

# Mother Europe ('98)

## Ancient Rites

Oh remember the proud Hellenic civilisation  
The cradle of Europe where it all began  
Or the Portuguese and Spanish Armada

Overwhelming Thy power, a tribute to the south  
Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent forever in my heart

Representing medieval Flemish pride  
Brave Teutonic, French and English knights  
Thy shining armour now long vanished  
Thy glory, however, forever remains  
Praised be the Scandinavian hordes

Once the nightmare of the Christian world  
I talk of not of mercy

I talk not of fear

The hopeless warriors of a Willing Doom  
Children of Italia  
In ancient times "Roma Caput Mundi"

De Verenigde Nederlanden, parel van het noorden  
Belgium and The Netherlands stood as one  
Mother Europe born from your womb

Mother Europe on Your soil shall be my tomb  
I talk of not of mercy

I talk not of fear

The hopeless warriors of a Willing Doom  
Oh what that gallant spirit shall resume

Leap from Europe's bank and call Thee from the tomb  
(Hail to the sons of eastern Europe  
the Slavonian soul never fades)

Blessed are Scotland, Ireland and Bretagne  
Where the Celtic dream still lives on  
Shall be my tomb!

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