O mighty war Gods, mist-breathing doorkeepers of the Otherworld --Hearken now my last words

Into battle I must, the fray I shall embrace and with sword of bronze I will fight our enemies!

Come with us--fight steadfast

Rivers run red with blood!

Freedom calls--thunder rolls

Make them pay ere we die!

Brooding in silence lost in the deep serenity of the woodland g lade

The bonfire crackles

The stream is flowing tranquil

I want my son to remember me a hero--not a coward

Come with us--fight steadfast

Rivers run red with blood!

Freedom calls--thunder rolls

Make them pay ere we die!

My bow of yew and my hounds I leave unto thee my son, for I sha ll not know the pride watching your first hunt

Goddess mother, under thy protection I leave my beloved wife Dry her tears and comfort for I shall not return to keep her warm $\ensuremath{\mathsf{rm}}$

Against the legions of Rome there can be no victory So we only ask of the Morrigan for a warrior's death Holy thunder, fires of Taranis

We know not fear, pain or defeat!

Spears can pierce, run my body through

Yet my spirit shall forever fight!

When I die I will to the sky

Where the Gods shall welcome me as kin!