

## Cheruscan

### Ancient Rites

Chill the air, although only September  
Silent the woods as in deep slumber  
Here in Germania, slain by Cheruscan hand  
The glory of Rome has come to an end  
Gaul on its knees, under Jupiters reign  
This side of the Rhine, still Wodon's domain  
For noble Arminius is Germanic again  
Romes' mighty eagle received with disdain  
Altars erected where three legions stood  
None escaped oblivion, silent the Teutoburg wood  
Scattered bodies all over, captured standards as a sign  
Heads nailed to the trees, symbols of decline  
Germania!  
Midst the battle the governor fell  
Fell by his very own hand  
Romans took their last desperate stand  
"Future emperor Tiberius, do not cross the Rhine  
On this natural border Rome should draw its line"  
Symbol of preservation, of Germania's freedom  
Saved the untamed land of the Northern Heathen  
Emperor Augustus by his loss driven to despair:  
"Give me back my legions! Oh Varus, I do declare!"