

## Primordial "Heathen Tribes"

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This is my church  
It stands so tall and proud  
It has done for all time

It has no walls  
Yet its vast halls  
Reach from shore to shore

To whatever shore  
You know as your own  
We stand as one, we stand alone

We are born  
From the same womb  
Hewn from the same stone

From the frozen Baltic  
I watched sunrise over Athena  
Walked the battlefields of Flanders  
And saw duskfall at Cintra

Beneath the spires of Sofia  
Fields of crosses at Arnhem  
Armenius stood tall in Teuteborg  
Senatus Populusque Romanus

To the fjords of Hordaland  
Shadows of ancient Albion  
At the shore of a 1000th lake  
Saint Vitus dance in Praha

Yet when to Ireland we Return  
I know that I am home at last  
And every sun that sets  
Takes me closer to her Earth

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