

Atanatos, Behind The Darkest Woods

These are the ancient woods
Those cover the secrets
The little spirits, invisible
The dance starts at midnight.
Burning clouds of thunder
His call sounds over the mountains
Ride through this rough land
Where lived the ancient forefathers
Whisperings in the darkness
Frozen stars at the sky
In the distance you see them come
Their swordarms sparkle in the light of the moon.
Worship for the strength to fight
The flames of eternity
Fight for the victory of freedom
Ride to the final war.
Behind the darkest woods
There is the land of fearless warriors
With the strength of the gods
Fight for eternal life.