

# Atanatos, Realm Under The Rising Moon

What do you feel in the blackness of night.  
The coat of darkness covers your damned soul.  
Fire - ready to fight.  
Burning fields - moonlight.  
Torchures - sparkling swords.  
Black eyes - set the fire.  
Smell in the air, ancient rites.  
For the old gods, sacrifice your life.  
Bloody ground, screaming bodies.  
Under the sign of the sword.  
Possessed - kill the christian rabble.  
Fog will go down.  
Riding to the gate of pagan kingdom.  
With the strength of the dragon,  
noble people - pride warriors.  
The realm where the moon rises.  
Thy lord will lead you.