

Woe To The Defeated

Hollenthon

Silence robs the mob its doctrine
While fictitious laughter, grievous halls triumphant foe
Pointing fingers all accusing
Fading dust of ages into a night of stone

Whispers Solace, "vae victis"
Can you spare immortal tears?
Whispers Solace, "vae victis"
Its murmur echoed far and near

Ever watchful fire breathing
Its orphaned children drink from the empty wells of faith
In unknown lair awaits the ember
Y Draig Goch forceful spreads its golden wings

Can you spare immortal tears?
Its murmur echoed far and near