

Rising and standing.
Fighting and winning.
Claiming and growing.
Excidium, conquering!

Through many troubles went,
but they would raise again.
Across the galaxy were sent,
by someone else's will bent.

On crystal planes they fought,
without taking second thoughts.
To the Empire victory they bought,
with their corpses and trails of blood.

But victorious on these days,
all our hearts are set ablaze.
We will never low our gaze,
from our paths and our ways.

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