

Forefather, Ours Is The Kingdom

Our hearts lie not in heaven
Nor eastern desert sands
With eyes closed to your saviour
Our fate is in our hands
Great glass eyes look down on me
So lofty and so great
In your world we are filth
Toys of your lord to dominate

High spires reach for Dunor's sky
A misfit court of stone
Like flame upon the water
In stands there all alone
You say our ways are evil
That devil's seed we sow
Yet we have greater wisdom
Than you will ever know

Your lodging here is ended
Your welcome here is ceased
No honour left bestowed
Our open hand now iron fist
Ours is the kingdom
On land, up high, on sea
In jest we let you play
But now's our time for victory

The storm is ever brewing
A power rising fast
Lightning strikes our veins
As we see the bridge at last

As we ride the endless
The truth's seem only lies
The few that faced the fire
Honoured as the kings
Now we ride the deathless
Our kingdom has returned
Of fallen kings and heroes
Our children now have learned

Your lodging here is ended
Your welcome here is ceased
No honour left bestowed
Our open hand now iron fist
Ours is the kingdom
And this we proudly hail
Your teachings have no truth
Our heathen land will now prevail