

# Carpathian Forest, Bloodcleansing

Blood, sweat and more blood  
Love turned to hate  
Light turned to dark  
And life turned to death  
Blood!  
The old engine is still running  
Cleansing!  
The cleansing of the body and soul  
(Then) reach out and touch the branches  
The branches of the oldest oak  
In these last autumn days  
When dim colours are over whelming  
And grim  
Cold hills darken  
Frost is setting in  
Discover something old  
Discover something new  
You have everything to fear  
You're hated here