

## Chapter V - The Hidden Sign

Haggard

As the rose did nearly wither  
The five ones might have failed  
Then hearts would turn to iron  
And gradual night'd prevail

Fear did wrap the land  
The mighty mourning bells are stirred  
And northern winds carry their screams  
To a place they'll never be heard

Beneath a moonless sky  
Within the candles light  
Runestones whitened a thousand years  
Archaic rites  
Of taken lives  
Let the circle be the gate!

Secret rhymes  
A parchment full of signs  
Written in the book, so long ago  
Gives mortal power to the ones defiled  
Withered life  
Becomes revived  
Let the circle be... the gate!

Als des Nordwinds schaurig Flüstern  
Hüllt wie Schatten ein mein Herz  
Kälte längst erfror'ner Tränen  
Welch entrissen mir mit Schmerz

Quantus tremor est futurus  
Quando Judex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus

As the clouds divide  
And starlight falls  
On sacred grounds  
The eternal call  
Now see the light  
As the druids rise

To the one that has been born  
With the hidden mark of the unicorn  
As sign of those who descent from  
Royal blood

For thou shalt ride, do never rest  
And search the beast that  
Keeps the magic chest  
Unleash the secret that slumbers  
In the dark

Reveal the hidden mark!

As the moons last rays  
Slowly fade away  
Where the peaks meet the

Sky horizon is in flames  
Clouded seas and gusty trees  
Let the circle be the gate

At the awaking of the sun  
The ritual is done  
Another place, another time  
The galleon will rise again  
The druids' bane slumbers again  
Let the circle be the gate

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