

Days are so dark I can't see it dawning  
I can't feel my hands anymore

I see the night and preach them courage  
Even when hope is in vain  
There's no choice, for strength and honour  
Is accompanied by pain

Hunt them down  
Back on to the shore  
Hunt them down  
Where deep waters roar

The human blade of equation will  
Divide the fire from the smoke  
History will tell who prevailed  
Since ever blood sealed the times of old

I call on Taranaich  
For to give us strength

The wind blows cold  
When night descends  
Predicting war

The night unfolds  
Fires of marching men  
Like an open scar

See the fires burn  
Here at Forth-Clyde  
Crawling forward  
Oh at Forth-Clyde

There in the darkness  
At the edge of the world  
In the shadow of the empire  
The wind blows cold  
Calling the words  
"Cohorts - Regather..."