

Memory and Destiny

Graveland

On a cold sunrise out of ashes
I will resurrect in the shine of red sacrifice
I which has seen the twilight of the Gods
I will come back in old faith and full of strength
I the monument of eternity
out of personal will and anger
where I lost and cheated my death
I will resurrect on a cold sunrise
My fate has been written in ancient runes
On a cold stone sarcophago
My name will return to light
on a day when no one will be able to hear it...
Memories of heroes never die
Cries and the Lament of woman the wind will shun
The virgins of Rhine will bring forth the sword
the mark on the sarcophago will be erased
Monuments full of praise
It will uncover my ashes
The swastika is my life, its my blood
On a cold sunrise I will recall the memories
about a faith which once was
about brave man which already fought
and committed their deeds of fate
The Gods lost with Eternity
which defeated them with its monotone ways
on a cold sunrise mist will greet me
and rays of the rising swastika
Spirit and Will, Memory and Fate
Blood of Atlanteans, Runes of Rise

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