

Cirith Gorgor

"Fields Of Eternal Glory"

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Through clouds of fog and ice,
We are gathered under a dark starry sky,
Our pagan fires are burning in the night,
Flames rise high up to the sky; unholy omen of hell
Riding with the winds, we have come
With the strength of one thousand swords

The old man mutters words of hatred and grief,
His face scarred by traitors,
Eyes gazing into nothingness,
Shadow of a once mighty warrior,
Anxiously clenching the hilt of a rusty sword

Now the time of repent is close at hand
The ground with start to open
And hellfire, bright and perilous,
Seething messenger of death and pain,
Will fulfil it's destiny destructively.

For the day is not far when we will
Kill their sons and rape their daughters
We will burn and plunder their villages
Culminating in the destruction of their cursed churches
Symbols of oppression and humiliation.

The glowing ashes of which they will behold
Before we finally cut their throats
Smoke will rise from the ground
The triumphant roar of our hoard
Condemned and mocked for so many years
Will fill the air with a victorious rage,

Ride along my faithful comrades,
And feast upon their rotting corpses,
And curse their poisonous blood for eternity,
For our race has sworn an oath to earth and elements
The sermons of liars we despise,
The prayers of weaklings we hate,
Their bodies will rot on the soil
They so eagerly tried to flee
Eyes picked by the ravens, their souls
Will wander the battlefield evermore

The fields of retaliation where the Christian race
Will meet it's final doom,
No mercy for the weak, by Wolves' teeth
The Sheep will be slain.

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