

## Ancient Rites

# "(het Verdronken Land Van) Saeftinge"

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Here one can hear the call of the sea  
While a deadwhite moonlight  
Is creating the ultimate unlight  
Or at night, or at night...  
O sad and beautiful night  
Full of melancholy  
When the silent dark waters  
Are inviting the lonely souls  
Of mounting lost ones... like me  
Of mounting lost ones... like me  
Here once I could hear the bell toll  
Here once I led a life  
My home was build... before the cruel  
Water came  
May be the death fish washed on the shore  
With their cold eyes have caught a  
Glimp - a glimps..  
Of my forever lost village  
Do I hear my ancestors call:  
Oh beautiful and cruel lost,  
Forever lost - dark medieval times  
Drowned land of saeftinge -  
Drowned land of saeftinge  
Here once I could hear the bell toll,  
Here once I  
Had a life, my home was build...  
Here one can hear the call of the sea  
Oh my drowned land  
Mijn verdronken land van saeftinge...  
Saeftinge - saeftinge - saeftinge  
Forever lost, forever lost...

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