

# Evoked The Demon

[SuidAkrA](#)

We, the most distant dwellers upon the earth, the last of the free, have been shielded by our remoteness and by the obscurity which has shrouded our name. Beyond us lies no nation, nothing but waves and rocks... Take courage, let us prove at the first clash of arms what heroes Caledonia has been holding in reserve, the Roman army is held together by success and will be broken up by disaster!

A cold wind is blowing from the shore  
Through glens and hills  
The end is near and nothing will last  
Take the wind and turn it to a blast

Caledonia unite  
A cold wind is foreboding war

I hear the words  
Which were never carved  
In stone, never given  
On solid ground - just sound

I hear the words  
An ancient spell that  
Will ignite the fire of defiance

Ascending voices intonate  
To evoke the demon  
Welcoming the fifth season  
Of the demon

I see a line of fires  
Creeping through the land  
Bleeding light into the night

For all that was good and glorious  
For all the ones that were and will be  
Face the incoming flood of men  
Ten for each pike and hand  
Face the enemy!

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