

The keepers heart,

The seekers eye;

The wheel of fortune,

The devil dies.

.

The sword of time,

The grail of old;

Are lost together,

Their fortunes told.

.

The days of old,

The time is grey;

The way is now,

The future pay.

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A million years,

The sun has burnt;

The cold of ice,

The winter earned.

.

Oh brilliant life,

Your spirit leads;

The sword of truth,

The life it reads.

.

The Grail, the cup,

A source of life;

The sun the sip,

Unveil the wife.

.

Signed,

Water please Condwiramurs.