

# Abigor, Blood And Soil

This soil is dripping with the blood of angels  
I can almost touch their hands through the ground  
My eyes are filled with pride  
For this land of the dead  
Is the precious gift of my father  
No mortal value can buy such a treasure  
Which I cherish in my heart of hearts  
Father - Satan with fangs stained in blood  
Smile to my naive dreams  
This unhallowed ground  
Secret sanctuary of my thoughts  
Where I walk hand in hand with death  
Upon blood and soil  
Oh, don't mind any pain - it gives me wisdom  
My rage is my strength - it gives me might  
But something inside me seems to be lost  
Is there hope for the blood of live  
Or will I always fly alone  
Those who are in hell hallowed be thy name  
This is for you who made me what I am  
For the storm that tries to shake my roots  
Is just the breath of the dying god who once ruled heaven  
But he won't succeed as long as I stand true to my ways  
And even I am alone  
I can't remember what I'm missing