

Smoking Ruins

Ensiferum

For many years ago
He left his home behind.
No farewells or a note,
Like a thief he fled into the night.

Heart full of foolish pride,
He caused a death of his clans man
All prophesies he denied,
And now in exile he grieves.

Hear the call of the fallen ones
Wisdom of those whose time has gone
Live your life bravely my first born son,
On battlefields fight, don't run.

The wheel of time keeps turning
A boy becomes a man.
But still shame burns him.
At last he understands.

He heads back to his homeland.
He rides fast like a storm wind
But the flames in the horizon,
Tell there is only death to be found.

Hear the call of the fallen ones
Wisdom of those whose time has gone
Live your life bravely my first born son,
On battlefields fight, don't run.

By the smoking ruins of his past life.
He raises his hand to the skies,
"Oh god of thunder,
God of my fathers,
Strike me down for what I've done!"

Hear the call of the fallen ones
Wisdom of those whose time has gone
Live your life bravely my first born son,
On battlefields fight, don't run.