

## Walls of the Red Temple

Graveland

Crushed walls of the ancient temple  
Covered by thousand years old dust  
Ornaments in the holy stone  
Engraved by passing time  
No one remembers anymore  
The red dawn of the ancient power  
In the shadows of high columns  
Wind wailing sadly  
Lost centuries ago  
Ancient magic of the red priests  
Captured and blinded him  
Condemning to fate of a lonely guardian  
Walls covered with blood  
Never changed the color  
Spilled blood marked them for good  
Each ray of the light  
Changes into red  
In the temple of the past gods  
Thousands of people prayed  
Red priests uttered their incantations  
Bloody light of the unknown sun  
Reflected in the mirrors and gold  
Warriors of the red hairs  
Raised towards the skies  
Of the grey mists of wilderness  
Hooded figure emerged  
As a spirit of the kingdom of the mists  
Red glow spreads around  
He walked among withered trees  
Which once drank human blood  
Far the horizon  
A wind stirs up the clouds of dust  
Among its fret curtain  
One can hear the howls of ghosts  
Defeated in many battles  
They follow their murderers  
In the lethal procession  
At the gates of the red temple  
Their fate will be decided  
Unknown priests  
Uttered their incantations  
Temple candles  
Still melting in red blood