

Children Of The Night

Manilla Road

Before the fire
We speak of lore
Of long lost tribes
And their wars

When Picts did thrive
On blood and gore
To stay alive
On this shore

A holy war
Born of The Well
To stop the horde
Come up from Hell

Vengeful for death
Inside the mind
The Quest
To burn away the night

A son of Crom
Before his life
An Aryan
>From The Light

I shalt not run
>From any fight
Death to Children
Of The Night

The Sons Of Aryan
Forgotten through the years
Born of The Ancient Ones
In The Forest of our fears

Cthulu still is here
The Horn calls to unite
Wotan casts his spear
O'er The Children Of The Night

Sons Of The Flame
And Muspel's might
Stand strong in name
Of The Light

Know well The Wave
By count is Ninth
Returns The Staves
To the flight