

Thousand Swords

Graveland

We attacked with thousand swords
our banners were streaming under clouds
at the gates of christian capitol
The wide river of blood was flowing.
We attacked with hate in our eyes

Their request for mercy was nothing for us
they had no respect for our ancestors
today is not a day for mercy.
We attacked and golden palaces collapsed.
Christ's elected ones paradise was burning.
Their golden bells were tolling the last hour
The last hour of christian rulers in pagan Europe
We are just blessed soldiers
from the depths of unbaptized forests.
Barbarians in wolfish skins.
And we had pleasure to burn the Vatican
Gods returned and now they are with us.
Spirit of war possessed our souls.
Our swords want to fight with our moves.
Its a great feeling to spill the blood in the basilica.
Herds of ravens fly between the clouds
They'll come to the earth when we go away
They'll eat food we prepared
They'll drink blood we have spilled

The vengence will be cruel
blessed by gods and spirits.
In self defence of fatherland.
Vengence done by our hands
brining cruel death for enemies.