

# Visionatica, Roxana The Great

People were embossed by old stories  
In a time of fighting in a land of the highest mountains  
They were the royals, they were the greatest

She belongs to him, she was the queen of the greatest king

She dances like fire flames  
And shines like the brightest star  
She was the emerald of the people  
Roxana, the Great

In the golden carriage he went into the fights  
He has put himself in the way of the enemies  
Wars of the lands became wars of the world  
He belongs to her, he was the king of the greatest queen

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