

## **Vnv Nation "Outremer"**

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Thus to holy war, our songs that turned to roar  
Onward in our cause, we judged by holy laws  
Hailed the sacred creed, fell on bended knee  
Death that filled our wake, blood that stained our  
hands

Thus we reached the land, sacred man beheld  
Vessel of a sin, none shall call him king  
Thorns were always gold, blood that never flowed  
Death lay in his wake, blood that stained his hands

Thorns were always gold, blood that never flowed  
Death lay in his wake, blood that stained his hands

Take away his shield  
Tear apart his standard  
Shouting, sanctify this holy lie

Wash your face with tears  
Wash your hands with soil  
Wash away this holy lie

Down across the land, return to ancient creed  
Mother, father, child, now and ever be  
Praise the wind and rain, praise the joy and pain  
Never havoc cry nor lose the dogs of war

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