

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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