

Suidakra

"Forth-Clyde"

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Days are so dark I can't see it dawning
I can't feel my hands anymore

I see the night and preach them courage
Even when hope is in vain
There's no choice, for strength and honour
Is accompanied by pain

Hunt them down
Back on to the shore
Hunt them down
Where deep waters roar

The human blade of equation will
Divide the fire from the smoke
History will tell who prevailed
Since ever blood sealed the times of old

I call on Taranaich
For to give us strength

The wind blows cold
When night descends
Predicting war

The night unfolds
Fires of marching men
Like an open scar

See the fires burn
Here at Forth-Clyde
Crawling forward
Oh at Forth-Clyde

There in the darkness
At the edge of the world
In the shadow of the empire
The wind blows cold
Calling the words
"Cohorts - Regather..."

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