

## Once Glorious

DoomSword

At the feet of the mountains  
On this hills of ancient pride  
I lay my eyes on the endless lake  
And still I can hear the stories that it spake...  
Of a folk that tried its steel  
And found death on the battlefield

Once glorious! Once mine!  
These hills are no longer alive  
With the spirit of this valiant Tribe

Wirdomar made the final stand  
The wolf breastfed descendants  
save by crying geese  
thereafter shadowed this wooden land  
Our valleys witnessed no kings since  
the day Lugh hid in the lakes

Once glorious! Once mine!  
These hills are no longer alive  
With the spirit of this valiant Tribe