

Exiled

Folkearth

You were born in exile
O sweet child of mine;
Cruel Fates cast the die
Yet thy star in the sky
Promised what they defy...

When you are old enough,
A man strong in the arms,
You will take up the sword
That thy father once bore -
On thy brow place his crown...

When the day doth dawn red
You shall have thy revenge
On the curs that usurped
Thine ancestral lands
And the light of thy halls...

You were born 'neath the sign
O sweet child of mine;
Rest assured, take thy sleep -
And when thou shall awake
You will find me there...