

## Ancient Voice

Forefather

The winds of wisdom lash my face  
As I hail this open space  
Under the burning midday sun  
I sense the power that makes us one  
This stretch of land before I see  
Lies symbolic of history  
An Angleman, I am of many  
I am of their spirit, I am of them

I hear their ancient voice

The storms of knowledge pound the skies  
As I praise this sight before my eyes  
Through the mist beyond the sea  
I see the past that calls to me

We are one  
Heathen son  
As I stand above your graves  
We are one  
Heathen son  
As I see the world in flames