

Blut Aus Nord "Slaughterday"

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It was a stormy night of winter, the wind was
cold and the moon was full
The warriors of the Tyrant's army attacked
the village and slaughtered
our mothers, fathers, wives and sons
In the silence of our decimated tribe, we were alive;
The brothers were
alive
Our memories were on fire under the sea of Maganst
"Earth, drink our tears of blood"
Mutilated corpses in our head, we ran away
Through the depths of the dark forest we wan-
dered, and fell in a dream of sorrow
The next morning, awaked by the coldness of the dawn
Some ravens encircled us and Ath the biggest
came near us
The talked to our soul in a very eerie tongue
And we could understand the ancients words of
the messenger of Dwarfh
Ancient nation of a dying realm, we hear your
song, she's flying in the wind
Oh... you'll never see the child
In the deepest sorrow, your tears are flowing
in your wounds
Oh... you'll never see the child
Deep in the realm of Frostthron, let the blood
on the ground
Oh... we are the children
Blut Aus Nord Slaughterday (the Heathen Blood Of
Ours)

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