

Gehenna, The Conquering of Hirsir

At the break of dawn
The gods above and below
Blow their horns

The dark mist lies low
Above the moisty ground
Gods summoning their gathered hordes
In declaration of war

We partake in massive bloodshed
Whilst the remaining freeze and die
Unshorn warrior behold the burning

Lovely it is the flames burning Hirsir

A lonesome cry echoes through an almost
cloudless sky
One god has fallen from high heaven ground
Human parts and weapons lie scattered
As blood freeze to solid ground
Yes pagan souls be witness
To the conquering of Hirsir

So warriors unsheathe your swords
Burn with us and our lord
Drums play their slow march
Symbolize that we will to Hell march

Alonesome cry echoes through and almost
cloudless cky
One god has fallen from heaven high
Human parts and weapons lie scattered
As blood freeze to solid ground
Yes pagan souls be witness to the conquering
The battle is set for the conquering of Hirsir