

Rites Ancient

"On Golden Fields"

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We ask not the pleasures that riches supply
Our weapons shall regain
What betrayers must buy
Throwing back the invaders
Reigning our land and waves
And finally teach these nobles
What it means to be slaves

Far more large in numbers
Better armed, they came
But are it not our cities
That these rascals claimed?
A victory rather certain
They held within their hands
But courage craft and justice
Gave us a stronger stand

Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar
But under foreign rule
Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar

We shall suffer nomore

We shall suffer nomore

Het Vlaamse heir staat immer pal
Daar 't winnen of daar 't sterven zal
Alhier, aldaar aan lange lansen
De leeuwen dansen, de leeuwen dansen

Oh, land of Flanders
From field to shore
Shall view us as victors

Oh, land of Flanders
From field to shore
Shall view us as victors
Or view us nomore!

For victory was ours, against all odds
Truly a miracle in a world without gods

Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar
But under foreign rule
Bloodstained flags
Hear our men
We shall suffer nomore

We shall suffer nomore!

(I close my eyes. A voice from a century buried by time
and dust teaches my ears. And the troubadour sings.)

Het Vlaamse heir staat immer pal
Daar 't winnen of daar 't sterven zal
Alhier, aldaar aan lange lansen
De leeuwen dansen, de leeuwen dansen

En de leeuwen dansen...

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