

Graveland

"Blood Of Christians On My Sword"

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The frost tries to reach us,
with its cruel cold hands
the cold withness hurts our eyes
and we still march with wind in the face.
We follow the trace of blood in the snow
Yesterday we burnt two villages
We killed women and children
Heads out of the bodies of priests
We impaled on our wooden socle(?)...
The blood of hideous monk
is still getting blacker on my axe
Their temple burnt.
And we fed a fire with their corpses
My brothers are marching silently
The great frost turns the hearts to ice
The warm blood will bring the life back

to their bodies...
Another christian village is near...
those who escaped showed us the way...
by the blood from their wounds...
we must deal them a deathblow
before wolves get them
On the horizon behind us
The black smoke appears on the sky
On the hills, full of trees
Wolves observe us
They'll leave the hills and follow us
as soon as the day is over...

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