

Horna

"Eternally, As Pale Memories Of Death"

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In night's wandering through dimwoods the wind of
coldness and winter storms
over us who came riding to crush life in joy and light.
Those, who are immortal.
To eternal life granted like us, one grim storm of His
flame.
We are souls of His evil, a black scythe taking life in joy
and light.
Like coldness and winter over Finland, we came away
from past,
from time we are yearned for there is breed eternal
death, haze of thousand years of glory.
Our kingdom...
We return to rule with highest and greatest might, as
His sons, as kings.
Our Northern thrones.
You, chained to death whom among we once
wandered.

Your blood is to be shed!
To lands desecrated by your feeble race rises fire, His
flame blazing black.
Flames swallow your homes, lifehamlets to
ashhamlets...
We ride over as your Death.
As Judgement Day's monuments your corpses, as
bones blackened by ash,
are memories of glory milleniums in cold, in winter's
winds moaning as loads of spears.
We watch as we go by, over wilderness' fields ride,
those paths which your Death decorates,
paths which now only sorrow walks in our memories
gleam.
To their sides are your lifeabandoned bones gathered.
Eternally, as pale memories of death.

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