

# A Dream Of Sleeping Warriors

Abused Majesty

In the times when Hamon Father  
the Spirit of the World was already dead  
Moonlit Knight lay bound under the Mountain of Death

In the grave of the Earth the memory of the past is still lasti  
ng  
Abiding in the helmets and swords of the great warriors,  
Ashy knights who, not finding solace in a fight,  
had to rest by their master's side committing ritual suicide

But their sleep was light to be ready on time for the wartime b  
laze  
And arising from the ashes, to join the flaming army

Being united in the Flaming Dragon  
to draw their swords again  
By the side of the great King of Serpents,  
they are supreme defenders of the Earth  
From the Nida of Fire they are men of mist  
and smoke roused from sleep  
To strike the enemy from the depths of flaming water

From sacred rivers of fire, like a fiery hurricane, to strike t  
he invaders  
The troop of spectres is sleeping, waiting to be alive again  
Ages pass but ghostly hands are still ready to grasp their weap  
on  
And to restore the memory of the past of the ancient sons of th  
e Earth

Among them there is the Great King of Serpents,  
the Son of Time, the Lord of Mist,  
Three immortal old men have kept their prophecy  
Among the nine rings of time

He fell asleep but he will return, equally mighty,  
he will lead the army of spectres  
And he will destroy the hungry hordes  
from the Satan's Mountains  
He will take the young warrior's soul

Who was born in the hour of death  
of Hamon Father And the Spirit of the World  
The Son of the Three...