

Hordak, Son Of The Fatherland

My son, since your seeds were swon
And the rains of the Autumn got you wet
Into the deep roots of your mother earth
My words patiently awaited to guide you

Through journeys of years that starts with every dawn

I want my words to teach you the essence of us all
An ancient spirit flows in our veins
Arose from beyond and too from before
From a tear of the river and a whisper of the ancient winds

Twenty winters your eyes have seen
Years to forget, years of raw wars
Only finding the peace on your nocturnal walks
Through the woods of me, your fatherland

Heir of the celtiberian lands, cursed in the name of 'em all

They found you in the forest, alone, with your sword
Kissing the grass and howling with the wolves
And mercyleless, they stained the ground
With your youth and your red blood that night

And I, encouraged, still bringing the rains to cry
I can remind your screams of fear and pain
When alone, before them you tried to die don't lose your pride

Oh Fatherland... soon I will be one with you
Oh Mother earth... I leave this world upon your domains

Your death won't be in vain
There will always be remind the name of the one who shall be avenge
REVENGE!