

Ancient Voice

Forefather

The winds of wisdom lash my face
As I hail this open space
Under the burning midday sun
I sense the power that makes us one
This stretch of land before I see
Lies symbolic of history
An Angleman, I am of many
I am of their spirit, I am of them

I hear their ancient voice

The storms of knowledge pound the skies
As I praise this sight before my eyes
Through the mist beyond the sea
I see the past that calls to me

We are one
Heathen son
As I stand above your graves
We are one
Heathen son
As I see the world in flames