

Usurpers of Our Legacy

Waylander

With two tongues of silver, honeyed, sweetened with gold,
Claim now, compensation, for the lies we've been sold,
The mystery disperses, the myth falls away,
Thus, ending the dark days, when the clergy held sway.

Hearts and minds of the people
Ensnared long ago.
Strangers to the energies
Which no longer flow.
With tales of the trinity
Convincingly told
Demeaning our ways
As heathen and bold

The courts of the kings, a pulpit and a stage,
Manipulation of a fractious land.
Politicise, cast words of doubt,
Fan the flames of discontent.

Usurpers of our Legacy, Distorting Native lore,
Import a creed unnatural onto our Emerald shore.
Usurpers of our Legacy, demonising Ancient Gods
Plagiarise our Festivals, Foulest of all frauds
Usurpers of our Legacy, They'll never keep us down.
Rise up, now is the time, reclaim the Pagan crown.

Rise up Pagan sons and daughters,
Symbolic swords held to the sky,
(With the) Sun God in ascendancy,
(We) illuminate hypocrisy... AAAAAriiiiise!!!

Gatherings don the centuries,
In secret groves and vales
Patiently awaiting,
Revelations, come the Dawn.

Beneath a flag of union,
Butchers carved and they cleaved,
carved and they cleaved, they carved, they cleaved
The tongue torn from the Nation.
The goddess she grieves, the land it doth bleed
Eiriu she grieves.
Eiriu she grieves, the land it doth bleed
Eiriu she grieves.