

To Kingdom Come

Hollenthon

bibunt omnes sine meta.
quamvis bibant mente leta,
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes
et sic erimus

Sentries of Fistera wake
Gallant masses stir
Thy kingly spirit throned among the hills

A call to arms young hopefuls
Fields of burning toil
Beware of bleeding visions shattered

Fear not the thunder
Where the earth meets the sky
Slave to the irons
Thy kingdom shall come

Wake from dreams to unfolding demons
Break the spell binding with chains
Rage against the old tradition
Heed the voice singing courage in the storm

Arise in mass from peaceful slumber
Providence draws near
Craven tyrants cringe before our wrath

Sentries of Fistera wake
Gallant masses stir
Thy kingly spirit throned among the hills

[Repeat Chorus]