

Iron in the Fog

Graveland

Monument covered in gray fog
Engraved ancient signs
Green light smolders
Ancient wisdom resonates
The message for truth released
From the lost past and the future
Smoldering with eternal life
Bewitched ancient Atlanteans magic
My hand touches the stone
The book of destiny reveals our fate

Iron in the fog
With the winter rime covered
Eternally suspended in darkness
Smolders and flickers waiting
From the day of victory and glory
When the White hand
Embraces its heritage

Voices, always heard
Words, always spoken
Fire, always set
Blood, always shed
Runes preserve the ancient tongue
Carried with magical aura
Eternally bound to the White hand
Neither day nor night is their home

Our forefather's voices ring in our ears
Their message lost to the modern day
Harbingers of lies
Poisoned your mind
Enslaved your heart
Imprisoned your soul
Gifts of falsehood became religion
Emptiness became inspiration
Brother, wake up, it is time!

Monument shrouded in mist
Gleams with ancient magic and power
Stars fighten the black sky
My voice and thoughts vanish in the void

Before dawn breaks
The stones will speak
Revealing their secrets
Awakened from our slumber
White armies cross the bridge of eternity