

# Schwarzwald

## Unlord

And the night turns to black  
And we light the fires  
We gather round to tell the tales  
Of wisdom so ancient  
A past, glorious, strong  
The elders sit and respect their sons  
The battles of sin  
Crusades to win  
In armor made centuries ago  
We prepare for war  
Repeating our words "Father, our master, your law is total"  
The boundaries are clear  
The Schwarzwald is ours  
You, who trespassed  
The law is devoured And the sun fades away  
Our master, we pray  
Give us the strength to conquer what's ours  
Unholy the blood  
Battle we must  
Ions of the demons, turn enemies to rust  
Our brothers in war  
Raise high thy swords  
Collect their heads in the burning woods  
The Schwarzwald is ours  
The law is unchallenged  
All what's unpure has now vanished

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