

## Theudho "Veleda"

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I see through the veil of time I see the threads spun by the maidens I see light where others see but darkness I see the future as I've lived the past

Oh, Bructerian prophetess Foresight is what we seek Visions of times to come Will the gods deal us defeat?

Will we dine in the other world Or live yet another day As free men, unchained Liberated from their rule?

Sleep is dreaming of times to come While I dream, weavers are waking The rope they wind is what I know Through my wisdom, truth is told

I see victory at hand I see their inglorious defeat I see ravens circling I see them feasting on their meat

The time had come to seek our fate, To rule or die for this land With sword in hand, we rage on Storm of steel; a sea of blood

Sword dew drenched the soil As the dance of blades went on Hear the cries of those subdued Harvest of eagles and wolves

Sleep is dreaming of times to come While I dream, weavers are waking The rope they wind is what I know Through my wisdom, truth is told

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