

Wyrd, Heathen

Cold autumn rain beats down on my bloodstained face.
In the clouded, misty morning sky I see ravens circle
my blade now sheathed tasted blood just hours before.
On the killing fields of honour pride is measured in war
On the frozen fields of horror we'll avenge their deeds with our steel!
With sorrowfilled heart I walk ahead on my nightly patrol.
Sounds of battle still echoing in my mind
Reminding me of the night at the coast
when we saw the horde of ships closing in on us in the horizon
Unprepared we were when they came to shore.
Waving their swords, screaming the name of an unknown god.
Burned our villages, desecrated our shrines,
replaced our old gods with icons of their false faith
From behind they sneaked on us like the cowards they are.
Forced us to retreat in shame,
filled our hearts with pain and rage.
You can kill our kin but you can never crush our spirit.
The heathenpride in northmen's minds will always remain!
Like fire scorched earth we are reborn!
With autumns coldest winds we arrive!
Proud in our hearts,
unchained in our might we are pure heathen wrath unbound!

As I awake from my remembrance,
one single tear rolls down to my scarred cheek.
I return to our mountain camp the hideaway of the few survivors
of their "holy" massacre.
We pray for might, our shamans survey the runes
we call forth the elements
to fight along side us on this pagan cause.
We swear an oath to old gods:
We will not rest until we find revenge!
Until every single soul of those fucking worms sails
the black waters of Tuonela
Yet even Tuoni would reject that scum,
their pitiful souls shall forever be cursed
to haunt these woods at night horizon will burn with thousand fires.
Swords shall clatter, warcry echo,
steel shall sing its merciless song in the gloomy autumn night!
Meadows shall be covered with blood, foul stench of rotting flesh!
Vultures and rats will feast on the corpses of the deceased.
Rivers of blood of the fallen warriors, severed limbs lying all around
The Gods of War will be satisfied.
In the gloomy autumn night!

And when the night falls again we proud men of north
gather around the bonfires.
And in the light of the paganfires we sharpen our swords,
saddle our horses and whisper one final prayer to the Gods of War!
May the winds hear our cries!
May the stars call our names!
And when the moon is on the wave
we'll ride to victory or ascend to another plane
We call forth the archaic forces!
Summon the elements!
We sing our prayers to four winds!
Raise our chalices towards the sky!
When the fullmoon rises to sky we ride towards our desecrated village
Filled with rage and Ukkos might shouting oaths of battle,
singing songs of war.
In the name of Ukko we will send them to Tuonis doors!
Berzerk we attack steel singing in the light of the moon.
Outnumbered we are but filled with heathenpride.
One by one, we cut down their troops,

swords swinging in the light of the moon.
We remove their icons, we crucify their priests to their own crosses,
we'll burn their holy scriptures and sink their dismember corpses
to the marshes of the proud northern woods.

We have returned the pride of this land.
For now and forever!

Unchained Heathen Wrath!