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Title: The Call Of Mother Earth

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Signs will come from above  
Red skies down on shores  
Our gods, fires draining dawn

They'll come from all the province  
They'll ride and yell for the honour of the clan  
They'll rise in funeral thunder  
Prepare the heathen night rite

As the wounds will heal in dance shades  
Time has come to praise divine signs  
Calling the ancients, invoking the brave  
Released by their power, the land is ablaze

She came to honour devoted sons  
It is the time for them to rise  
To reach the place where the ancient souls dwell

Stones beaten by the winds  
Will open the gates to the ancestral vault  
Flames of wisdom will burn  
Bursting out in thunder provoking night frost

Invoking the moonshades, heathen servants will call them  
Our souls will rise in fires, burning as flames of candles solemn  
Nocturnal chants sound loud and proud  
Advancing to the ancient sanctuary  
The blood is flowing, another clansman will pass away  
Memories to honour, as nocturnal winds will take this Son of Earth  
Devoted souls gather among the shadows  
Starting the tribal dance

Then they will rise, one by one  
Under a moonless sky, they will give praise to their ancient heroes  
They will unchain the memories that once were past  
Rains have drawn the signs  
The tribe is born