

Red suns burning slow  
inside the night, soft whispers echo  
tides of darkness flowing like stars  
crimson colours, paint our hearts  
behold the sky so distant and bright.

Screams whispered, memories won  
we are free to roam, destination never shown  
gaze those in mist, gleam in night  
without battles we dominate.

The dying light of eternal grey  
above it all creations fall  
thunderstorm of rage, lead us to the void  
thorns and stones, swords for the moon.

Screams whispered, memories won  
we are free to roam, destination never shown  
gaze those in mist, gleam in night  
without battles we dominate.

Under the clouds, in grace of night  
we walk through the ashes and dust  
in the failing light of the stormy day  
born out of thorns from dragons kiss.

Screams whispered, memories won  
we are free to roam, destination never shown  
gaze those in mist, gleam in night  
without battles we dominate.