

Bornholm

"From The Blackness Of Aeons"

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Rise from the greatest kingdom,
Walk on the ancient path
That once kings walked and only
From the cleanest blood

Halls of an elder wisdom
Dark of the yawning graves
Prayers from eternal empires
Howling from the skies

Hail, kings, hail
Open the gates of wrath
Awaking hate
The chosen ones will drown in blood

Courageous warriors,
Glorious, mighty kings
Fall into the caves of sadness
With honour in heart

The fear crawls through the halls of wisdom
The pagan realm was left it's crown
Bring the flag of hate, and remember
Forever mourn

Our body'll be fed with your soul,
Our spirit will haunting your night
We'll raise from the blackness of aeons,
We'll show you the eternal light

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