

## Voice Of The God

Arthemis

On to the snow, in a desolate moor  
We're marching through thunders, we follow the moon  
A new day is rising, it only can tell  
What will be our fate...  
The swords now are shining, we're ready to kill

Searching a new way to scrub all my pain  
But sword shocks and blood are contrasting my aim  
What now I need is a stronger defence  
Help me if you can...

Now heaven is falling, the snow's turning red  
Night riders fight with a sword made of steel  
Trying to defend our king  
A great scream of victory'll rise from the voice of the Gods

Sorrow and destruction have found now their way  
We've got the right but it's so hard to say  
A million of soldiers have died without fear  
Feeling deadly shivers...

We roam through the mountains, we fight to survive!  
Silently, across the snow plain, we look to the sun's shining high  
Searching for a new horizon we're proud to belong to the king