

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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