

Sargatanas Reign

"Night Of Sacred Wisdom"

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Can you smell it in the air
Smoke is rising, fog of revenge
A wounded warrior is crawling back
An arrow in his chest

He is bleeding, death is near
Ravens watch him oh so close
Dying proud with honor in fight
Under creed of a heathen free man

Down his trail their houses are burning
Even children beheaded in hate
His heart is still with old gods
He knows the burning burial awaits

Tribe will mourn the passing of a kin
Soul by soul with thoughts to avenge
Sign of wolf branded in belief
Hail the victory and iron will

Times await their emended return
Though of old the weapons changed
Marching on still with pagan faith
And with intent to fulfill revenge

We are encouraged by blood
By the battle spirit
None can bring silence today
For tongue of vengeance speak

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