

Sorg Innkallelse "Pagan Wind"

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Into the history
From the depth of pagan vastland
We howl to the moon
Pagan nations become united
To reign supreme
In the forest of the eternal dreaming
The source of deepest darkness & black magic
They came from the cold north
Carried on the wings of dark
Wind blows through the pagan land
The oaks sing funeral songs of frost
People have forgotten this land
Forgotten temple
We summon all the pagan spirits
So silent in the sky
The skies turn to black

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