

Behemoth, Spellcraft And Heathendom

I've met in surrounding me nature
spirits and deities wielding the element,
in a field, in a forest, in rocks and caves
and I won their goodwill with sacrifices.
Horses carried me to the skies,
White, beautiful steeds ... beloved.
I was attacking brushwood violently
I touched motherland...

Percus ! Magic cirkles and black stones
Percus ! Forest spells and damned souls
Percus ! I find worship in you
PERCUS !!!

They will return, dance like fire, as before
They will return, to the trees,
to the forest of mine... to the kingdom !

The thunderer demons
guards the sacred spot
during those cold nights
they found peace and consolation.

I rediscover the power and charm
to defeat like a sorcerer,
like thousands years ago,
Oaken castles from millenium before,
They will rise once again... as a sign...
Percus !