

March Of The Giants

Zemial

Deep in the mountains where the silence of the stone lies unbroken 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 ground 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 the 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...