

## Der Sieg Des Ziegenmondes

Goatmoon

The corrosive parasites are trying to turn my home land into some fucking leper colony,

The swastika will sun rise again upon my native soil, the time of purification is at hand,

With pride I stand on the snow white ground,  
I raise my hand towards the clear blue sky,  
Under the honour grows these vast forests,  
Rivers flows to thousand of lakes,

This soil beneath these beautiful woods has drunk unclear blood , lakes and rivers turned red from blood, as my forefathers before me I'm ready to shed blood, sub-human parasites it is time for you to taste my steel,

Doch das hakenkreuz wird sich über unserem heimatboden erheben!  
Die zeit der rainwaschung steth unmittelbar bevor!