

Berserk

"Rites Of Supremacy"

Visit "[Rites Of Supremacy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Between the night's shadows and the day's light
The black horsemen ride to their home.
Glory celtiberia, your honour is immortal!

The union of lands forged legends that
Awake admiration and fear between their enemies.
It tells the custom of cut the head to the conquered
For hang it in the horse's necks.
And then they embalm the heads with cedar oil
And carefully keep them for show to the visitors with
pride.

They proudly recite the deeds of their ancestors and
They proclaim with their own courage, ridiculing to
their opponents
And depriving them of their war spirit.
They celebrate the courses of changes...
Birth, death and renewal.

Sacred are the forest of this land and sacred is the sap
that crosses them.
Our horses carry the cut heads of our enemies, rites of
supremacy.

Salutes of joy cross the village, ties of blood return to
be united.
Popular songs are intoned in honour of the conquerors.

Sacred are the forest of this land as the song and
spirits that cross them.
Songs of fire and steel; it can't exist anything stronger

Visit [Berserk](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.