

# Lux Triumphans

## Rhapsody

At the court of king Chaos only blood  
can write its own tragedy...'

Mighty warriors from the silver hills  
march, all led by golden winds  
Elves and trolls from holy mystic woods  
run through the last snow

He's now coming from the middle lands  
handling proud his magic sword  
Glory, pride and honor ride with him  
Burns the flame of north

They will all meet in the Kazar ruins  
not so far from Ancelot  
In the temple of the fallen one  
their hope will be born...

Born from the ashes of ancient glory... Born!

They all hail the mighty chosen one  
reaching the skies with their cry  
They are ready to reach Ancelot  
Arwald's calling loud...

'Glory ride with us! Lux triumphans!  
Magic and steelgods lead us to a new dawn