

The Essence of Ashes

Eluveitie

And it came to pass in those leaden days
That a plain, poor man got sick of his yoke of condemned soil
And a foreign empires hungry purse
Time to replace the pitchfork with the sword
And sound the anthem of sheer rebellion

Enough!
Once too often!
Enough is enough!

We strive not for war
We just crave to have our home
We just seek to have our rights
That our fathers used to have

But we tasted the grime and blood
We tasted the essence of ashes

A glowing spark
Rising up from blazing flames
To lead the forlorn and the wroth
The epitome of hope and freedom
A daring venture
A frenetic attempt
When Amandus was slain
The Bagundae still sang