

## The Downfallen

Forefather

Out of the sea, the isle of kings  
For those followers just and true  
Sturdy captains of the spray  
Beneath the great pillar's view  
But wayward words can bewitch and bend  
Forge an ignoble fate  
Warp and deceive the purest of wills  
Send a land to a watery grave

Cold wind and pouring rain  
Smashes the beams as we fight the raging sea  
Cold wind and pouring rain  
Harries the sails as we flee the sacred isle

Fallen lords ever clinging to life  
In chambers rich enshrined  
Allegiance lent to malignant power  
Black prayers and sacrifice  
Lured to assail the undying lands  
A voyage of ruinous doom  
With sorry hearts the faithful fly  
And a seed of the white tree's bloom

Fram ðám gréatan sá tó middangearde ic eom cumen  
Hér ic wunie, and mín eaforan, oð worulde ende