

## March Of The Giants

Zemial

Deep in the mountains where the silence of the stone lies unbro  
ken and where fire is born  
Giant men of power lay waiting for the Serpent of Fate to rise  
from the Sea of Dreams  
With weapons in hand, a deep breath and one last stand  
- to ascend to the throne of the age of man  
Marching on, marching on 'til the sun hides  
Marching on, marching on against you and I!  
Disturbed is the peace - aggressive toward order  
ΜΕΓΑΣ ΚΥΚΛΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΓΑΙΑΣ ΕΜΠΡΟΣ ΜΑΣ  
(Megas kyklos tis Gaias empros mas)  
Hammer on hammer, sword on sword and lightning strikes the grou  
nd we walk  
Now their purpose is clear  
Minions of chaos march, born of black heart  
Forces of Thunder and the Trident responding from the skies and  
the darkened blue seas  
Elements of the mind merging, the virtue of rising their weapon  
: tempered thought and steel  
The Bringers of Dawn, rise holding the moon and the dream of th  
e thrones of the age of man  
One mighty clash - Epeboe! Epeboe!  
The worlds collide - Epeboe!  
Dreams turned to ashes - Epeboe! Epeboe!  
The fighting goes on and on...