

Kings of Old

Battleroar

The old gods call out to my soul
To enter their realm and behold
All glories of centuries passed
Forever they'll last

Into the deep of the woods
Eternal
Not evil nor good
Sworn to the ancient elder ones
For me they've come

Their whisper it rings through the trees
It brought stronger men to their knees
Born blessed pagan
I bow and gasp in awe

A whirlwind of force at palay
No mortal man could hold at bay
Wherever these spirits move
I will hunt with them
Bound
Gods and men

The old gods are part of my soul
My fate it is here and I know
Wherever I wander
I roam
I'm not alone

Their voices will carry me home