

Unlord, Schwarzwald

And the night turns to black
And we light the fires
We gather round to tell the tales
Of wisdom so ancient
A past, glorious, strong
The elders sit and respect their sons
The battles of sin
Crusades to win
In armor made centuries ago
We prepare for war
Repeating our words

"Father, our master, your law is total
The boundaries are clear
The Schwarzwald is ours
You, who trespassed
The law is devoured

And the sun fades away
Our master, we pray
Give us the strength to conquer what's ours
Unholy the blood
Battle we must
Ions of the demons, turn enemies to rust
Our brothers in war
Raise high thy swords
Collect their heads in the burning woods
The Schwarzwald is ours
The law is unchallenged
All what's unpure has now vanished