

The Epilogue - A Prophecy Fall Of The Last Temple Of Time

Abused Majesty

The spirit of the Serpentine King will never reborn
In the young warrior's heart
His sword, Absorber of the Worlds
Stuck in the body of the master of the dead is eaten by rust

The spirit of the Serpentine King
will never reborn
In the young warrior's heart

And there won't
be any worthy leader
To guide
our army
Our enemies
will sense that
And thousands of them
will come to our borders

But the morale among the army will weaken
A strong flaming gale will blow
To declare the last home of God Father
and the Spirit of the World fallen
And the nine rings of the Temple of the Time
will fall down one by one
Burying both the defenders and the invaders
And the three immortal will find an eternal shelter
Deep in the heart of the Sacred Mountain

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