

## A Pagan Storm

Wolfchant

With power and Might this storm wind blows  
Tear down the Christian monuments this night  
Take hold of our trembling Enemies bodies  
Fear the force of the pagan storm

Since 2000 years  
We hear these lies  
Every day and every night  
Since the time of our infancy

All these invented stories  
The peoples' mind  
Poisoned by wrong  
Promises A heart full of  
Fear to suffer to suffer purgatory

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But time is coming  
And the first free thought  
Is running trough your head  
But deep in you heart  
You can feel something  
Is wrong with this story

In ancient times this wind was born  
Grows up again, to a storm  
We ride on it's wings and fly through the night  
Together we stand and we fight

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