

RETURNING FROM THE BATTLE

The battle of the Moor king
from which not many return
Just the heirs return,
And maybe those from wealthy homes.
His mother stands on the balcony
To see if the son was arriving
-Where do you come from wan man?
Where do you come from pale face?

Mother I come from the sea, very far from here
Where there had been a battle... and my end

Against the infidel I have fought
In the name of the one who reigns for God's grace
I did not want to put myself in the skin of my enemy...
When looking him in the eyes ... he was me

Far from my land... fear and darkness around me... all over
Looking for answers... The reason that led me here... where is it?
My last breath escapes
Far from the body it no longer feels pain

The battle of the Moor king
Where my end was coming
The fear of the one who has nothing

has thrust his spear

Mortally wounded... I'm looking for the answer why...

Now the crows are taking away those who no longer are

I have not found the glory, there is only desolation

I cannot find the meaning of this

Far from my land... fear and darkness around me... all over

Looking for answers... The reason that led me here... where is it?

My last breath escapes

Far from the body it no longer feels pain

Free now from all the pain

THE FIRE

The flame is burning inside me

The power runs inside me

Their creation bursts on the outside

Power, fire and metal

are my soul

I shape my world

on the anvil

Now you're coming here

You want to have my steel

So you'll go to fight

You will have to pay well

Everything has a price as you know

But it's not gold what I want

The blows resound throughout the valley

shaping the soul

Inside the forge, all human feeling

is kept within

Metal and me will become as a single whole

Fire will become my blood

Its heat will open my eyes forever

The present strikes hard

The future is uncertain

Fear has flooded your

whole body

You were created to serve

You just had to obey

Thinking for yourself was

aberrant

You have to leave the past

You have to render yourself

You have to kill who you were

Solely thus you will be able to cope

Your destiny

Forge the soul inside the fire

VÍBRIA

Long time ago in this place,
A corrupt beast was brought...
A woman body and a dragon soul
Combined with magic, fire and blood

Not a long time was needed for
children, women and the bravest men to be afraid

I will take care of the one that spreads
the fear in your hearts...

I will go to the kingdom of shadows and darkness
Where Víbria dwells

Where the fear dwells... at the peak of the mountain... She will wait for you...
Far away, in the chaos and conflict ... She is suffering...
The beast that you see mourns in solitude its condition...
Mourns in solitude its humanity

Traces of an earlier time
under a scorched land...

What harm could have they done to you?
You are all full of rage and hatred...
Corrupter of your blood

You are the evil that scares our hearts

(At the top of the mountain, between the flames, a seductive figure
with a sharp and deadly look appears... She is here... VÍbria)

You! Simple and weak mortal... You think I'm the venom of your sorrowful country...

You think you have the power to distinguish between the good and the evil

Inside your heart you know well... Every human being is afraid of everything
he does not understand ... I am victim of mankind's fears

Where the fear dwells... at the peak of the mountain... She will wait for you...

Far away, in the chaos and conflict ... She is suffering...

The beast that you see mourns in solitude its condition...

Mourns in solitude its humanity

ANIMOSITY

Death arrived to the households
with the coldness of the war
My father was taken
and from brothers blood was shed

It let me alone in the middle of nowhere
of an ended life
a mother in agony
looking for the lost son

The war took it all away,
family, friends, brothers
Ashes, blood and death... it left nothing...
Where the joy died, the fruit of animosity
arose, and from it I have eaten

It's raining over a wet ground,
Wet of blood, spreading hatred all around
where the land germinates
the seed of resentment

I will never again see peace
feel the love of my home
Since I have eaten the fruit of this land

The war took it all away,

family, friends, brothers

Ashes, blood and death... it left nothing...

Where the jewel died, the fruit of animosity

arose, and from it I have eaten

There is nothing good left in me

In this cruel life

It took away everything.

I will wait for it while there's still

a crumb of me

in this body full of resentment