

Wolves of Prayer

Forefather

Over the sea, the Black and the Fair
On heathen soil to moor
Heaven's breath rife in the sails
Bound for Saxon shore
Clutching close the lore of their god
Emissaries of the light
Sworn to inspire the primitive lords
And sway their steadfast tribes

Ward the groves and shrines
Thwart their foul designs

Seeds of destruction are blighting the land
We must face them united, extinguish the flames
Till the rivers are stained with their treacherous blood
And the menace is withered and waned

Shackled tight, with dogma entwined, loyalty misplaced
Fellow men damned to hell, inborn ideas debased
Liturgies made with relics ordained, fostering distrust
That word may reach the halls of power and allied minds be lost

Wolves of prayer with zealous schemes
Are stalking our domains
Pledged to bend our masters' ears
And claim them for their faith
Guardians of the native rites
Suspicious minds decree
With haste to seize these furtive fiends
Lest the winds of change proceed