

Menhir, Paganlord

In the dark forest, beyond the lying mankind
where glittern streams run over moss covered stones
in forgotten gaves where powerful secrets rest
thats where the lord of the heathens is waiting for the day
of retaliation

Lors of the heathens from the dark forest

When fog covers the land, when the nights are moonless and cold
he'll stan in the middle of the grave - hills and he'll swing his old sword
the holy sword of the heathens, which sound will sing him crazy
in such nights the animals will hide, the dishonourable will forsee their death

The trees then sing him odd and sascination melodies
there are ancient entreaties, runic and elf magic
his enes glow in the blue fire, with the promise to kill the fools
the wind carries his oath out of the forests - you can also hear him!