

Skiltron

"The Bonfire Alliance"

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In the dark corners of the night, by the shadows of the trees
Where the fire comes alive fed by wood, straw and wind
In the middle of the night, when the wolves are howling loud
Follow us right to the gathering while making your torch shine

Like hymns of war, our voices will be heard
The moon will be witness of an oath

We keep the hidden spot for the meeting
This way we honour our forefathers
By us their pride is kept alive
A pact signed with blood

The bonfire alliance the night has come, the time is ours
The bonfire alliance shining flames for the mighty Pagans
The bonfire alliance the night has come over the Highlands
The bonfire alliance brotherhood around the bonfire

Craving the stone while being only a child
Looking through bushes and thorns
How people felt compelled to come
To share and give away their gifts
Making the horns blow up
Naked souls and free spirits
Hearing the call of the wind

The bonfire alliance the night has come, the time is ours
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