

Grave Digger, The Battle Of Bannockburn

[1] The wind lashed in our faces
The English found our traces
On moss-covered land
Scotland we defend
At Stirling bridge we try to last
But we fail to stand fast
Blood mingles with pouring rain
Writing tales of pain

Help - Else we will perish
Help - Else we will vanish
Look - Heaven's sign
Look - Ship's graceful lines

White knights appear
Silhouetted against the dark
In the battle of Bannockburn
The table turns

Few knights appear
But masters of the fight
In the battle of Bannockburn
The table turns

[2] They draw their glaming swords
Two knights one horse
How they swing their flail
Ending the bloody tale
Just like a bad dream
English disappear in fog
Finally - Victory
Highlanders' victory