

Cirith Gorgor

"Warcry Of The Southern Lands"

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Were these desert landscapes used to meet the sky
Shallow marshes far as reached the eagle's eye
The purest dark essence had risen from sleep once
again
Filling the valiant hearts of impious men

It is whispered of a hellish apparition in the night
A gruesome yet compelling and demonic spectre of
light
Again it chose these lands to rise from memory forth
Where numerous witches burnt for praising Satan Lord

"Gij die draagt dit ketters duivelsmerk zijt
Nu reeds spoedigh des last's raars zonden bevrijd
Op desen dagh te sterven, teruggekeert tot zand
Afgekapt de rechter handt, geworcht ende verbrand
Een ziel weder rein, als den dood is uw deel
Zij dit uw vonnis, gij heks van de Peel"

Where thousands burnt to repent their blasphemous
sins
We commemorate those that swore revenge ever since
Our warcry will resound in eternity and time
As we cleanse the southern lands of the filthy
christian tribe

Were these desert landscapes meet the sky
Shallow marshes far to reach the eagle's eye
Their souls are long perished but never forgotten
We still sense a presence which echoes around us

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