

The Call of Aryan Spirit

Nokturnal Mortum

the voice calling me into darkness,
open the gates through which I'll leave
the call of the ancient blood calls me to fight
the call of slavonic blood
aryan lands with the boundless expanse
through milleniums come to me
the forests and steppers everything I own
is given to the damned jewish tribe
my blood is calling me, and I won't calm down
until I taste the smell of their blood
the moon whispers about the darkness
the stars are leading me through the clouds
silver people with white skin
are gathering to perform a rite
the wisemen are cursing on the jewish scum
and I see the white man's power!
spit in jewish faces, cut them into pieces
let them choke with their lie
let the woods grow up on their corpses
only white man's power!
we are the only ones to have the
right for this land!
it's ours, indeed!
these rivers have been flowing
together with our blood for ages
this grass has grown on the bodies
of our killed warriors
hey, stay with us, our aryan spirit!
let our slavonic blood boil up with our hatred
hey, our land, stay with us!
let every step on our land turn for
the damnation on jews!
white power, you have to destroy of useless tribes
under your glorious obsession!
because they are not people,
they are worms whose mission is only parasitism
let the aryan spirit support us!
the war is sacred! total war!

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