

## The emperors return

Olympos Mons

We heard the horns in the hills  
swords shone in the midday sun

the north has obeyed his will  
countless are the battles he's won

an empire of a living God  
as was told in the tales of old  
will rise from a sea of blood marble white  
and purest gold

brave men fought and fell  
for the empire of the great

they were strong but he gave them hell  
the battle made the world vibrate

an empire...

With his head held high  
he enters the gates of Rome  
into the heart of the mightiest city of all

he's riding proud  
finally he's home  
but nothing's the same anymore behind those city walls

flowers are covering the streets  
but he feels the malice in the air

the smell in the air is so sweet  
still there's poison everywhere

an empire...

With his head held high.....