

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