

Nokturnal Mortum, The Funeral Winds Born In Ori

the blood is in wolf footprint
the hunter has won his hunger
his howling is heard in the night
among the mist and the moonlight
the sound of the huge trembita
is echoed away from the carpathians
we announce the funerals
to the still alive world
coming from the boreal land
we won many nations
we are everywhere, we are the
children of silver
now we are trumping to have the last victory
the cries of ravens
the howling of wolves
we are the keepers of the fire
which will burn down the heavens
the trumpets are singing
and with the rhythm of the drums
we are stepping down on this world
it was sold to the sly nation
it will die together with them
only the ravens flying in the sky
can see all of us
they are the only ones to see our army
our fighting spirit and faces of hatred
in the ancient land of oriana
we will gather together again
and our power has multiplied into thousand
we are ready to fight against judeo christianity!
we have the silver moon power in our hands
we have the rage of millions of fire in our eyes
we have the demons' hatred in our hearts
we have the pain of our ancient
fathers in our souls