

Ancestor-Worship

Naer Mataron

I enter the world of my forefathers
I initiate into the secrets of the forgotten Europa
I hear the clatter of the swords
I hear the voice of war
I live between them
I become an ancient hero of the battle I hear the voice of Leonidas, standing in the Thermopylae
I attack in the east by the side of Alexander the great
In the war of Troy, in the greatest to fall, Achilles
In the frozen Northern seas
At the lands of Vikings
In the northern skies
In the Celts, I descend back in time
In a Celtic winter, in a cold battle Revitalization, my lungs are filled with Europa
Beyond the fog of history, I handle Mythology
The folklore, the ancient customs
The forgotten Gods of this locus
In Walhalla and in the Elysian fields

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