

# Hollenthon, To Kingdom Come

Bibunt omnes sine meta.  
Quamvis bibant mente leta,  
Sic nos rodunt omnes gentes  
Et sic erimus

Sentries of fisterra wake  
Gallant masses stir  
Thy kingly spirit throned among the hills

A call to arms young hopefuls  
Fields of burning toil  
Beware of bleeding visions shattered

Fear not the thunder  
Where the earth meets the sky  
Slave to the irons  
Thy kingdom shall come

Wake from dreams to unfolding demons  
Break the spell binding with chains  
Rage against the old tradition  
Heed the voice singing courage in the storm

Arise in mass from peaceful slumber  
Providence draws near  
Craven tyrants cringe before our wrath

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