

Four mighty pillars in a long forgotten realm.
They bear the canopy, the moon, the stars, the sun.
Watch us for centuries, see everything we've done.
Beyond abilities, it's time to overwhelm.

They are surrounded by a river full of tears.
Flowing into a sea - the water's turning red.
The wind grips up a drop and turns a pirouette.
Throws it against the moon who trembles in fear.

A story so long forgotten, help me to dig it out.
I long to listen to this tale of an unknown root.

Day (day) by day the pillars stand against the storm.
Watching for ages now - when will you ever...
Tell (tell) the tale, I really need to know the outcome.
Or will I ever turn - to the book of life...

Illume the darken sky, or fear will last forever.
Unseal forbidden ones, the good, the bad, the dead.
A storm is breaking loose, blackened the day.
No more hide 'n' seek, the magic's revealed.

Some lonely wanderer is entering the field.
It's longing for the love of mankind so long.
Reflected by the moon, stars are glowing bright.
Thunder cracks the sky - marking a second chance.

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