

Suidakra

"The 1Xth Region"

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Centuries of fighting - Decades of war lay behind us.
Countless were the men we defeated.
But now, my brothers, we have to face an
Enemy more valiant than all the ones before.
The right hand of Rome, the hammer of hispana
The IXth Legion...

A strong gale is blowin' from north
I can see them strike the sails

A strong gale as they run ashore
A deadly alliance, a grim pact of war

Clamouring for battle and
Nordic tunes fill the air
Hail to the northern wolves
Our last hope in times of despair

Don't fear tomorrow nor the end
For time will testify
Our honour and our strength
Who was valiant and who has failed

Fall to your knees and pray
A last word to infinity for your beloved ones
You will leave them to weep and worry
And if time asks: "Oh where have you gone"

No one will ever know...
Only the standing Stones
No one will ever know...
Where they have gone

Dark and pale lies the land
In the end truth or legend no one knows
Only the standing stones
I hear the sounds still echo

Through plains and hills
Through hearts of men
For thousand years we stand

We breathe and soar
Where the wild winds roar

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