

## 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