

Clan of Cross

Wolfchant

After years of glory and peace,
And we lived with our Gods,
They came in the night to us,
Brought us the dead we lost our trust

They took ours to us believe
They destroyed our houses and fields
Men and children were tormented and killed
With a smile they raped our wives

For more than 10 years we live like slaves
Suppressed in the own country
Our Gods are so far away
There is no more hope we prayed and prayed

Only I could flee into the mountains
As the last member of the leaders
With my son on my side
And one hundred warriors

Clan of the Cross - you stole my land
Burned ground on which we live
Clan of the Cross □ you took our believe
Burned skin decorate my body
Clan of Cross
You are hated
You are feared
But never recognized

Thus we hid us in the mountains high
Over days and years ago
We lost the courage to live
And see our friends dying

Now the time, the time is came
In which we have to do something
We must raise the swords again
In order to go into the fight

My son convinced his soldiers soon
They are ready to go into war again
We prepare everything
To going back in our old land

We must bring our compatriots
To follow us in this fight
Death and pain will expect us
But in the end we all be united

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