

Outremer

Irfan

Thus to holy war, our songs that turned to roar
Onward in our cause, we judged by holy laws
Hailed the sacred creed, fell on bended knee
Death that filled our wake, blood that stained our hands
Thus we reached the land, sacred man beheld
Vessel of a sin, none shall call him king
Thorns were always gold, blood that never flowed
Death lay in his wake, blood that stained his hands
Thorns were always gold, blood that never flowed
Death lay in his wake, blood that stained his hands
Take away his shield
Tear apart his standard
Shouting, sanctify this holy lie
Wash your face with tears
Wash your hands with soil
Wash away this holy lie
Down across the land, return to ancient creed
Mother, father, child, now and ever be
Praise the wind and rain, praise the joy and pain
Never havoc cry nor lose the dogs of war

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