

The Day of Strife

Eluveitie

Imi gdonios riios rijiaspe toutias

The mountains trembled
When the Antumnos' doors opened wide
The ancient one stepped forth
To bring to justice the grim tyrants
A withered-skinned old man
Divine Logos upon him
His words alike the arrows in his quiver

We followed him
Our ears tethered to the divine tongue
The ancient wise of Antumnos

Our burning strength - our beacon light - our freedom's drown

On the day of strife
Two daughters born in pain
To the reign of life
Their dawning glory will shine

"Seseroneos! Ferocious giant o Tauriscus! You wroth bull
Long enough have you trampled over these lands!"
A raddled aged man
Vanquished the oppressor
And reclaimed the lands of the West

Our salvation - our victory

As our lands bloomed again
And Celtos' children grew
Ogmios returned to Antumnos
To attend Gobanno's feast