

Lord Wind, Pagan Holocaust

Our country was cold
Our country has been always cold
It was getting warmer
When we were burning those who had come
Carrying gold crosses around their necks
With clamorous stories about their white god
Our country was fierce
Our country was fulfilled with cruelty
That was riped to harvesting
Like a gold come during the cloudy summertime
But we had our own laws
That were unfey the light
In the darkness of times
Given by the gods
Who had lived in deep
Dence forests with us
Our land was our home
Which splendid had faded
Brother and sister had parished
Spirits had hidden themselves in darkest shaws
The days of bitter oblivion had come
Long days of ruth and sadness
And only wind and the moon
And only trees and stones
Remember those long winters
And people among snow
Of brave hearts
And warm blood
Their war doures
Their women, brave and beatiful
Their dreams
They went away and they will never return...