

Once Glorious

DoomSword

At the feet of the mountains
On this hills of ancient pride
I lay my eyes on the endless lake
And still I can hear the stories that it spake...
Of a folk that tried its steel
And found death on the battlefield

Once glorious! Once mine!
These hills are no longer alive
With the spirit of this valiant Tribe

Wirdomar made the final stand
The wolf breastfed descendants
save by crying geese
thereafter shadowed this wooden land
Our valleys witnessed no kings since
the day Lugh hid in the lakes

Once glorious! Once mine!
These hills are no longer alive
With the spirit of this valiant Tribe