

Theudho

"The Fall Of Rome"

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Iron runs like blood through our veins
Our will as strong as stone
Born to rule these lands
Not to serve foreign lords

Immune to the venom of your speech
Not a part of the worthless mob
Unspoiled by outlandish gold
Not bound by oaths made by bastards

This is our awakening,
The dawn of Germanic pride
Never kneeling like a victim
Well aware that might is right!

Behold, the hour has come
Feeble, the frail flock writhes
Shred to pieces by wolves;
Hate proved stronger than chains
Empires rise - and they all fall;
Especially those led by greed
Where one corrupt predator
Is eager to devour the next

This is our awakening,
The dawn of Germanic pride
Never kneeling like a victim
Well aware that might is right!

Burn! Empire of decadence!
Burn! Cesspool of iniquity!
Burn! Hotbed of degeneracy!
Burn! And silence will prevail...
Burn!

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