Rhapsody of Fire

Fire is raging on the battlefield while arwald is fighting the war of the kings the army of dargor, the thunder, the storm so people are calling the brave and his sword no time left to save the wise throne!

Shades of a past not so far to forget... the rise of the demons from their bloody hell! So come mighty warrior to light the last hope for Tharos the dragon and your cosmic soul... Now handle your emerald sword!

For Ancelot the ancient cross the war for the holy town of gods Gloria, Gloria perpetua in this dawn of victory

The ride of the dead and their practice of pain is pounding in him as a terrific quake you're closer and closer, now follow the smell with your holy armor and the steel in your hand fly angel of bloody revenge!

For Ancelot the ancient cross the war for the holy town of gods Gloria, Gloria perpetua in this dawn of victory

Oceans of fire are blasting the throne of the demons and from distant red skies and thunders are calling his name $\frac{1}{2} \int_{\mathbb{R}^{n}} \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} \int$

the name of the master of pain

For Ancelot the ancient cross the war for the holy town of gods Gloria, Gloria perpetua in this dawn of victory...

Gloria, Gloria perpetua in this dawn of victory...!