

Last Morning Of Old North

Clandestine Blaze

Blow of new winds against your face
Cold rain no more cleanses northern soil
What never felt like yours, is recognized
Feeling of belonging arises when it's taken away

Last morning of old north
calling for its soldiers
Ahead is unknown times
where becoming slave of the enemy

In these shadowed woods and bright lakes
Lives spirit of Nordic beast
Still burning deep in the chest
Suffocated by the victories of the enemy
Denied by its own traitors, willful slaves

How long the beasts will be sleeping?