

Heathen Tribes

Primordial

This is my church
It stands so tall and proud
And has done for all time

It has no walls
Yet its vast halls
Reach from shore to shore

To whatever shore
You know as your own
We stand as one, we stand alone

We are born
From the same womb
Hewn from the same stone

From the frozen Baltic
I watched sunrise over Athens
Walked the battlefields of Flanders
And saw duskfall at Cintra

Beneath the spires of Sofia
Fields of crosses at Arnhem
Armenius stood tall in Teuteborg
Senatus Populusque Romanus

To the fjords of Hordaland
Shadows of ancient Albion
And to the shore of a 1000th lake
Saint Vitus dance in Praha

And yet when to Ireland we Return
I know that I am home at last
And with every sun that sets
It takes me nearer to her Earth