

Tvangeste "Outro"

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The wind blended the smoke of fires with the breath of
the swamp

The deadly embrace grips us in it's iron claws

No way out, but we will face the death

The sword or bog is better then the enemy's scaffold

Yes, we entreated, but gods did not heed our prayers

The hatred tightens round your neck harder than the
noose

The crusaders stamp across our native lands

The Steel craves for the battlefield

Our hands shake with trepidation yet resolved to fight

We know we cannot save our land

We know that today we will join our ancestors

No grumble, we are not appealing to gods anymore

Our earthly paths seem to be gone through

The enemies' camps are promising loss with their fires

The blood is getting cold in veins from the enemies
horses' neighing

Close is the moment when the heart will beat faster

The armors will reflect the bloody dusk

Blood will flow like boundless river

Endless will be mothers' sorrow

The clouds will close the land forever

The land most dear to us

The arrows fly overhead in the name of Compassion

The daggers buried in our backs in the name of
Righteousness

The swords cut our hearts out in the name of Divine
Mercy

Those who did not want to betray their gods and
fathers

The swords are a hundred lightnings like the token of
misfortune

The fear of death is stamped into the swampy dirt

Craving for murder and insanity, close connection.

Hiss of the bowstring, peal and moan, the troops mixed

Those who brought the teaching of Christ to our land

Under the mask of endless good

They came to make the people kneel
And make us cattle
The flame in sacred thicket died away
And cold welded the whole world right away
And merely the curtain of cold rain
Coupled with despair is ruling here
They came to make the people kneel
And make us cattle

The heart is beating in the cage like a bird without
wings
The grief is tearing souls to pieces
The sky is tearing itself apart with a helpless moan
The helpless moan of our Motherland
Under the attack of the welded in steel
The strangers bringing destruction
The land of fathers is shaking and no use
To entreat the Gods for help

I see the Raven... His wings are ousting sky
He's soaring above the death like a black shadow
That's the soul of Prussian land.

Tears will wash off blood from my sword
The raindrops will extinguish the fire of hatred in my
heart
And with the pure sense of a free man
I will head for Eternity via the path of Glory...

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