

Ants Of Fire

Glory Opera

This pain within, that makes me wish to fall
Draining my strength away, it burns inside.
I won't faint now, it's the last ritual
Both shaman and my father will be proud.

Near the very end, I smile.
Clear visions I see, ancient spirits of my tribe.
I she'd no tears.
It's almost done, the sun's about to rise,
Lightening the paths I have to ride.
I'm a warrior prince, just like my ancestors,
The "curumin" has died in my heart's core.

Feel the stormy wind cry out.
Take these gloves away from me, drown the ants down in the river.

The ritual is done,
Reborn on the leaves of dawn.
I'll lead this tribe, they're blood from my blood.
I'll be their guide, to bring all the glory again.
See that moon over me, ask for nothing but freedom
All this land belong to us, my friends.