

## Gravediggaz

### "The Celtic Winter"

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In Celtic Winter wolves wear the white garments...  
In Celtic Winter the weak hearts die...  
In Celtic Winter hunger tears human bowles...  
In Celtic Winter time slowly elapses...  
When the cold comes, hatred burning in your heart will  
be the only heat.  
When the darkness comes, burning hamlet's shining  
flames will be the  
Only light.  
When the hunger comes, spilled blood of your enemy  
will be the only  
Food.  
When the death comes, be proud and fight bravely,  
and then die quickly.  
Our true gods haven't left us, the time of their return  
comes...  
With the sound of war-trumpets we will go at their side  
into the great  
Battle...  
Many of us will die, but no one of us thinks about death  
in this time...  
It was worth to be born just to die in such a battle...  
Everything else is not important, the meaning of life  
doesn't mean  
Everlasting satisfaction  
Of your empty lusts...  
When the dark clouds in the sky, full of black ravens  
and their sinister  
Croaking, appoint  
The time of great trial, the time of great struggle, each  
man takes his  
Sword and target in his  
Hands and goes into the place where sounds of horns  
call him...  
Nobody will spare his blood, when on the battlefield  
messenger of gods  
Leads us...

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