

## 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?