

Fettered with the olden ice
Blown with the gale of oblivion
Masters of duration
We stay in the chaos of calm

Let's soar to the sky in red
Lost land calls us
Let's free our souls
Dip them in the life's infinity
Let's mount winged beasts
Horizon is our goal

Let the whirlwind of death carry our fleet
Blackness of the sky is the shelter of our storm
Our rights paid dearly with our lives ago

Rebel souls
Our names are swords of hatred
Our names have never been spoken by a mortal

Blackness of the sky is the shelter of our storm
Our rights paid dearly with our lives ago

Who's that figure gliding in the sky of death
Dark messenger from the abyssland