

# Graveland, Call Of The Black Forest

No more reign of crosses  
with hanging corpses of god's son  
Enough damned bells  
of false asshole's temples  
I raise the ancient gods  
I summon the honest spirits  
I revive the ancient magic  
I draw the might from the moonshine  
I keep the holy fire

All for the everlasting revange  
All for the honest masters  
Lords of the black forest  
Rulers of Night and Darkness  
Gods of the ancient (aryan) Europe

Pagan winds of distant North  
The might of unholy Norway's forest  
is in you  
Cold gloom and power  
True Evil and good  
Give us what are we waiting for the  
millenium  
And soon the Cromleches  
will be full of christian blood!

We will kill in the moonshine  
We will become the killers,  
shadows of each christian  
Their temples will be covered by blood  
We will destroy their altars  
We will turs into ashes their graves

For burned witches  
For lost believe and might  
For Pagan and Heretic's blood  
For trees and forest of killed Druids  
For our lost gods...