

# Forefather, Ours Is The Kingdom

Our hearts lie not in heaven  
Nor eastern desert sands  
With eyes closed to your saviour  
Our fate is in our hands  
Great glass eyes look down on me  
So lofty and so great  
In your world we are filth  
Toys of your lord to dominate

High spires reach for Dunor's sky  
A misfit court of stone  
Like flame upon the water  
In stands there all alone  
You say our ways are evil  
That devil's seed we sow  
Yet we have greater wisdom  
Than you will ever know

Your lodging here is ended  
Your welcome here is ceased  
No honour left bestowed  
Our open hand now iron fist  
Ours is the kingdom  
On land, up high, on sea  
In jest we let you play  
But now's our time for victory

The storm is ever brewing  
A power rising fast  
Lightning strikes our veins  
As we see the bridge at last

As we ride the endless  
The truth's seem only lies  
The few that faced the fire  
Honoured as the kings  
Now we ride the deathless  
Our kingdom has returned  
Of fallen kings and heroes  
Our children now have learned

Your lodging here is ended  
Your welcome here is ceased  
No honour left bestowed  
Our open hand now iron fist  
Ours is the kingdom  
And this we proudly hail  
Your teachings have no truth  
Our heathen land will now prevail