

Theodish Belief

Forefather

For thousands of years from father to son
Ancient ways were carried on
Ingrained in the flesh an ancestral soul
Breathing life since days of old
The tales of the scope by fire were sung
Deeds of worth and battles won
A spiritual bond and oneness of mind
Born through struggle and shared strife

I saw fire in their eyes
And they knew they belonged like the wind blows
We knew it before and can feel it again
Rekindle our lost theodish belief

Through ages of time from mother to maid
Holy knowledge was maintained
Born in the blood a common dream
Shaped by fate and what has been

Striving to shield the esteem of one's kind
Those who'd deny left lamenting behind
Devotion that never subsides
Values that they'd give their lives to defend
Stubborn and true, fighting strong till the end
Loyalty that never dies