

As Ivy Groweth Green

Avrigus

Traitors came amongst us one season,
Faithless traitors without rhyme, without reason
Yet, as ivy groweth green and never changes,
Even evil cannot turn us into strangers
Wars, thus won, are lost to fate
Hand in glove with love was hate
To return to the source of the course of kings
Lords of light must find their wings somehow
Warlords tread on sacred ground,
Spread their creed of dread around
To reverse this curse comes the King of Kings,
Lords of light must try their wings now...