

Great Vast Forest "Majestic South"

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The angel of the cold light
Guide the brightness of my steel
For the infidelity and the freason
I have devotion to strenght of the evil
And to the majestic gods

I follow this trill way
By the old dominators
The war is the freedom
Of my followers
And we have thirst for glory
For one majestic south

Oh! Impure palace of shadows
You are the portal
To my fiance of the night
I am your eternal black warrior
Guardian of the wisdom
Master of the infamous orgies
And I load the arrogance of
The blood of my ancestors

Gãlidas terras do Sul
De vastas florestas
Heranã·a de Lendas!

Ours cold winds blows like voices
Comming from winter land

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