

# Graveland, Barbarism Returns

Living, dead and dying  
We stand covered by Black shroud  
We await the moon and wind  
Fire burning on the altar  
Burnt the incautious spirits  
By it's red glare, awoke the magic stones  
We've united good and evil  
We've created the highest power  
Magic and might of dark blood  
Blood from the scars of wounded Gods  
Runes engraved by Devils  
Besmeared by the Black Blood  
In the Glare of furious lightning's  
Spell of the damned runic words  
Altar of uncoagulated blood  
Altar surrounded by the women-wolves  
The words pledged to moon  
We repeat incantations written in blood  
Spirits come and walk among us  
We curse their fear and awe  
We curse our mercy  
May my soul burn in the fore of purity  
Evil wind tears the trees  
Moon hidden over the clouds  
Black smoke teases our eyes  
Burnt blood charms by it's smell  
Night of the ultimate darkness  
Elected it's sacrifice, it's tribute  
Feeding by our fear and our pain