Bloodcleansing

Carpathian Forest

Blood, sweat and more blood
Love turned to hate
Light turned to dark
And life turned to deathBlood!
The old engine is still running
Cleansing!
The cleansing of the body and soul(Then) reach out and touch the branches
The branches of the oldest oak
In these last autumn days
When dim colours are over whelming
And grimCold hills darken
Frost is setting in
Discover something old
Discover something newYou have everything to fear
You're hated here

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