

Moonsorrow

"Realm Of Red Snow"

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To arms, o' warriors of the north!
On our fathers' holy ground
an enemy against us
shan't be crowned but with his death.
Those christians shall be expelled.
On their pearly gates
they shall be baptised in their blood.

You miserable, weak proselytizers
who dare step onto our path.
Be damned, ye children of heaven,
death eternal awaits.

Now grasp your swords!
We won't grant you a drop.
Soon the ground shall turn red...
and the blood flows!

Die!
Vanish from our ground, never turn,
suffer the measure you deserve.

This decadent heir of the image of god
shall not usurp our land for devastation.
The son of Jehovah deserves no honour.

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