

On the canvas of the sky there's a way lead by the silver lady
You're sailing far beyond nightly horizon
While you yearn for home
Hear the voice of the tribe of
CRUADALACH!
CRUADALACH!

When you're freezing in snowdrifts of unconquered peaks
Your blood turns cold to the point of no return
There's always a voice
leading you back home
CRUADALACH!
CRUADALACH!

Listen to the voice of Cruadalach
Our heritage lies in the darkest past
Listen to the voice of Cruadalach!

From the bottom of many seas towards the silver sky
From distant suns to the cradle of time
Wherever you are there's always a way
Back to the kin, back to friends

Hear the horns from the distant shores
Hear the words of the forgotten gods
Hear that voice of belonging
And you'll know you're not alone