

## **Nokturnal Mortum**

# **"The Call Of Aryan Spirit"**

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the voice calling me into darkness,  
open the gates through which I'll leave  
the call of the ancient blood calls me to fight  
the call of slavonic blood  
aryan lands with the boundless expanse  
through milleniums come to me  
the forests and steppers everything I own  
is given to the damned jewish tribe  
my blood is calling me, and I won't calm down  
until I taste the smell of their blood  
the moon whispers about the darkness  
the stars are leading me through the clouds  
silver people with white skin  
are gathering to perform a rite  
the wisemen are cursing on the jewish scum  
and I see the white man's power!  
spit in jewish faces, cut them into pieces  
let them choke with their lie  
let the woods grow up on their corpses  
only white man's power!  
we are the only ones to have the  
right for this land!  
it's ours, indeed!  
these rivers have been flowing  
together with our blood for ages  
this grass has grown on the bodies  
of our killed warriors  
hey, stay with us, our aryan spirit!  
let our slavonic blood boil up with our hatred  
hey, our land, stay with us!  
let every step on our land turn for  
the damnation on jews!  
white power, you have to destroy of useless tribes  
under your glorious obsession!  
because they are not people,  
they are worms whose mission is only parasitism  
let the aryan spirit support us!  
the war is sacred! total war!

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