

Nokturnal Mortum, I Feel The Breath Of Ragnarok

The Wanderer the one who walks these earthly roads
what do you seek among this rotten world
here where only betrayals and meanness could survive
By your faith in your fatherland they would call you heretic
May it be the honour you're looking for but it exists no longer or may it be the kinsmanship
The one you'll never find once a hand of your brother is eager to stab you back with knife
so the human worm do mock the greater gods for ages the cursed from was forged
The road from honest sword towards the coward bullet
And the very thunders forged in the heavenly armoury now could be hiding even in the electric cha
The world is drunk with dump and bitter darkness it's ruined by the run to progress
It's eaten up and put ob knees before the scoundlers here is the final of your amazing play
But to live doesn't mean to survive be cursed these times of the damnation and the scum
By sharpening my blade I live awaiting Ragnarok and only the strongest ones could murder
The weakness which has become the prophet of this world
We spit upon our pain we walk towards our doom we live awaiting Ragnarok
When the glitter of gold is more precious than the rays of shining sun
The soul went blind from dirt they throw upon my eyes
The worm crows towards the gold together with salvation prays
To be a kinsmen it means to truly be one's brother
To be in brotherhood it means to die for them
But so many here try to find the faults in their own brothers
And murder them to the greater joy of the crucified fag
To stay the same to isolate yourself from others or burn in soulside flames die young
To be all or no one to be the shadow behind it all or one could be a greater memory among its folk
And coated into spiders web, the one just like the thousands others
The coward tries to steal the strength of the strongest
The man is stealing the force which was given by the gods
Who is greater the wolf or the bear or maybe falkon is better than the raven
Inside of senseless questions among the foolish people
I feel Ragnarok breaths to be alive, means to true at full do not await till oldness take your breath
Watch the stars and walk your only path its time for vilest Ragnarok