

Salamandra, Out of the Ashes

Pain and fear where great realm used to be
Powerful country
Flames and smoke rise from the border forts
Redoubts on fire

Grief, decay, and doom
Taking their toll on this land
Hopeless lords
Decided to wait

New kingdom on west keeps growing strong
Bohemian nation
Gains more space, more men
And great support
Germanic favour

Grief, decay, and doom
Taking their toll on this land
Hopeless lords
Decided to wait

Our dukeless lands's meeker
Too weak to fight back
Their force is much firmer
Week after week, day after day
As we wait
Soon we'll be too late and
There might be no chance
To rise up and win back
Safety and land
Which was our forefathers' realm

I wish we could again
Stand proud but silence reveals
That most our courage lays
Buried deep under the fear
All these fears are hard to bear
Future hangs in balance
Will we go or stay
Enter the fight
Kill for our lives

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