

# Graveland, The Celtic Winter

In Celtic Winter wolves wear the white garments...

In Celtic Winter the weak hearts die...

In Celtic Winter hunger tears human bowles...

In Celtic Winter time slowly elapses...

When the cold comes, hatred burning in your heart will be the only heat.

When the darkness comes, burning hamlet's shining flames will be the only light.

When the hunger comes, spilled blood of your enemy will be the only food.

When the death comes, be proud and fight bravely, and then die quickly.

Our true gods haven't left us, the time of their return comes...

With the sound of war-trumpets we will go at their side into the great battle...

Many of us will die, but no one of us thinks about death in this time...

It was worth to be born just to die in such a battle...

Everything else is not important, the meaning of life doesn't mean everlasting satisfaction

of your empty lusts...

When the dark clouds in the sky, full of black ravens and their sinister croaking, appoint

the time of great trial, the time of great struggle, each man takes his sword and target in his

hands and goes into the place where sounds of horns call him...

Nobody will spare his blood, when on the battlefield messenger of gods leads us...