

Thus to holy war, our songs that turned to roar
Onward in our cause, we judged by holy laws
Hailed the sacred creed, fell on bended knee
Death that filled our wake, blood that stained our hands

Thus we reached the land, sacred man beheld
Vessel of a sin, none shall call him King
Thorns were always gold, blood that never flowed
Death lay in his wake, blood that stained his hands

Take away his shield
Tear apart his standard
Shouting, sanctify this holy lie

Wash your face with tears
Wash your hands with soil
Wash away this holy lie

Dawn across the land, return to ancient creed
Mother, father, child, now and ever be
Praise the wind and rain, praise the joy and pain
Never havoc cry nor loose the dogs of war