

Arcana

"Sorrow Of Forgotten Pride"

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Crave the blood of our grands
Consumed by eternal haze
Left the path of roaring ties
Led by ancient signs

Sorrow lies

See the lightning's magic glare
Fire, water, earth and air
Sow the seeds to our land
Reaped by honoured men

Mourning fens to memorize

Joy of balmy-granted suns
Pride... and sorrow dies
Fill the mead on our lips
Hail and sing to send away...
Away the weeps!

And shame as curse on our hands
Buried by voracious sands
Heft the burden of our sins
Led by weird wins

Now we bleed

Seal the hightning's tragic dull
Colour, grimed by human hull
Row the weeds of our land
Awoken by indebted men

Duty calls to vitalize

Joy of balmy-granted suns
Pride... and sorrow dies
Fill the mead on our lips
Send away the worthless weeps
The weeps of our orphaned kind
We'd forgot about pride
But fylfot flies in bloodied skies

Inundated souls rise!

And sorrow dies...

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