(Ode to Ancient) Europa

Ancient Rites

(from Gallia to Germania)
I still hear the ancient warcry
(Roma to Brittania)
I still hear the ancient battlecryThe great old European heroes, the proud old European names
Like snow now melted for sunlight, today their lustre gleamsGone are the great old empires, the proud old names are low
That shed a glory over the ancient world, a thou sand years ago
But wandering the medieval cities beholding our ancient lands
Albion, Saxonia, land of Franks constructed by our ancestor's hands(from Erin to Caledonia)
I still hear the ancient warcry
(Ellada to Helvetia)
I still hear the ancient battlecry(from Lusitania to Hispania)
I still hear the ancient warcry
(Mycenae to Macedonia)
I still hear the ancient battlecryIn the country of our fathers on the land and sea
Can you hear a million voices? Thy forefathers summoning thee!
Summoning thee!Many centuries ago, beyond the hazy space
In Brittany, Eire and Caledonia there dwelt a mighty race
Celts they were called, like their holy oaks, they had a giant grace(fierce was the Byzantine empire
Spread over the Balkans, Asia, Minor and Greece
Combining eastern and western tradition
A gateway to the East)Slavonian kingdoms, empires and tribes
Defending their ancient lands and rights
From invading hordes from the East
Thousands slaughtered (fair) men and beast(from Byzantium to Phoenicia)
I still hear the ancient warcry
(Etruria to Cymru)
I still hear the ancient battlecry!!

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