

Winter Of Apokalypse "True Pagan Hearts"

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True Pagan Hearts

Under black clouds of ravens
We honor
Our pagan past
Black hordes with white skin
Our banner flies against the moon

We drink from the unholy chalice
Awaiting the night shall come
When we ride with swords and clenched fists
To avenge what was always ours... to avenge
The torch of Lucifer flickers in the night
I shall follow it here
And fight for the honor of the horns
Honor of the horns

Wolves shall sound the victory
Your jewish God is dead
Your jewish God is dead
Once ours and now forever
True pagan hearts has been achieved

We drink from the unholy chalice
The victory is ours
True pagan hearts

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