

Arafel "The First Battle"

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The river was in the grip of frost
And now it makes the way to our hearts
By the light of stars the domes of the Swedish tents are
seen
As if monsters standing along the shore

You have intruded on our ground, but cannot seize it
Even as nature declares the war
The wind will carry away the sounds of our steps from
the ears of the guards.
The foliage of the trees will hide us
The moonlit sky will show us a way to victory
The horned knights will not escape
A Hand squeezes a sword until it hurts
Nobody will resist his force

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The strike of the sword is like the hammer of Thor

Dissecting helmets of horned strangers
As Odin's lightning pierces, sharp spears
Kill souls of knights one by one

The river abyss swallowed your screams
All has become silence
The battle is over and you see in the sky
Floating spirit of triumph

It was your first battle. It was your first test
You were blessed by god and passed
Having sprinkled the Russian ground with the blood of
Swedish bastards

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