

Occident Sun

Cruadalach

Tradition is like a light in the vault of time
The red thread is shifting through Aeons
Indestructible voice of fucking truth
is whispering again and again that
memories... are our future!

From the East is closing caravan
Through crimson sands upon the sign of lion
Air is filled by spice of Orient
(From) Agharta seeking for purity

Wisdom is coming
(with its blinding glare)
Bright like eye of God
(Magic eternal sun)
It shines
(and washes away all dark)
Dawn of gulden age!

All corners of the world
Are rised to create a perfect sense
Holy harmony of the space
Occident sun!

Dying west, horde of knights
(marching on to retake)
Tomb of God, Holy Land
(to keep the sacred flame)
Smell of blood, scream in air
(broken sword, broken faith)
Wisdom now dies in flames
Death of the Glory!