

Innocence Lost

Mors Principium Est

Come forth, my old friend, and set your foot on the land
Have courage, my old friend for there is always hope
Look up into the sky, the sun is shining still so bright
Look out for the night, I will call the darkness to stand by my
side

Raise up your banner and gather the faithful
From your great hall, father of the slain
Raise up your banner and gather the faithful
From your great hall, father of the slain

From mother's arms to father's charm
You hold the young sweet child and drown in its smile
The look in her eyes, the poor innocent child
You see the love she had, the love that she once had

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