

Carpathian Forest, The Pale Mist Hovers Toward

Eternally sounds the mighty waves,
A triton's hymn round a rock-strewn grave,
The passing sigh for the bones that moulder,
Over the nordic black sea, where the winds btew colder.
Here in a bed of wrack and shingle,
Beneath rests a sea king of the north,
His fallen history remains unknown,
Now his grave is just a heap of stones.
"The waves crest sharp as an unsheated blade,
As spume-topped breakers shorewards loom,
And boulder on boulder on land is laid,
The triton's hymn round a vanished tomb"
The ocean cradles it's sleepy wave,
Round the curve of the yellow sand.
Of the bleak and mysterious little isle,
Where no leaf has been touched by human hands.
Then I behold that island so fair,
Where the tree's lift their crown in prayers
To the golden glow of the evening sky
I hold the sword towards the moon,
my memories echoes with cries.
Hark, to the ocean's cold clamerous roar,
The pale mist hovers towards the nightly shores.
For the fire in my burning flame,
Hail to the father of the fallen flame.
Acknowledge the supreme Northern (racial) purity.
That runs in the blood of my veins.
As the nocturnal curtain falls
With the total eclipse of the moon above...
The pale mist hovers towards the nightly shores.