

## Gates of War

Heimdall

On the plain - look  
to the sunshine burns  
The shadow of mars returns  
His altars arise  
Here it comes - the time  
to be brave is at hand  
Shields, lances and swords  
Twirl high in the air

Now the gates of war  
are forced by the Queen  
Come down from the holy skies

Day after day, remember this time  
They are marching on to blood and tears  
Day after day, remember this time  
For the glory and life after death

Holy muse, may my chant celebrate  
of these and ancient times  
the heroes and kings  
May I sing - keepers of memories  
the greatest war never see  
from Troy's times

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