

Nekroshine **"Stonehenge"**

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Slaol, shooting red fire sphere, lower!
Let Lahanna arise, your rejected bride.
Jelous of your followers, envious of your powers.
You, giver of light and life, let the darkness in.
The world of Death!
Oh Lahanna distributor of death, your winter will never
end.
Your army of darkness will kill all traitors and bring you
their souls.
Satisfy thee!

For you we'll erect a sacred temple of death.
It's rocks as your wish will always be dirty of fresh
blood,
The blood of children worshippers of Slaol.
The maidens will consacrate sweet melodies to your
beauty,
Men will fight for you, to have your favour and your
grace.

Oh Lahanna, goddess of the Moon, your winter will
never end.
Your army of darkness will kill all traitors and bring you
their souls.
Relish them!

Your temple, Stonehenge, will be dreadful for men and
women.
Slaol, the bastard, bringer of life shall kneel to your
power.
Stonehenge, the centre of the world, will be your
abode,
Your damnations will dispell all the desecrators.

We hail thee, oh Lahanna, goddess of death
Your winter will never end

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