

## Marching Homeward

Atlantean Kodex

Foreboding mountains, threatening skies  
Beyond these walls of stone, our sacred homeland lies  
Ten years have passed now, since we left home  
The green hills of my country, soon my weary eyes shall see again

From the black mountain a cold wind blows  
Standing stones along our path bear marks of ancient runes  
Midst howling gales pounding of drums  
Whisper turn to battlecries chaos soon will rise

Beneath the black mountain we're lead astray  
Never to see our home again  
Beneath the black mountain our journey ends  
Never to see our home again

Black folk of the mountains, watching our flock  
Dark shapes are moving twist trees and barren rock  
Green feathered arrows take down the steeds  
Thrown into the dust, we will journey to the island of the dead

Blessed be the old gods, sacred warrior hordes  
Blue their painted faces, the clash of bronze swords  
Dark invocations grant eldritch strength  
Bloodshed for the blood god, we are dying in this godforsaken land

Led to black mountains into the caves  
Never to see our home again  
Living and captive die in decay  
Those not sacrificed forever be enslaved

Unspoken terrors lurk in the night  
Chaos, doom and sacrifice await  
Grotesque idols out of times before the light  
Torture, death and slavery our fate

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