

Bornholm

"Moonlight Wanderer"

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Under the spell of the moon
My eyes seek the truth
Tables of stones rise
Horns sounds among the woods

Thousand stars of opening night sky
With flaming pride I walk the way
Thousand souls of gathering ravens
Waiting the god beyond the gates

Smell of rain comes from the hills
Black is the sky above the mount of graves

Thousand stars of opening night sky
Lying to me about god and man
Thousand swords of awakening honor
Forcing my way, I shall remain

Abraham's god does not command me
I don't kneel before the cross
I'm shining bright on the cliffs of faith
Moonlight fills my night

Blazing monoliths of dying stars
As pagan emperors I rule
Sword of gold bearing my hand
I'm the wanderer of the moon

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