Eluveitie "The Essence Of The Ashes"

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And it came to pass In those leaden days

That a plain, poor man Got sick of his yoke Of condemned soil And foreign empires hungry purse

Time to replace
Pitchfork with sword
And sound the anthem
Of sheer rebellion

Enough Once too often Enough Is enough

We strive not for war
We just crave to have our home
We just seek to have the rights
That our fathers used to have

We strive not for war
We just crave to have our home
We just seek to have the rights
That our fathers used to have

We tasted grime and blood We know the essence of ashes

A glowing spark Rising up from blazing flames To lead the forlorn and wrath The epitome of hope

A daring venture A frantic attempt When Amandus was slain The Bagundae still sang

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