

Pettalom "Sons Of The Light"

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"Oh goddess of golden hair
your smile to me is the dawn
Woman from the ancient lands
Bless the earth, in the voices of the north winds!
I drink the wine from her lips
I drink the blood of the stars in the cup of the skull!"

We are the songs
Gods of the sea
Pray for me
Sailing in my sins

Oh, pale queen
Bless the wine
Siren from doom
Blood divine

Solvat saeculum in favilla
Per sepulcra regionum
Quidquid latet apparebit
Et lux perpetua luceatis
Liber scriptus proferetur
Unde mundus judicetur
Ad et omnis caro veniet
Exaudi orationem meam

Latin

Ride with me
On night winds
Dreaming in lust
Old rites kiss

North winds
Bless the sky
Sister of my soul
We are sons of the light

Repeat Latin

"The glory of the ancient gods
Forgotten by the dark ages

But our pagan souls are stars that ever return
Blessed by the mother Earth, dancing over skull!..."

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