

Diathra "Ancient Gods"

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The heavens were unwrapped by a bloody wound
And on ground has found a fiery rain
Last of stayed in alive
The debts of the dead men should pay.

[Chorus:]

Ancient Gods so bless my enemy
Ancient Gods I'm fight the
Brandish sword I take in my hand
Ancient Gods I'm pray.

And above a valley ring swords
Again in fatal fight converge of a hells regiment

Vote of steel and shout of flesh here is audible
The death collects the bloody fax.

[Chorus:]

Here fury of fight and shine of a furious eye
The sword splits boards and flesh
With each minute ever more than enemies perishes
Ever more than soul departs to the ancient gods.

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