

# The Mark of Power

Keep of Kalessin

Adorn the face of your son  
Through the third eye I saw  
The battle left to be won

This pure face ornamented  
With long and pale red scars  
Everlasting under the golden stars

The time has come  
For you, my son  
To bear the mark of power

Gods, hear me know  
I will revive the serpents throne  
Gods, hear my cries  
The throne is mine to rule alone

See this our providence,  
Your breed and your blood  
The everlasting stand  
Through (the) devouring flood

It's time for one  
To become  
Heir to the throne of fire

I care not if you hate me  
As long as you will fear me  
I rise monuments as  
The victor's fortune  
And as display of your fallen  
And failed creation  
For what I have undone  
I stand here as the peerless son

"You helped to put the sword in my hand  
We have climbed this mountain together  
And I stand on your shields at the top  
Your spears - my fortification  
Your enemies are mine  
But I speak the words of the gods  
And I can summon the thunder"

The time has come  
For the one  
To bear the mark of power