



Old Times belong to the Living

Old times belong to the living... Pictures and sounds synchronize with my commands. Old man, a librarian, knows everything. He knows that sunshine rises up on northern lands. Under the cover of an antique book, medallion in copper reflects on my look, curiosity mingled with a fear of my enemy, soon he should be here ! Old times belong to the living... Pictures and sounds synchronize with my defense. The king of Non-Love has finally approached the untouchable Light by freezing the Father's Word ! *Before I die, son, before I go, take this medallion with you...Every day, Maât, Hathor are here to guide you where it all began, every day...*