From The Pagan Vastlands

Behemoth

From the land which hasn't enter yet
Into the history
From the depths of swamps we are bringing
Proudly our nameAt night, kissing the moonlight
Rebel children living in twilight
Like wolves
Some named us soUnion with people from the sign
Of the half-moon
To crush the golden walls of
Earthly heaven,To strangle the pestilence
To the lands of the mighty Empire
Others even think about with fear
We invaded a state with swordIn our hands
Roma means nothing
In the land of Slavs !
Today forests sing about the legend,Long forgotten spirits
Whose names nobody remembers now
Waiting their day to reborn
Their visions of the pastAre torturing our souls
Whispering in the dark
They will come here again
To reign supremeBelieve my words
From unremembrance
From Fire and Water
From the sacred woodsAncient Wolves gather
From the burnt Arkona
From the Pagan Vastlands !
Black horse rides across the skyWith a sword we will open the amber gates of Nawia
Dzieci Svantevitha nienawidza Chrystusa
Dzieci Svantevitha nienawidza boga-krzyza

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