Evoke The Demon

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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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