

Call of the Black Forest

Graveland

No more reign of crosses
with hanging corpses of god's son
Enough damned bells
of false asshole's temples
I raise the ancient gods
I summon the honest spirits
I revive the ancient magic
I draw the might from the moonshine
I keep the holy fire
All for the everlasting revange
All for the honest masters
Lords of the black forest
Rulers of Night and Darkness
Gods of the ancient (aryan) Europe
Pagan winds of distant North
The might of unholy Norway's forest
is in you
Cold gloom and power
True Evil and good
Give us what are we waiting for the
millenium
And soon the Cromleches
will be full of christian blood!
We will kill in the moonshine
We will become the killers,
shadows of each christian
Their temples will be covered by blood
We will destroy their altars
We will turs into ashes their graves
For burned witches
For lost believe and might
For Pagan and Heretic's blood
For trees and forest of killed Druids
For our lost gods...

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