

Graveland "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 figth 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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