

Through the wasted years and all bitter times  
The druid came to heal all our crimes  
As long as we're surviving he shall conquer us all  
In the book of ancient magic and light  
The ancients will obtain the knowledge of their might  
To heal the tortured souls, their ultimate goal  
Angels of mercy in disguise  
Save tortured souls  
Freedom is their goal  
Onwards they dwell  
Druid, a winning streak  
Ancients, doom is in your hands  
If you want to see the day  
The reward is to travel through the skies in times to come  
Then it will be you who lives