

# Graveland, Memory And Destiny

On a cold sunrise out of ashes  
I will resurrect in the shine of red sacrifice  
I which has seen the twilight of the Gods  
I will come back in old faith and full of strength  
I the monument of eternity  
out of personal will and anger  
where I lost and cheated my death  
I will resurrect on a cold sunrise  
My fate has been written in ancient runes  
On a cold stone sarcophago  
My name will return to light  
on a day when no one will be able to hear it...  
Memories of heroes never die  
Cries and the Lament of woman the wind will shun  
The virgins of Rhine will bring forth the sword  
the mark on the sarcophago will be erased  
Monuments full of praise  
It will uncover my ashes  
The swastika is my life, its my blood  
On a cold sunrise I will recall the memories  
about a faith which once was  
about brave man which already fought  
and committed their deeds of fate  
The Gods lost with Eternity  
which defeated them with its monotone ways  
on a cold sunrise mist will greet me  
and rays of the rising swastika  
Spirit and Will, Memory and Fate  
Blood of Atlanteans, Runes of Rise