

Disciples Of The Iron Crown

Atlantean Kodex

Over the land there lies a shadow
Westward reaching wings of darkness
The tower trembles
To the tombs of kings
Doom approaches
The dead are awake

And the day when the tyrant is rising
Shall be the day when the gate will appear
And the dead will march from black mountain
To take back what is rightfully ours
The iron crown

And the time has come for the oath-breakers
At the Devil's Stone of Vilseck
They shall stand again
And hear there a horn
In the hills it shall be ringing
From the grey twilight
To rouse the forgotten people
Disciples of the iron crown

And the day when the tyrant is rising
Shall be the day when the gate will appear
And the dead will march from black mountain
To take back what is rightfully ours
The iron crown