

The Ancient

Catamenia

Dreaming all alone
Wandering thru the time so cold
Confronting something old
That I've been sometimes lied and told

Tombstone underneath me
Ancients' ancient grave I see
Death I can feel
The Undead is what I need

I can see the ancients falling
Can you hear the ancients crying
I can see the ancients dying
Can you hear the ancients calling

They seek you, you're their hope
They need you, you're their life

Can you feel the ancients near you
I can lead the ancients' war

They seek you, you're their hope
They need you, you're their life
They know you, you feel them
They trust you, you've found them now

Standing on a grave
On where lies one brave
Movements of dead will tell
Soon earth bounds like hell

Can you hear the ancients crying
Can you hear the ancients calling
Can you feel the ancients near you
Yes I can, Yes I can