

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.....