

Graveland, No Mercy In My Heart

No mercy in my heart
I was born for war, not for love
Rage and voices of my dying enemies
Fill my soul and my heart
War craft is my life
Stern school of life taught me how to fight
Instinct told me what to do
Always watchful, always ready
Conscious of bonds of blood

I am waiting for another battle...when Wotan summons me
Rage is my guide, hatred my consolation
When I have to choose, I always choose a sword
When death and life becomes the One
Creed of sword must be cruel and unforgiving
In dance with death I delight in cries of the defeated
Staining in blood of the enemy I become herald of cruelty
In bluster of clashing steel I hear my breath
In the eyes full of fear I see reflection of my face

Sword is my thought, my voice and my will
No mercy in my heart
Fires of hatred burned it
Bloody streams mark my way
Blood shed in a battle mixes with the soil
Before wild beast come
And mangle dead corpses

I will bury my brothers who died
No room for peace in my heart
I will bear my burden
Where Gods wage the battles
i will look for soothe in cruelty of war
And in taste of blood
Before rain cleans my wounds
From harden blood and ashes
I will raise my sword
And go where my brothers
Are fighting to their last breath

Hymns of war will fill the empty space
Sound of drums will break the sky
Clashed in deadly hag
We will cry our names to the Eternity
The dead will find their place in Valhalla
And on lands where they waged their battles
Following the voice of blood
The way of our ancestors
Memory of them will live forever