

The Aquilonia Suite Pt.1

Domine

Far, far away a long, long time ago
From the dawn of time, a king shall rise

Black, on the snowy horizon
hundreds of stallions are riding
Sun beams breaking through the clouds are shining
on the swords of their riders
They bear a standard of the blackest steel
with two snakes facing each other
The symbol of a new born religion,
rising to crush all the others

Riding like the cold winter wind
Killing and wading through gore
Their mission, by the name of their lord
is the search for the purest steel
Spilling sacred life's blood
and quenching a power mad thirst for the mightiest
of might, They ride!

The riders of Tulsha doom

Ave domine! Ave domine!

By barbarian strength and Cimmerian pride
Aquilona's crown shall one day be mine
By barbarian strength and Cimmerian pride
Aquilona's crown shall one day be mine

No survivor has stood in their way
but aboy with hate in his eyes
This boy will grow stronger and stronger each day
to be ready to fight
A man who someday will be a great king
by his own hand and will for revenge
To crush the riders who brought the snakes
on that day when snow became red

He'll be riding like the cold winter wind
Killing and wading through gore
His destiny, by the name of himself
is to bear a jeweled crown
Spilling evil life's blood
and quenching the thirst for revenge
he's feeling inside, He rides!

The conqueror, the barbarian
who one day shall be king
In lakes of blood his enemies are drowning

He'll be riding like the cold winter wind
Killing and wading through gore
His destiny, by the name of himself
is to bear a jeweled crown
Spilling evil life's blood
and quenching the thirst for revenge
he's feeling inside, He rides!

[VI. Victory in sight]