

Spear Of Longinus "Tribal Wars"

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Deep and dark, were the days
When the druids' drum beat

Ever onward, know no despair
Pounding, crushing, and fucking
The joys of eternal strife
Enter Jotuns of Kaos
The power is crushing your dead

... And I know joy

"For Odin, my god
For folk, my spirit
For land, my soul"

Stench and lust, through smokey haze
Steel blue eyes, staring
Cold hard steel, tearing
Sweat and corpse, stinking

... And I know joy

Let the hidden- fall
Let the mask- drop
Tribal wars, our destiny's

Ever onwards

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