

# 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!