

Fountain Of Nepenthe

Atlantean Kodex

Cold are the waves that carry our ships
Through uncharted seas to our homeland
Storm clouds gather as we approach
The gates of twilight await
Swords drawn as we walk through the clouds
Endless glory and wisdom
Oblivion, sweet mead of the gods
Our past lives cast off like a gown
The spells have been cast, the veil has been lifted
We leave this world
Elysium beckons
The Golden Bough opens the gate

I feel no more pain, grief has fled my soul
And then we see a shining shore and ten white temples
Procession to the Fountain of Nepenthe
Clad in white robes I bear the Golden Bough
A pilgrim twixt the worlds of gods and men
A shining shore and a far green land
The meadows of the Island of the Blessed
A king will come and lead our people home
Where earthly gyves will be no more

Dark is the path appointed for us
Wind-demons scream as we pass
One single flame at the edge of the night
One beacon, one guardian, one truth
Our forefather's blessings grant vision and might
Through negative veils we march onward
Katharsis - As we blaze through the void
Our souls become one with the light

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The veil has been lifted
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Five thousand years have passed
Since first light shone upon us
Through forests deep now darkness falls
Who will be our king?
Who will bear the crown of oak and bone?

Who will lead our folk? Lead us home?
An age is coming to an end
And from our mountain thrones we watch
Who will sing our songs when the last of us has gone?
Who will tell our tale when all hope fails?