

He Polic Ealo (odious)

Nightfall

(Dedicated to all those brave ones, betrayed by leaving the Grand

Civilization in the hands of a fake God; the Byzantine empire.
)

Riders cross the raging firetongues

As the cannons shot the grandstone

The ghost of past is here to stay

And the kingdom will surrounding with visions

Of the empire, it's failing, by blood and fire

Bloodbath; as heads falling with no voice

The war knight is here, risen from the mountains across

HE POLIC EALO

By steel and stonethrowers arrives the end

As the sky turns dim and the ground red

"_Eleeson emas, Eleeson emas

O esu upsiste megaloduname krite_"

Where is he now, should you call him once more?

Baptised in "holy" water once, now in your own blood

"_Egennetheto to thelema son

...egennetheto he sfage_"

As the sirens singing, the conquerors' victory upon

The broken faith of the ones who believed in their

"Glorious", "merciful" "God"

Alone now, fight, kill, defend your own

Forget the lies and stand brave upon the carcasses

Of your precious, doomed children