

Isenburg "Wave Of Weakness"

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When I look around, I see a land of elevation,
The land we were born, brothers in arms.
Surrounded by the mightiest nature of the teutonian
realm,
Let's face the icy wind of a new millennium.

With pride we shall speak
Of our legendary woods.

Woods of uncounted tales and mystic scenes,
Woods of battles and tragedies,
Of mighty hills carved by the blackest valleys.
My homeland, roots of my fathers!

I'm proud of my blood,
My heart beats for my homeland.
I'm proud of my genes,
But I don't need any leader.
I am my own leader.

No-one shall stain this land,
In reverence they shall speak.
So long before our roots had grown.
We have the strength in us to face the icy wind
Of this wave of weakness.

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