

# The Revival

Unexpect

Forever trapped, Who will be the mold ?  
A new rule, a new age, for this Land of cold

Sorrow and pain, give me the rage  
Sorrow and pain, to break out of my cage

A young man descendant of Lond  
Is my bringer of hope  
"The shell so desired at last..."

After so many milleniums, my name again will be  
Listen well children of the frost, to my unholy stoy...

In my icy stronghold I sat  
Gazing at dark trophies of mortal defeats  
Encased in pure crystal snow  
Striving for the eternal return of the Ice Age  
The tale of how I fell would be too long to tell  
But one day came a spirit from beyond  
With a quest divine, an entity called Lond...

With priests of the North, wizards ans swordsmen all bold  
Lond led these mortals where frozen death abode  
On a dismal night of tragedy they stood before my gate  
Stepping into the hearth of foulness toward their fate

They came with Fire and Faith  
To bring me down  
The one reason to their hate  
Me the Suzerain of Cold...

Their legions decimated, standing tall the Holy Land  
Sorcery and steel unmade me, a final spell was cast  
Trapped in a dimension, between the cosmos and the past  
Alone with my loneliness, Behold my angry song

"An Epic tale, a prophecy  
The circle now is done  
Our King at last shall be set free  
When converge moon and stars  
Beware oh you mortals  
For vengeance and penance shall be ours..."

Beware oh you mortals  
For vengeance and penance shall be mine...