

Sargeist

"Scion Of Glory And Pride"

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We can smell the blood
Among the leaves and branches
Taste the old forest breath
So hateful and pagan in tongue

We are brought to a place
Sacred among our race
Old gods watch our fight
Strength and glory at our side

The blood is still calling
Wakes an instinct of wolves
Hate in our blue eyes
Pride of the alpha supreme

The strong race is coming
End of all Jehovah's life
We must write again with blood
Write the nature's laws

Soon our throne is built again
Made of Christian skulls
The culture of mighty nation
Is brought to life again

Our beliefs in the ancient gods
The sorceries are binding us
With the victory and sign of the sun
Magick strengthening our creed

Our people, listen to the wolf
Deep inside your soul it speak
Honor, blood and cult of heathen man
A white wolf of highest order

We are cavalry with the might mares
Young and strong, full of pride
Strike with hate in our blue eyes
Iron tyranny returns

