

Wolfchant

"Black Fire"

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Black fire is the force
The spirit and the curse
On those who want to take
Out strenght away

The Soil under your feet
Is bloodred from their deeds
Yield now there's better
Nothing in our way

And there We are
The keepers of the pagan rights
We salute to the god
The gods in Walhall
We've got the tunes
The spirits on our side
We send our rivals to Hel

Black Fire
Black Fire on their god
Black Fire
Black Fire on their church
Black Fire
Black Fire on their lords
Black Fire
Black Fire is their curse

Black Fire
And victory to us

And so out Chants
Will clang for everyone
Reverberate through
Grief and dolor

We sowed the black winds deep
Within your minds
And Now it's you
To reap the storm
On the wings of an eagle
We fly throught the night

Holding their fish in our claws
On the black winds of freedom
Against all false light
Exposing the light of their laws

Black Fire
Black Fire on their god
Black Fire
Black Fire on their church
Black Fire
Black Fire on their lords
Black Fire
Black Fire is their curse

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