

Naer Mataron, Wolf Of Ions

The sun drops to the Aegean sea
On its rose edge (it) still keeps on, a hint of light
The sword of east that was drowned
In the voracious sea of Ions

A demon of the sea, half human and half fish
The one who rides the dolphin
In the black deep waters the conquerors still hide
The stars standing so high
Confess of an unholy conspiring night

Clamors are heard from the Elysian Fields
The Fields that... Christ (ha!) NEVER crossed!
The blood of the wolf still runs in the storm of your rage
You have returned for the revenge of the Hellenic Blood
You are the wolf, the son of the seashell
Destroy now, the Plague from the east,
The Jewish race

The daybreak comes fearfull:
Lykeios Nekys Ek Tymbon Egeiromenos Osper
Fasma Barbarous Polemious Apoktein Ethelei

I offer a libation of blood to the sea-bathing god
I dance his raging Pirrichion
I hold the heart and soul of an Ancient Spartan!
Sardonic, Hateful, Wolf of Ionia!!!

Soul dispatcher, demoniac, macabre Mortifier
Authentic archetypical terror spreads
Hellenic Blood-Victorious-Immortal
LYKOS TON IONON YIOS!!!