

# Children Of The Night

Manilla Road

Before the fire  
We speak of lore  
Of long lost tribes  
And their wars

When Picts did thrive  
On blood and gore  
To stay alive  
On this shore

A holy war  
Born of The Well  
To stop the horde  
Come up from Hell

Vengeful for death  
Inside the mind  
The Quest  
To burn away the night

A son of Crom  
Before his life  
An Aryan  
>From The Light

I shalt not run  
>From any fight  
Death to Children  
Of The Night

The Sons Of Aryan  
Forgotten through the years  
Born of The Ancient Ones  
In The Forest of our fears

Cthulu still is here  
The Horn calls to unite  
Wotan casts his spear  
O'er The Children Of The Night

Sons Of The Flame  
And Muspel's might  
Stand strong in name  
Of The Light

Know well The Wave  
By count is Ninth  
Returns The Staves  
To the flight