

Sons of Europe

Folkodia

Horns of war are calling keen and clear-
Awaken! Rise ye sons of Europa!
Unite! Draw swords together and ride
Into glory, throughout the centuries!

We are Vikings and Northern brave,
Runes shine on our swords and our axes-
The dragon's head adorns our prows,
The wheel of the Sun is on our shields!

We are the undefeated Franks
Our banners are caught high in the breeze-
On our armor are etched in gold
The insigma of the kings of old!

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Awaken! Rise ye sons of Europa!
Unite! Draw swords together and ride
Into glory, throughout the centuries!

We are the fealeless Germani,
Saxon steel is on our side!
Our battle cry still resounds
Across Europa far and wide!

We are the noble Slavs,
Unrivalled housemasters of the wild:
Our motherland is a vast empire
For which we will fight and die!

We are the glorious Romans
Our standards bear the eagle
That holds the thunderbolts
That shake this land asunder!

We are children of the light
We are Greeks, guardian of the East-
Led by Apollo our hoplites and priests
Guard the arcane secrets of the world!