

All our visions of sweet tomorrow
is cracking and fading away.
Hopes of glory are drowned in sorrow
this dissension expels us to yesterday.

Lead your troops into your lust of pride
they'll fight so brave at heart.
Or cast the yoke of envy aside
and keep the land from falling apart.

Do you hear the clarion call,
it's calling out to one and all.
Who will live and who will fall,
who will walk the golden hall.
Do you hear the clarion call,
it's calling out to one and all.
Who is right and who is wrong,
whose side is god really on.

What are the alliances and treaties for
as pretenders yet look to the sky.
All the trumpets will sound once more
and victory will be given another try.

Do you hear the clarion call,
it's calling out to one and all.
Our blood must be spilled
so the nobles' visions can be fulfilled.

The night harvests our land
while the dissidents reach for their dreams.
The nations' split by false hands
while their prize slowly vaporize
into a steam that escape their eyes.
A fool is he who cannot foresee,
hell is what this, our land will be.
Yes hell is what this, our land will be.

Do you hear the clarion call,
it's calling out to one and all.
Which side will finally prevail,
while the other side will fail.

How many pretenders can we endure?
The land is bleeding, so not many more.
Who may better the royal sceptre sway?
Questions, questions,
you'll see at the end of the day.