

Heathen

"Chants"

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It was a dark autumn moon
And we celebrated our crop
We were glad that we had
A winter without
Hunger before us
Every man and woman
Was light hearted at this night
Also the wine run down fast our throats

If it would be the highest mountain
Or it would be the deepest see,
You can be sure that I will find you
I'll come over you like hungry wolfs

The shine of the fire danced
Through the night and formed shadows
On that wooden was walls
Men who were friends from the day they were
Born lay down in pelts to close there eyes
Chants of my brothers still ion my mind
I surrender to my dreams
None of my sisters could have imagined
That it was our last night

Blood of the fallen imbues the soil
Earth turns red from the juice of life
Revenge for my brothers, revenge for my clan
Morning has broken, it will be their last
This is the last time I turn around
I won't return I won't regret
Chants of my brothers still in my mind
If you try can hear them too

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