

Posmrtna Liturgija **"Demons From The Past"**

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They come from fields, from the dark seas
To lead spears in pagan dreams
To she'd clear painfull tears
Under their feet snow is melting
Eternal frost from mountains cold
Spells from past bring their world forth
Possessed they grow strong!

Visions clear of dark past
In dreams I see they calling me
White, cold with treatning pride
Grimfaced demons servants of dark
(World of snow - land of north)

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