

I came as all who did before
The scores of all those fallen
So burned to walk no more
No more the face of one old
Wind swept harbinger of the broken promise
Give me strength against the coming tide
Great Mother some of us must survive

Defend we must against the coming dark
I call upon all that dwells
The shadows that lie between the trees
I beseech thee do come to me
Fire from within the hearth
Do pour forth upon this earth

I come before as was did before
When the temple is weary
And the fires are no more
For in tatters the soul mourns
Once again the stones run with blood
Sacrilege has just begun
As the cries reach out beyond
Do you Mother know the meaning of the sound
As quickly they are hushed
Then no more abound
No more free are the wild places
Where once stood mighty tree's

Trembling I know the meaning of the time to come
For cold does it surely run
For in the east the mighty armies have all gathered
For surely they intend to scour the land
Of any other than their own
Mother do you hear the silence has begun

Of the elements of four
Bring them forth as never before
The armies of the four are needed
For it is not only us they intend to destroy

Bring upon the storm of air
So they may tremble and smell their own fear

Surge forth the mighty waters
So the land may be cleansed of their ways

Imbue our souls with your fire
So that fiercely we may fight and never grow tired

For in turn we shall build our altars of earth
Combined with the essences of four
As like wise done all the ages before

Again may we take to the land
Becoming one as one with our clan
For your children you know we be
And to the death would we fight to remain

Dark Mother of ancient times
Nurturer of all the ties that bind us all
Grant us your wisdom and grace to be
As your warrior of honor
For I like my sisters and brothers are of the oath
Protectors and defenders of the realm of three

May our blood forever burn as that within the great smoking mountains
May our voices be as mighty and fierce as the northern winds
May our emotions be as mysterious as that of the black sea
And may our flesh become unseen as we cover ourselves with your
Mother Earth

Streaming forth from the forest depth
Great torrents of the warriors of North, South, East and West
Proclaiming upon this very day
That we as Pagans shall remain