

Ancient Rites "Cheruscan"

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Chill the air, although only september
Silent the woods as in deep slumber
Here in Germania, slain by Cheruscan hand
The glory of Rome has come to an end

Gaul on its knees, under Jupiters reign
This side of the Rhine, still Wodon's domain
For noble Arminius is Germanic again
Romes' mighty eagle received with disdain

Altars erected where three legions stood
None escaped oblivion, silent the Teutoburg wood
Scattered bodies all over, captured standards as a
sign
Heads nailed to the trees, symbols of decline

Germania!

Midst the battle the governor fell
Fell by his very own hand
Romans took their last desperate stand

"Future emperor Tiberius, do not cross the Rhine
On this natural border Rome should draw its line"
Symbol of preservation, of Germania's freedom
Saved the untamed land of the Northern Heathen

Emperor Augustus by his loss driven to despair:
"Give me back my legions! Oh Varus, I do declare!"

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