

Ancient Rites, Lindisfarne (Anno 793)

All heaven and earth were still
As if God's paradise never lost
None could foresee the silent (approaching) chill
(in the shape of raging heathens)
Through Durham monks experienced at high cost
Martyrs made Christians fallen in this Pagan attack
No shrine left untouched, sacred loot on their back

Lindisfarne, Odin rides!
Lindisfarne, down in flames!
Lindisfarne, Odin rides!
Lindisfarne, down in flames!

Martyrs made Christians fallen in this Pagan attack
No relic left untouched
Hear the sound of the Norseman's laughter
Behold their rise, sacred loot on their back
Saint Cuthbert lowering the head
The head for Odins sons

Lindisfarne, Odin rides!
Lindisfarne, down in flames!

Odin.... rides over the Nordland again
Odin.... rides over the Nordland again!

Desecration of the holy island!

All heaven and earth were still
As if God's paradise never lost
Through Durham monks experienced at high cost

Lindisfarne, down, down in flames!

Saint Cuthbert lowering the head
The head for Odins sons
As for now the heathen still prevails
Pagan warriors mocking God
Witness their fury, hear the victory hails
Hear the victory hails!!!

Lindisfarne, Odin rides!
Lindisfarne, down in flames!
Lindisfarne, Odin rides!
Lindisfarne, down in flames!

Lindisfarne, down, down in flames!