

Folkearth, The Riding Of The Queen Boudiccea

Under grey clouds rides the victorious one
Leading the Norfolk and the Britian tribes
(To) An uprising against the Roman Empire
Spurring her leadership
And her attacks!
A song for a Dark Queen whose face was stained
With dark paintings and her enemies blood
No mercy, no prisoners, sacrifice em all
I talk in the name of the Gods of war
Blessed by the wrath the Dark Queen led
Their armies towards the battlefields
And then a new age so glorious will rise
And then we will feast the Fall of the Empire
A song for a Dark Queen whose battle was lost
Their was painted were faded with their blood
Her spirit died and was buried by time
And the hopes withered away forevermore
The fates stone rolls downwards and then breaks
The name Iceni is lost in the winds
For the memories are written for those who won the wars
And a restless spirit rides her chariot throughout the woods