

Cauldron Born

""...And Rome Shall Fall""

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Triumph for the sons of the heather
Defeat for the legions of Rome
Two Kings of the night they stood together
The clans would defend their home

The third King died by the hands of his own man
Noone to lead the Northmen on

Kings of the night
Sorcery is drawing down the aeons
Kings of the night
One more King comes to stand and fight
And Rome Shall Fall

The Vikings wil only follow a King of their own race
Sorcery brings the past and present face to face
Pict King nor Gael cannot lead these men
But the ancient ruler of Valusia their distant kin

The challenge was met, Kull would fight the
Challenger
To the death, the Viking quickly died

Kings of the night
Sorcery is drawing down the aeons
Kings of the night
Out of the past a King comes to fight
And Rome Shall Fall, Rome Shall, Rome Shall Fall

Thus spake the ancient priest

"The red jewel in your Iron Crown
Through dim ages it has been passed down
This is sorcerous means parted the mists of time
Out of the sunrise walked the champion
King of Kings from aeons dead
He has come to stand with you Bran Mak Morn
Now fight, glory is your Pictish King"

[Solo]

Kull held the gorge through the iron walls of the Viking

Shields

The Irish King gave the signal over the ridge swarmed
the
Gaelic steel
The Pictish chariots came tracing down led by pict King
Bran
Red ruin covered the battlefield, the Romans died
To a man

Kings of the night
Sorcery is drawing down the aeons
Kings of the night
A King of Kings he comes to fight

Kings of the night, Sorcery is drawing down the aeons
Kings of the night, King Kull comes to fight
And Rome Shall Fall, Rome Shall, Rome Shall Fall

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