

The Fall of Arthrone

Unexpect

N Ap ertiaNoK al ruep, SerdneT tnaved L
Towers escaping by millions on floating platforms
Glowing from lunar reflection
Among these astral bodies, resides a faerie
Weaving on a star, empress of space and time
It's a feeble attempt, to overcome the throne
Since the dispersion of the Orb

Mid-season of the coloured rains on Arthrone's kingdom
Cowardness of the loathsome guards of this empire
A ball of fantasy disappearing in shadows
Behold, the fall of Arthrone
A goblin smiling by a flash of rune
The being of nothingness part with his domain

Vast extent of already forgotten beats
Observing his face with its impregnated ugliness
Crying under the whinning moon
Dances the scarlet viper of our writings
On the stones, soon to be angels

End-season, ashes and ruins for the rose
Myrmidon, this only bird in the wind
Source of lightning, reflection of the warrior
Behold, the fall of Arthrone
The quiet dawn of a tired sunset
Solemn scorn, all that is given to us

O, L engcr sed stnaSiup es treum
DnauK L enuL aruelp r siamaj
L serteKna es tnorderp ne selioT
Lerorua esucicnehs snad nu reheuoK ed licloS

O, L engcr sed stnaSiup tse trom
Siuped L noitrepsid ed LebrO
Ctse L serte iuK Stiufne ne snoiLim ed seLeKrap setnativel