

## The Legacy

Mithotyn

In this realm of the old spirits  
There is neither day nor night.  
Mighty powers of the past shall soon  
Be woken from their dormancy in the land  
Of lurking twilight.

The legacy of the elders.  
Waiting for the chosen one.  
The legacy of the elders.  
Waiting, waiting, waiting.

The lost secrets lies hidden deep into  
The guarding primeval stone.  
It holds the science of magic protected  
Where the shadows of he gods walk alone.

The knowledge of the forgotten parts  
Of our dimension  
Shall soon at last be revealed.  
The powers shall rise again so the destiny  
Can be sealed.