

Graveland, Following The Voice Of Blood

When the dark clouds in the sky full of the black ravens, Announce the time of great trial. Each man takes his sword, His shield and sets out on a journey, where sounds of horns summon him.

No one will spare his blood. When on the battlefield, Regent of the Gods lead us...

Raise your swords brother and fight. On the horn's sound we will move. We will follow the ravens in the sky.

Blood for blood! Fire for fire! Death for death!

Armoured man by armoured man,

They stride, step by step.

Sword by sword, shield by shield,

They're marching in silence...

Many of them will die tomorrow, But none of them is afraid of death.

When the horns and kettle-drums sound steady rows of warriors will move.

Man by man, without shadow of fear Like the winged chariots of fire.

Every man bears his shield. Every man holds his weapon in the hand. Ravens circulate over our heads. Tomorrow we'll feed our dogs on christian hearts.

Brother! Blow the horn of war! Tomorrow's war will be watched by our Gods and forefathers And we must take revenge in their names!

Over the horizon dark clouds appear.

It's cold and clouds of steam hover over us.

We are marching silently...

We are overwhelmed in thoughts,

Marching for victory...

Hate and wrath burn our hearts.

Our thoughts echo in the space.

Into the battle we go to win...

Into the battle that will determine the world's fate.

(Lyrics by: Darken '96)