

50 Forts Along the Rhine

The Ruins of Beverast

An old failure is redressed
Barred is all sight into the West
Not to let us foresee what is brewing there

Ripple...
Silence is deceptive
Hooves of iron paw

An ancient silent fog
To blur our castles' silhouettes
To hide the gathering troops

Black fleets explore the northern lines
Fifty forts along the Rhine

Fuming clefts cross Westphalia
Command from Castra Vetera

It was late at night when the bugle call resounded
And blew forth a red storm
To bear squadrons of Southern aggressors
Transcending our silent banks now so rageous

Ploughing the valleys in slobbering droves
Foes in Sugambria!
The ancient map is redrawn in blood
Led by our once insurmountable waters

We learnt that war has become art
Within three years of suffering and barbarism

Lamentamur Germaniam Inferiorem!

The Northern eyesight is extinguished
The Western limbs are dead
The Southern torso is crippled
East cannot defend.