

The Prince of Epirus

Folkearth

Long years have gone by
Years of slavery and shame
Until the time torise up and fight
To claim freedom for my land, came!

Epirus shall be no more under the yoke
Of the Ottoman invaders and their foul hordes!
I am s son of a Byzantine empire
Hellenic is the blood that pumps in my heart!

Black is the eagle that flies on my flag
Porphyry skies surrounding ebon wings
Men hoist high the battle standart of the Empire
Freedom is word we sing across the land!

Mongrels of the Sultan
Goaded here for blood
You shall know me by name
And shiver when I come...

In Christendom the princes
Call me lord Kastriotis
And to the Muslims I am known
As Iskender Bey the fierce!

Black is the eagle that flies on my flag
Porphyry skies surrounding ebon wings
Men hoist high the battle standart of the Empire
Freedom is word we sing across the land!

Betrayed by the west
And left alone to fight
I held the line of defense
With but a handful of men!

Our swords shall mark
The dawn of victory
Or a hero's grave
Wherein we'll rest
For all eternity - just like our kin
Descended from Hercules
Returning with our shield
Or as corpses dorne upon it!