

# No Mercy In My Heart

Graveland

No mercy in my heart  
I was born for war, not for love  
Rage and voices of my dying enemies  
Fill my soul and my heart  
War craft is my life  
Stern school of life taught me how to fight  
Instinct told me what to do  
Always watchful, always ready  
Conscious of bonds of blood

I am waiting for another battle...when Wotan summons me  
Rage is my guide, hatred my consolation  
When I have to choose, I always choose a sword  
When death and life becomes the One  
Creed of sword must be cruel and unforgiving  
In dance with death I delight in cries of the defeated  
Staining in blood of the enemy I become herald of cruelty  
In bluster of clashing steel I hear my breath  
In the eyes full of fear I see reflection of my face

Sword is my thought, my voice and my will  
No mercy in my heart  
Fires of hatred burned it  
Bloody streams mark my way  
Blood shed in a battle mixes with the soil  
Before wild beast come  
And mangle dead corpses

I will bury my brothers who died  
No room for peace in my heart  
I will bear my burden  
Where Gods wage the battles  
i will look for soothe in cruelty of war  
And in taste of blood  
Before rain cleans my wounds  
From harden blood and ashes  
I will raise my sword  
And go where my brothers  
Are fighting to their last breath

Hymns of war will fill the empty space  
Sound of drums will break the sky  
Clashed in deadly hag  
We will cry our names to the Eternity  
The dead will find their place in Valhalla  
And on lands where they waged their battles  
Following the voice of blood  
The way of our ancestors  
Memory of them will live forever