

Nydvind

"The Call Of Mother Earth"

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Signs will come from above
Red skies down on shores
Our gods, fires draining dawn

They'll come from all the province
They'll ride and yell for the honour of the clan
They'll rise in funeral thunder
Prepare the heathen night rite

As the wounds will heal in dance shades
Time has come to praise divine signs
Calling the ancients, invoking the brave
Released by their power, the land is ablaze

She came to honour devoted sons
It is the time for them to rise
To reach the place where the ancient souls dwell

Stones beaten by the winds
Will open the gates to the ancestral vault
Flames of wisdom will burn
Bursting out in thunder provoking night frost

Invoking the moonshades, heathen servants will call
them
Our souls will rise in fires, burning as flames of candles
solemn
Nocturnal chants sound loud and proud
Advancing to the ancient sanctuary
The blood is flowing, another clansman will pass away
Memories to honour, as nocturnal winds will take this
Son of Earth
Devoted souls gather among the shadows
Starting the tribal dance

Then they will rise, one by one
Under a moonless sky, they will give praise to their
ancient heroes
They will unchain the memories that once were past
Rains have drawn the signs
The tribe is born

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