

Abigor, The Rising Of Our Tribe

I sent black birds to the sky
I set a sign for my hate
To darken the day
To beat back the light
(Repeat)

Winds storm above this wasteland
A first flickering of rage
Dark clouds keep me sheltered
Don't move before moonrise
Don't move before moonrise

We gather in the name of our pagan ancestors
The teutonic spirit burns in our hearts
What once was ours will be taken back
Rising our tribe like the upcoming winter-age
Upcoming winter-age

Like in the ancient days
We honour the cryptic place
Where we receive our visions
Was christian blood sacrificed