

Crimson skies precede the night,
the dusk embraces the land,
the meadow wind blows in our trail,
as we ride with the last rays of light.

We are trapped in a moment between day and night.
From the shadows we run longing for the light.

Our trace in the sky leaves a crimson wake.
We are cursed to follow the sun.
Immortal riders who flee from the night,
condemned to an eternal ride.

The sun shares the sky with the moon and the stars.
The path becomes darker: will we reach our destiny?
Ride forward and never look back.
Leave your fears behind.
One day you will find your place.

Daylight is fading. The horizon swallows the sun.
Here comes the dark; here comes the death.
Take us away, away from the eternal nightmares, now.

Winds of the dusk
blow along in our endless path.
Take us away from the darkness
and don't let the shadows embrace us.
Guide our way.

Light fades out,
darkness and fear stalks from behind.
No way out,
nothing will stop us now.

Night falls behind us and she swallows our trace.
Here comes the dark and here comes the death.
Take us away, away from this nightmare.

Crimson skies precede the night.
The dusk embraces the land.
With hope we ride in our endless trail,
longing for reaching the end.