

Graveland, Thousand Swords

We attacked with thousand swords
Our banners were streaming under clouds
At the gates of christian capital
The wide river of blood was flowing
We attacked with hate in our eyes
Their request for mercy was nothing for us
They had no respect for our ancestors
Today is not a day for mercy...
We attacked and golden palaces colapsed
Christ's elected ones' paradise was burning
Their golden bells were tolling the last hour
The last hour of Christian rulers in Pagan Europe
We are just, blessed soldiers
From the dephts of unbaptized forests
Barbarians in the wolvish skins
And we had pleasure to burn the Vatican!
Gods returned and now they are with us
Spirit of war possessed our souls
Our swords want to fight with our moves
It's a great feeling to spill the blood in the basilica
Herds of ravens fly between the clouds
They'll come to the earth, when we go away
They'll eat the food we prepared
They'll drink blood we have spilled
The vengeance will be cruel
Blessed by Gods and spirits
In self defence of fatherland
Vegeance done by our hands