

Sunwheel, Monuments of the Elder Faith

...AMONG GALES AND LIGHTNINGS
...AMONG VAMPIRES BURNING FEARS REFLECTIONS
ANGRY EAGLE'S GAZE WATCHES
IN ABOVE A NOCTURNAL SUN SOWS WITH RAYS
COVERED WITH COAT OF WINGS - WE GO AS THE SHADOWS OF ANCESTORS
EAGLE'S HEART GIVES THE RYTHM TO PRIMAЕVAL RITES
WHERE CIRCLES OF MONUMENTS OF THE ELDER FAITH
HERE FOLLOWS BLAZING DAWN - FOR AWAKING PANTHEON
HERE FOLLOWS BLAZING DAWN - THE SPARK TO ARYAN HEARTS
BURNING THE BATTLEFIELDS BY DAY
AND PERMEATING THE COLD STEEL OF WEAPON WITH THE MIRROR OF NIGHT
HERE FOLLOWS BLAZING DAWN - FOR AWAKING PAGAN BOSOM
...FOR COUNTLESS ARE BIRTHS FOR SUPERHUMAN DIMENSION...
...MONUMENTS OF ELDER FAITH
WRAPPED BY MYSTICAL SENSE OF LIGHT
INFECTIOUSLY DIRECTING THE CHOSEN ONES
WE WATCH THE MORE AND MORE GENUINE VESTIGES
TURNING TO ONE, THE RUNES OF LIFE AND WAR
WHEN MATERNAL APPEAL WILL ASSUME AN ANIMAL INSTINCT
THE OLD TREES WILL PROTECTIVELY BEND THEIR BOUGHS
BORN ON PAGAN TREE OF LIFE - BORN FROM WOLF'S PACK
BORN ON THE BORDER OF LIFE AND DEATH
BORN FOR AN ETERNAL IDEA
AMONG THE WALLS OF TIME, HIDING TIMELESS EMPIRE
AMONG THE CRESTS, WELDING THE SKY WITH THE EARTH
AMONG THE MIST, WAVING BETWEEN TWO SUNS
WE RUN, TEARING THE HORIZONS AS THE BLASPHEMOUS COMET
ARYAN GODS BEWITCHED INTO CYCLICAL MOVEMENT OF STARS
ARYAN GODS BEWITCHED IN THE MONUMENTS OF ELDER FAITH
BY THE CIRCULAR PATH OF GAMMADION
THE FOG FALLS FROM THE MOUNTAINS, AND THE WATER IN THE LAKES
DIQUIETING LOOSES ITS SHINE
WE PUT ON THE HOODS, STICKING THE SWORD OF WRATH INTO THE CROSS
WE OPEN THE GATES TO ARYAN RITES
AMONG CHAOS AND PEST OF UNFAMILIAR CREEDS
TENDING THE WISDOM CHANTED IN THE RUNES
WE BURN DECEITFUL DWARFS OF HISTORY
WE PROTECT THE HERITAGE OF ANCESTORS
TENDING IN HEART THE SOLAR WISDOM
WE WAKE UP WITH FIERY DAWN - HONOUR AND HATE!
AMONG FLUTTERING BANNERS
PROUDLY LOOKING UP TO FIERY CRESCENT
WE PAY THE HOMAGE - WITH THE HEROIC RIGHT HAND
ON THE CROSS-ROADS, TRODDEN BY BATTLE RAGE
WHERE THE BLOOD AND BOWELS FLOW ON THE SACRIFICIAL STONES
WE KILL IN THE NAME OF THE SANCTITY OF BLOOD
WE KILL IN THE NAME OF THE SACRED LAND - THE MOTHER, WHICH HAD BORN US
AND KEPT CARYING, WAITING FOR US TO BE READY
TO THROW US INTO THE TURMOIL OF WAR ELEMENTS WHEN THE BLOOD WERE FLOWIN
HEART WAS BEATING IN THE VOLCANIC RYTHM - WE WERE GREETING THE GODS OF WA
ASKING THEM TO OUR INSANE FEAST