

Theudho

"Wuotanes Her"

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I feel the shame of him dying in his bed
For the glory of Christ,
Refraining from bloodshed
Pain did you avoid,
But how will you escape death?
Redundant human life, waiting for the end...

Can't you feel the anger in your blood?
Can't you see the deceit of "God"
Can't you see the despair of your foes
As their worthless blood flows?

I eternally blaspheme the Holy Ghost
I spit in the face of your pathetic God
I walk the path of the warrior
And hallow myself to Wuotan

Hear the howling of the wind
In this cold winter night
The storm carries the spirits
Of those initiated in the cult of Wuotan
I hail the downfall of this sickening world
Where the meek prey upon the strong
The shadow of the cross blinds all light
Eternal darkness is what your god brings

Can't you distinguish truth from lies?
Can't you hear their painful cries?
Can't you hear the hatred in their words
As the legacy of your people burns?

I eternally blaspheme the Holy Ghost
I spit in the face of your pathetic god
I walk the path of the warrior
And hallow myself to Wuotan

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