Emperor, A Fine Day To Die

Orgy of silence, conspiracy of peace.
Only the sound of the cold northern breeze.
Twinsun sink fading behind the black lake.
Asleep is the mountains, yet the night is awake.

Strange is the night. Now black stars rise.
And many Moons circle through silent the night.

(Guitar solo)

Along the black mountainside, scattered
by the campfires awaiting the dawn.
Two times a hundred men in battles.
Tried by the steel in the arrow, axe and the sword.

By battle worn, hunger torn, awaiting
for the Sun to break through the cold haze
and for the banners of Ebal to appear
on the hill in the Sun's first warm rays.

The elder among the men looked deep into
the fire and spoke loud with pride.
Tomorrow is a fine day to die.

(Guitar solo)

Now the morning advance from far East.
Now the Sun breaks through dustclouds and haze.
Now a forest of spears appears on the hill
and steel shines bright in the Sun's first rays.

(Guitar solo)

Die.
Die.
Die.