

Isenburg

"Hymn To The Son"

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Lying on a ground full of entrails,
Knowing it's the last chance to feel your sword,
Fighting hard and bleeding for your homeland.
No-one will say that your blood was spilled in vain.

They will sing a hymn to your glory,
Carry your remains on defended ground.
Blades will guide your march to your fathers.
We stand here sending you a last resounding Hail!

I cross the sea and all my doubts vanish,
The hails behind fade to shades.
The eternal hall of my ancestors
Opens the doors and welcomes the son.

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