

# Frankenland

## Ancient Rites

Yet once more let us look upon the North Sea  
Behold the lands, where our folk & kin roamed free  
Ancient echoes from distant valleys, where once afar  
Elder cults practised in sacred woods, Pagan fires under many a  
Star

Ethics of Valour, codes of Ancient Pride  
Now long gone, the Archaic Gods in hide  
Fled seem to have the olden Souls too  
But if one listens carefully, they might reach through

For if one has an olden spirit, a centuries old heart  
Forgotten Chants might echo, hear the ancient bard  
Scaldic poetry of runes, of victory and defeat  
Vague sounds of song, an ancient heartbeat

AVONDLAND, IN HET HART GE BRAND  
OUD GERMANENLAND

Alas the Ancients faded, centuries shred a cloud  
Over what once was, the songs no longer loud

AVONDLAND, IN HET HART GE BRAND  
ZIEL VER BRAND, OUD GERMANENLAND

Life no fairy tale, survival of the fittest, true  
Blood, sweat and tears, battles to pull through  
Ethics of Valour, codes of Ancient Pride  
Now long gone, the Archaic Gods in hide  
Fled seem to have the olden Souls too  
But if one listens carefully, they might reach through

Life no fairy tale, survival of the fittest, true  
Blood, sweat and tears, battles to pull through  
But if not for our forefathers there would be none of us  
Passed on the torch, to the Ancients loyalty thus

AVONDLAND! FRANKENLAND! AVONDLAND! FRANKENLAND!