Asternas

Slechtvalk

Black is the blood that flows down from the mountains
Poisoned are the veins that drench our once green pastures

We deserve our own suffering
A ruined nation without a king

Ashes fall like snow where once our forests stood
Whatever remains the salt will wither away

Asternas, once the glory of all the kingdoms
Bright was our flame, great were the works we've made
Where foreign lords gladly paid tribute
And pilgrims renewed their faith

We deserve our own suffering
A ruined nation without a king

Once we ruled as kings, glorious was our fame
Accursed is the land we once called our home
Chained down as slaves we're driven forth
Clinging unto what hope our future holds

Who will end our suffering?
Who will become our new king?

We've forgotten the desolation we once were in
We beggared the people we swore to protect
Our arrogance had wrought our own downfall
And an empty throne in a ruined hall

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