

Wyrd "Huldrafolk"

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From the depths of the gray
Marching and singing they came
A noble ancient folk
Relic from the days of olde
These hearts burns with hate
These eyes cry from shame
From anger, from pain
Caused by your sickening ways
Long forgotten by mortals
Yet forever they have lurked
Behind the dread portals
Beyond the dimensional gates

Destroy! Ravage!
We'll put an end to your show
Kill! Burn!
Christians, jews, all must go!

On a dark autumn night,
Maybe a night just like this?
When the moon is hidden by frozen shroud
While humans are sleeping safe and sound
They march towards your village
Ready for burning and for pillage
One by one, the churches aflame
They'll cleanse the land, burn your world

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