

Ashes To Embers "Beowulf"

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Slay the mighty god, he'll enslave me
Hrunting, will peirce, the backside
Wilst glances rest away
Make haste into the lakeshore
the killing sea
Grab hold the pommel hrunting
the mother feeds
She clenched him by the throat
and pulled him underneath
So its goodbye to all you know and love
Homeground the open handedness
The giving of war swords

Everyone of you with freeholds

Reveiw the past brave knights
that tried and failed
Whence the battle ensues
Let the blood and steel be as one
For your pride

Of land our whole nation will be disowned
Once princes from beyond, get tidings
of how you turned and fled and disgraced yourselves

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