

Tunrida

"Scandinavian Female Devil"

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Scandinavian Female Devil

As the snow glitters in the pale moonlight
The chalice is filled and the sacrifice is ready
As the trees sing with their heads bowed in homage
The gathering is at hand

"The eyes - Like a window into nothing
The form - The air is cold and restless
The strength - Natures wrath is vast
The rising - The circle is complete"

The hour has struck for the unholy war to start
And we raise our fists in profane glory
For our enemies will be crushed and trampled
And our homeland will be free
The candle of rage is lit
And the heathens of Skandinavia shall unite
Oh, come forth all servants of Tunrida
The north will be returned to it's rightful owners

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