

Hollenthon, Woe To The Defeated

Silence robs the mob its doctrine
While fictitious laughter, grievous halls triumphant foe
Pointing fingers all acusing
Fading dust of ages into a night of stone

Whispers Solace, vae victis
Can you spare immortal tears?
Whispers Solace, vae victis
Its murmur echoed far and near

Ever watchful fire breathing
Its orphaned children drink from the empty wells of faith
In unknown lair awaits the ember
Y Draig Goch forceful spreads its golden wings

Can you spare immortal tears?
Its murmur echoed far and near