

# The Lion

Altaria

Unexplored territory,  
On the road to sacred ground.  
The final resting place for angels (angels),  
The holy tomb, not meant to find.

Marching on, digging deeper,  
Finding icons that this world should never see.

By the nightfall, at the borderline,  
Where it comes down to the wire.  
By the river, under clear blue skies,  
The hunters of the holy fear the lion.

In the dark jungle, waiting,  
The vicious king of predators.  
Immortals burning in the fire (fire),  
Beyond the land where lions roar.

Marching on, digging deeper,  
Finding icons that this world should never see.

By the nightfall, at the borderline,  
Where it comes down to the wire.  
By the river, under clear blue skies,  
The hunters of the holy fear the lion.

At the borderline,  
Where it comes down to the wire.  
By the river, under clear blue skies,  
The hunters of the holy fear the lion.

By the nightfall, at the borderline,  
Where it comes down to the wire.  
By the river, under clear blue skies,  
The hunters of the holy fear the lion.

At the borderline,  
Where it comes down to the wire.  
By the river, under clear blue skies,  
The hunters of the holy fear the lion.

I'm the lion, when it comes down to the wire.  
I'm the lion, I'm the lion.  
The hunters of the holy fear the lion.