

Thousand Swords

Graveland

We attacked with thousand swords
Our banners were streaming under clouds
At the gates of christian capital
the wide river of blood was flowing
we attacked with hate in our eyes Their request for mercy was nothing for us,
they had no respect for our ancestors
today is not a day for mercy.
We attacked and golden palaces collapsed.
Christ's elected ones paradise was burning
their golden bells were tolling the last hour
the last hour of christian rulers in pagan europe
We are just blessed soldiers
from the depths of unbaptized forests
barbarian in the wolfish skins
And we had pleasure to burn the vatican!
Gods returned and now they are with us
Spirit of war possessed our souls
Our swords want to fight with our moves
Its a great feeling to spill the blood in the basilica
Hers of ravens fly between the clouds
They'll come to the earth, when we go away
They'll eat food we prepared
They'll drink blood we have spilled
Epilogue : the vengeance will be cruel
blessed by gods and spirits
In self defence of fatherland
Vengeance done by our hands
bringing cruel death for enemies.

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