

The Downfallen

Forefather

Out of the sea, the isle of kings
For those followers just and true
Sturdy captains of the spray
Beneath the great pillar's view
But wayward words can bewitch and bend
Forge an ignoble fate
Warp and deceive the purest of wills
Send a land to a watery grave

Cold wind and pouring rain
Smashes the beams as we fight the raging sea
Cold wind and pouring rain
Harries the sails as we flee the sacred isle

Fallen lords ever clinging to life
In chambers rich enshrined
Allegiance lent to malignant power
Black prayers and sacrifice
Lured to assail the undying lands
A voyage of ruinous doom
With sorry hearts the faithful fly
And a seed of the white tree's bloom

Fram ðæm gréatan sáe tó middangearde ic eom cumen
Hér ic wunie, and mín eaforan, oð worulde ende