The Arrival

Mankind has always looked Skywards for its destiny Now the velvet blue-black night Finally breaks her silence...

I found myself in glens Where no mortal dwells Away from the lights Of the cities of the blind

I looked up to the sky And saw the star that shines Than Venus far more bright Blotting out its peers there on high

My hunting-hounds bayed Wild, their tails on edge And as I took a closer look I saw a disk of fire in the night!

I clutched my sword in fear And took three paces back Knowing that this omen means They have finally come...

That shining orb, the Gorgon's eye Haunts my sleep, fills my dreams For I know what this omen means: They have finally come... Folkodia