

Mystic land
where the old prophecy's born
The arch had to protect them all
But the evil's masterplan
was asleep for years
Killing in a flood of blood rain

Ararat,
Holiest Mountain
Ararat,
A million of Souls
Ararat,
Holiest Martyrs
Ararat,
The tears of God
Ararat...

None will ever win
this endless war
But one has to admit the truth
So many innocents walked
till their last breath
They fell in this march of death

Ararat,
Holiest Mountain
Ararat,
A million of Souls
Ararat,
Holiest Martyrs
Ararat,
The tears of God
Ararat...

Some children and women
could hide from the fire
Saved by the brave and the wise
Though anyone who dared
to brave the empire
Was sentenced to die or exiled

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