

From dreaming halls beyond the west
There strong and free a storm will rise
A boat it bears with biting breath
And a pilgrim from the lands of hope
Beneath the moon and under stars
He will wander far from western strands
When need is great through Europe's night
Unknown to mortal men

The years have passed
Our ancestral Henges awake
Pilgrim! Wanderer!
Truth-bearer lead us to war
In hallowed halls our horns resound
Purify this holy ground
And from the ruins of Europa
Again we shall rise

He will come unto the timeless halls
Where shining fall the countless years
And endless reigns the Elder King
Under Mountain, ravens circle the peak
And the pear-tree shall bloom
On Walserfeld plain
The king will rise from the throne
And sweep these dogs from his lands

The years have passed
Our ancestral Henges awake
Pilgrim! Wanderer!
Truth-bearer lead us to war
In hallowed halls our horns resound
Purify this holy ground
And from the ruins of Europa
Again we shall rise

The world is grey, the mountains old
Our people's hearts are ashen-cold
No harp is wrung, no silver trumpet calls
The darkness dwells in Europe's halls
Yet we still remember, we few who dwell
In this far land beneath the trees
The truth
The light
The dreaming golden spires
The starlight on the Western Seas