

Blut Aus Nord

"The Forsaken Voices Of The Ghostwood's Shadowy Realm"

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It was a frozen swamp where wandered some
Malicious spirit
There was a funebre atmosphere and putrid
Smell of sulphur
In the obscurity we could make out some
Transparent silouettes
We were on the shadowy realm that some persons
Called Ghostwood

Suddenly through the thick fog
We begun to hear a strange macabre serenade
The lugubrious choirs of the forsaken cursed spirits
"Don't listen to the chants of the soul in sorrow
They're like a trap to take you away from your path"

The voices of the ancient warriors became oppressive
More and more difficult to resist in the wood

We tried to put our fingers in our ears but it
Was effectless
So, we took a piece of ice and plunged it into
Our ears to cut out eardrums
Then, we were rid of the spirit's hold, free of
Their harassment
Deafness was the price to pay
Deafness was the key
Deafness was the key to go out of the haunted
Domain of ghostwood

Suddenly, through the thick fog; we were alone
We were alone with an eternal silence

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