

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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