

Storming Through White Light

Goatmoon

Memories of the battle ground, spirit of ancestors in us.
Purifying thunder roars, racial blood poisoning will end.
Edge of my blade cuts me through the warming glow of the sun,
keeping me away from the disgusting light as I stride through the
swarm of blades led by my sword.
Leaving behind me torned corpses of traitors and infidels of my
fath,
laying with bones shining through ripped flesh and skin.
Remembering with deep pain and sorrow,
once shattered dreams of honour and glory of triumphant nation
and land of our higher race.

Soon the shattered pieces will be brought together with strength,
once again the glorification of our empire will rise.