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 southBruges, 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 worldI talk of not of mercy
I talk not of fear
The hopeless warriors of a Willing DoomChildren of Italia
In ancient times "Roma Caput Mundi"
De Verenigde Nederlanden, parel van het noorden
Belgium and The Netherlands stood as oneMother Europe born from your womb
Mother Europe on Your soil shall be my tombI 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 onShall be my tomb!

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