

# Rites Ancient, On Golden Fields(De Leeuwen Da

We ask not the pleasures that riches supply  
Our weapons shall regain  
What betrayers must buy  
Throwing back the invaders  
Reigning our land and waves  
And finally teach these nobles  
What it means to be slaves

Far more large in numbers  
Better armed, they came  
But are it not our cities  
That these rascals claimed?  
A victory rather certain  
They held within their hands  
But courage craft and justice  
Gave us a stronger stand

Bloodstained flags  
Hear our men roar  
But under foreign rule  
Bloodstained flags  
Hear our men roar

We shall suffer nomore

We shall suffer nomore

Het Vlaamse heir staat immer pal  
Daar 't winnen of daar 't sterven zal  
Alhier, aldaar aan lange lansen  
De leeuwen dansen, de leeuwen dansen

Oh, land of Flanders  
From field to shore  
Shall view us as victors

Oh, land of Flanders  
From field to shore  
Shall view us as victors  
Or view us nomore!

For victory was ours, against all odds  
Truly a miracle in a world without gods

Bloodstained flags  
Hear our men roar  
But under foreign rule  
Bloodstained flags  
Hear our men  
We shall suffer nomore

We shall suffer nomore!

( I close my eyes. A voice from a century buried by time  
and dust teaches my ears. And the troubadour sings. )

Het Vlaamse heir staat immer pal  
Daar 't winnen of daar 't sterven zal  
Alhier, aldaar aan lange lansen  
De leeuwen dansen, de leeuwen dansen

En de leeuwen dansen...