

# Ancient Rites, Aris

Hear me, ancient forefather (Ambiorix)  
Honoured be Thy deeds  
Leading our tribes against the aggressor  
Outnumbered, a campaign that could not be won  
(But forever Thy blood in my veins)

Gracious Spartan civilisation  
Eternally blessed Thy war spirit  
Surrounded by thousands of Persians  
"Molon lave" a final proud statement  
(None of thee survived  
but Thy Hellenic glory is everlasting)

Noble was your cause, brave Vercingetorix  
Sad the day of your sacrifice  
An example to your Celt tribe  
Dying in solitude  
(But Thy soul) forever in my heart

Remember the moment Jerusalem fell  
The shrieks of the conquered, the conqueror's yell  
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared  
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared

Aris! And Aris shone!  
Mars! And Mars rose!

Geuzen der Lage Landen  
Van Antwerpen, Amsterdam tot Den Briel  
Helden der Calvinistische droom  
Nachtmerrie der Spaans/Roomse overheerser  
Voor eeuwig Uw bloed in onze aderen  
Noble was your cause, brave Vercingetorix  
Sad the day of your sacrifice

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Outnumbered, a campaign that could not be won  
Forever Thy blood in my veins  
Noble was your cause  
Sad the day of your sacrifice  
An example to our tribe