

## **Menhir "Paganlord"**

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In the dark forest, beyond the lying mankind  
Where glittern streams run over moss covered stones  
In forgotten gaves where powerful secrets rest  
That's where the lord of the heathens is waiting for the  
day  
Of retaliation

Lors of the heathens from the dark forest

When fog covers the land, when the nights are  
moonless and cold  
He'll stan in the middle of the grave - hills and he'll  
swing his old sword  
The holy sword of the heathens, which sound will sing  
him crazy  
In such nights the animals will hide, the dishonourable  
will forsee their death

The trees then sing him odd and sascination melodies  
There are ancient entreaties, runic and elf magic  
His enes glow in the blue fire, with the promise to kill  
the fools  
The wind carries his oath out of the forests - you can  
also hear him!

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