

Stone To Flesh "Serbian Wood"

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The bride into the black of the night,
The woman dressed in the burning sky,
The goddess of the isolated dark,
The realm of immortal on the ashes of sky,
The queen of forgotten Slavic destiny.
Serbian wood frasp my sordid soul,
Revenge of ancient Slavic black gods
Where the wolves saw the tracks in conquering snow
And the ravens cut the air in rapture.
There beneath the gorgeous night sky I will scream from
boughts
And the winds will share my voice to darkness

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