

# Blood Of Christians On My Sword

Graveland

The frost tries to reach us  
with its cruel, cold hands  
the cold withness hurts our eyes  
and we still march with wind in the face.  
We follow the trace of blood in the snow  
yesterday we burnt two villages  
we killed women and children  
heads out of the bodies of priests  
we impaled on our wooden socle

The blood of hideous monk  
is still getting blacker on my axe  
their temple burnt  
and we fed a fire with their corpses  
my brothers are marching silently  
the great frost turns their hearts to ice  
the warm blood will bring the life back to their bodies

Another christian village is near  
those who escaped showed us the way  
by the blood from their wounds  
we must deal them a deathblow  
before wolves get them  
on the horizon behind us  
the black smoke appears on the sky  
on the hills, full of trees  
wolves observe us  
they'll leave the hills and follow us  
as soon as the day is over