

Ancient Rites, (Het Verdronken Land Van) Saeftinghe

Here one can hear the call of the sea
While a deadwhite moonlight
Is creating the ultimate unlight
Or at night, or at night...
O sad and beautiful night
Full of melancholy
When the silent dark waters
Are inviting the lonely souls
Of mounting lost ones... like me
Of mounting lost ones... like me
Here once I could hear the bell toll
Here once I led a life
My home was build... before the cruel
Water came
May be the death fish washed on the shore
With their cold eyes have caught a
Glimp - a glimps..
Of my forever lost village
Do I hear my ancestors call:
Oh beautiful and cruel lost,
Forever lost - dark medieval times
Drowned land of saeftinge -
Drowned land of saeftinge
Here once I could hear the bell toll,
Here once I
Had a life, my home was build...
Here one can hear the call of the sea
Oh my drowned land
Mijn verdronken land van saeftinge...
Saeftinge - saeftinge - saeftinge
Forever lost, forever lost...