

Frankenland

Ancient Rites

Yet once more let us look upon the North Sea
Behold the lands, where our folk & kin roamed free
Ancient echoes from distant valleys, where once afar
Elder cults practised in sacred woods, Pagan fires under many a
Star

Ethics of Valour, codes of Ancient Pride
Now long gone, the Archaic Gods in hide
Fled seem to have the olden Souls too
But if one listens carefully, they might reach through

For if one has an olden spirit, a centuries old heart
Forgotten Chants might echo, hear the ancient bard
Scaldic poetry of runes, of victory and defeat
Vague sounds of song, an ancient heartbeat

AVONDLAND, IN HET HART GE BRAND
OUD GERMANENLAND

Alas the Ancients faded, centuries shred a cloud
Over what once was, the songs no longer loud

AVONDLAND, IN HET HART GE BRAND
ZIEL VER BRAND, OUD GERMANENLAND

Life no fairy tale, survival of the fittest, true
Blood, sweat and tears, battles to pull through
Ethics of Valour, codes of Ancient Pride
Now long gone, the Archaic Gods in hide
Fled seem to have the olden Souls too
But if one listens carefully, they might reach through

Life no fairy tale, survival of the fittest, true
Blood, sweat and tears, battles to pull through
But if not for our forefathers there would be none of us
Passed on the torch, to the Ancients loyalty thus

AVONDLAND! FRANKENLAND! AVONDLAND! FRANKENLAND!