

Curse of the Cwelled

Forefather

Snared under fire-blackened skies, fettered in humbling irons
Burned are the staples of life
Crushed by a torturing hand, terrors demolish the land
Low is the spirit of man
Yield prostrate in decay, dignity stolen away
Grim is the price that was paid
Brave are the ones who defy rulers in castles on high
Slowly a nation will die

Arrogant conquering powers, pompous in ivory towers
Crows at the carcass devour
Oil in a deadly machine, cruelty reigning supreme
Sneering at all that has been

But we will rise, cast them aside
See the tyrants flee to the hostile sea
And we will own all that will be
Never fade or fall, ever breaking free

See the fires on the hills
Hear the hammers ring
Feel the thrill of the fight
Let the storm begin

'Worhton [hie] castelas wide geond þas þeode, and earm folc swe
ncte, and a syððan hit yflade swiðe. Wurðe god se ende þonne Go
d wylle.' - AS Chronicle 1066

(They built castles all across the land, and oppressed the wret
ched people, and afterwards it grew ever worse. May the end be
good, when God wills.)

Harshly, the wretched compelled; bearing the curse of the cwell
ed
Plundered is dwelling and feld
Roaming, the ousted adrift; stoic, the stalwart persist
Bleak is the conqueror's gift

But (so) we will rise, cast them aside
See the tyrants flee to the hostile sea
And we will own all that will be
Never fade or fall, ever (we are) breaking free

See the fires on the hills
Hear the hammers ring
Feel the thrill of the fight
Let the storm begin