

# The Essence Of The Ashes

## Eluveitie

And it came to pass  
In those leaden days That a plain, poor man  
Got sick of his yoke  
Of condemned soil  
And foreign empires hungry purse Time to replace  
Pitchfork with sword  
And sound the anthem  
Of sheer rebellion Enough  
Once too often  
Enough  
Is enough We strive not for war  
We just crave to have our home  
We just seek to have the rights  
That our fathers used to have We strive not for war  
We just crave to have our home  
We just seek to have the rights  
That our fathers used to have We tasted grime and blood  
We know the essence of ashes A glowing spark  
Rising up from blazing flames  
To lead the forlorn and wrath  
The epitome of hope A daring venture  
A frantic attempt  
When Amandus was slain  
The Bagundae still sang We strive not for war  
We just crave to have our home  
We just seek to have the rights  
That our fathers used to have We strive not for war  
We just crave to have our home  
We just seek to have the rights  
That our fathers used to have Enough  
Once too often  
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We just crave to have our home  
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That our fathers used to have We strive not for war  
We just crave to have our home  
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That our fathers used to have We tasted grime and blood

We know the essence of ashes

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