

Rites Ancient "Mother Europe"

Visit "[Mother Europe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh remember the proud Hellenic civilisation
The cradle of Europe where it all began
Or the Portuguese and Spanish Armada
Overwhelming Thy power, a tribute to the south

Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent forever in my hearts
Representing medieval Flemish pride
Brave Teutonic, French and English knights
Thy shining armour now long vanished
Thy glory, however, forever remains
Praised be the Scandinavian hordes
Once the nightmare of the Christian world

I talk not of mercy
I talk not of fear
The hopeless warriors of a Willing Doom

Children of Italia
In ancient times Â“Roma Caput MundiÂ”
De Verenigde Nederlanden, parel van het noorden
Belgium and The Netherlands stood as one

Mother Europe born from your womb
Mother Europe on Your soil shall be my tomb

I talk not of mercy
I talk not of fear
The hopeless warriors of a Willing Doom
Oh what that gallant spirit shall resume
Leap from EuropeÂ’s bank and call Thee from the tomb

(Hail to the sons of eastern Europe
the Slavonian soul never fades)
Blessed are Scotland, Ireland and Bretagne
Where the Celtic dream still lives on

Shall be my tomb!

ARIS
Hear me, ancient forefather (Ambiorix)
Honoured be Thy deeds
Leading our tribes against the aggressor

Outnumbered, a campaign that could not be won
(But forever Thy blood in my veins)

Gracious Spartan civilisation
Eternally blessed Thy war spirit
Surrounded by thousands of Persians
Â“Molon laveÂ” a final proud statement
(None of thee survived
but Thy Hellenic glory is everlasting)

Noble was your cause, brave Vercingetorix
Sad the day of your sacrifice
An example to your Celt tribe
Dying in solitude
(But Thy soul) forever in my heart

Remember the moment Jerusalem fell
The shrieks of the conquered, the conqueror's yell
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared

Aris! And Aris hone!
Mars! And Mars rose!

Geuzen der Lage Landen
Van Antwerpen, Amsterdam to Den Briel
Helden der Calvinistische droom
Nachtmerrie der Spaanse/Roomse overheerser
Voor eeuwig Uw Bloed in onze aderen
Noble was your cause, brave Vercingetorix
Sad the day of your sacrifice

Hear me, ancient forefather (Ambiorix)
Honoured be Thy deeds
Leading our tribes against the aggressor
Outnumbered, a campaign that could not be won
Forever Thy Blood in my veins
Noble was your cause
Sad the day of your sacrifice
An example to our tribe

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