

Darkwell

"The Conspiracy Of The Pagan Cult"

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Strengthened bravemen hearts
Ride with the pale moon
Reach for the source of wisdom
In the glare of the guiding star
Visions of a pure land
As fires haunt
The chains are unbound
The visions shall be true
A throne is risen
For the bravehearted northmen
Sprung out of the source of wisdom
With pure pagan blood
Ages of the elders return
Fallen upon the traitor's hand
The curs shall be slain
Stain by the Hammer of pride
(Music: Pasi
Words: Vanargandr)

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