

Isenburg "Erzgebirge"

Visit "[Erzgebirge](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Everlasting valleys
Cut through giants of stone.
Times don't harm your mountains
Nor your grimly spirit.

I walk on the top, my dear home below.
Neither stormwind nor ice will bend
Nor invading scum from overseas
Will stain the glory of the past.

You enclose me while nightfall,
Guide my spirit through the times,
Guard the door of the great hall
Where our brothers may dwell.

Let's raise the swords buried deep into the mines
To show the cruelty of our ore.
My brothers side by side - united we stand
Proud of our roots - Erzgebirge.

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