

Bornholm

"Towering Clouds Over The Fields Of Carnuntum"

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Blood flows from the throat of the mountains,
Black rain falls to the legion's trail
Mist covers the path of our fathers
The path, on we march

The gods are watching me
They are the gods of will
Proud men, proud gods
Mannus... Tuisto...

The world is changing,
Our world is eternal...
I saw the legions of Varus,
Oh, gods, eat their flesh

Tormented for knowledge
Wotan... nine nights
Donar, with pride we walk,
As wolves among sheep

We are the clouds over the fields
We march through our ancient's forests
Allvater, see the trail of the warriors,
Sons of Mannus we are

The twilight has come... the fall of Rome
Black clouds towering over Carnuntum

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