

Bornholm "Acheron"

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Oh, towers of the shining walls,
Oh, ancients of the skies
Shattered shields on the ground,
Warriors, hear the battlecry

Many are died on the
Bloodstained altars of hungry gods
Thy wisdom has lost,
The golden helmet has fallen
To the dust...

Cold winds blow through the
Bronzen, halls, the olden columns
Are resounding the war
Torches blaze by the ancient graves
The spirits howling by the light
Of the moon

Clash of the armouries becoming
Faint, the darkness falls to the
Emerald Thrones
Fires burn in mourning hearts,
Your name will never fade...

Acheron,
The sky is red as I watch you fall
Acheron,
I remember the war, the forgotten
Tombs of your kings
Unnameable Gods are calling me
From the past..
Acheron,
Unnameable Gods are calling me
From the past..
Acheron,
I saw the flags of doom
Rising high

Acheron,
The sky is red, as I watch you fall...
I utter the name, the fires still burn,
The fires of Acheron...

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