

Bornholm

"Flaming Pride And Inexorable Defiance"

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Black become the suns beam in the days
That will come
It is harsh in the world
Whoredom rife

When my ancestors calling
To fight and die
I will paint with grimson gore
The caves of lies

With courage of the forefarthers
Flaming pride
Towards the golden halls of might
Be my guide

I greet the gods of heathen soul
The sons of day
I greet the night and her daughters
Pagan's my pray

And when my soul flies higher
And I lay
Let thunder roar and lightning strikes
On that day

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