

Naer Mataron

"Blessing Of Sin"

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The God's return incarnated in the new man
With sight that knows to despise and to love
With flaming sword that destroy and creates
A form serene and severe

Let us place our lives under eternity
To transform them into a life divine and everlasting
Be it so that death meets us young and beautiful
Let him come at dawn when our burning sight
Will meet the rising sun

Brothers, the clouds of the storm draw near
The earth takes a leaden form
Black eagles rip the flesh of the rain state
An uprising erupts, the lament travels over
Soon the wolves will invade

Baptize your sword under the light of your thoughts
Unite your will the coming whirlwind
A new dawn will rise over the ruins
With blood shall be built the new state

Above every moral consciousness, above all values
Savage, destroyers and creators
We don't know of forgiveness or repent
We, the great despisers of landation

Morality is the great infection of mankind
Paganism means return to the innocence
The triumph of will of one primal fierce violence
With deeds that will strike terror

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