

# Naer Mataron, Ancestor-Worship

I enter the world of my forefathers  
I initiate into the secrets of the forgotten Europa  
I hear the clatter of the swords  
I hear the voice of war  
I live between them  
I become an ancient hero of the battle

I hear the voice of Leonidas, standing in the Thermopylae  
I attack in the east by the side of Alexander the great  
In the war of Troy, in the greatest to fall, Achilles  
In the frozen Northern seas  
At the lands of Vikings  
In the northern skies  
In the Celts, I descend back in time  
In a Celtic winter, in a cold battle

Revitalization, my lungs are filled with Europa  
Beyond the fog of history, I handle Mythology  
The folklore, the ancient customs  
The forgotten Gods of this locus  
In Walhalla and in the Elysian fields