

Eluveitie, Your Gaulish War

Fraught with so much greed, imperial needs.
Satisfy your hunger for might and blood!
With greedy claws the eagle flew
Leaving chaos and widows on his hunt.

We do not accept to bear the half-moon on our feet
Nor to bow, to the laurel wreath!

"Haec terra mea est" - the urge of your own want
spurring the horse towards the devastating aint.
It's the pauper that accrouches - bared indigence
Your need should cost unnumbered lives!

might and riches you have sought,
willing to pay the price in human lives!

False and fallacious, killing and omnivorous
depleting the value of human life!
But we always knew: You came with fortune
and one day you'd come with steel!

We did not accept to bear the half-moon on our feet!
A tort that pays it wage death?

Well, how does it feel, the blood on your hands?
I hope you had a ball in effacing lives!
Well, how does it feel, the blood on your hands?
I hope the gold you've won bestows your delight!

...standing at the top of all the ruin you have left...
watch our wives remigrate with crooked backs...