazar ruins not so far from Ancelot In the temple of the fallen one their hope will be born... Born from the ashes of ancient glory... Born! They all hail the mighty chosen one reaching the skies with their cry They are ready to reach Ancelot Arwald's calling loud... " Glory ride with us! Lux Triumphans! Magic and steelgods lead us to a new dawn..."