Highland Hills

SuidAkrA

I must leave ye now
For peace and glory
I'd wish to tell ye
I'd soon be back

I must leave ye now
To weep and worry
Fare ye well
I won't come back

Fare ye well
Don't say haste ye back

Roaming through the graveyard alleys
On a plain of standing stones
I hear them whisper to the fallen ones
Oh, not again they groan

A cry of the land is out
To breathe and soar
Through heathen hills
From days of yore
Where the wild winds roar

I hear the storm clouds thunder
They reap and plunder on once green land

So here we stand for freedoms sake
Like rocks on the shore
And we truly know for freedoms sake
There is no escape

In the end we stand and fall
Not for glory
Nor for the king and crown
We shed our blood
We're here we're free
And we'll fight to survive
Fate will test our will

Here on the Highland hills

Slowly it comes off the earth
Gasping for daylight

Entirely entwined with weed
Feeding its breath
With soiled air

It screams out
To the brooding storm clouds
Following the call
For freedom to come

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