

# Flight of the Titan

Yyrkoon

The air stroke our faces  
In the middle of the night  
In front of us a land in fire  
And a thousand of men  
Were fight and died  
Take me on your strong shoulders  
Wake up in your majestic wings  
To make fall the night  
In your red eyes  
Is burning the authentic hell

Power should be  
When I'd speak  
These words

Fly in the dusk  
Mistrust be your guide  
Sphere... Titan... Fly  
Our ways

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We fly we burn agent of the sky  
Every fight is a run to the throne  
We have to save our bones  
Above this grey misty mountains  
A war is striking the elements  
The clouds are black and weigh  
A holy light shines around us  
Druids are in trance

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