

## **Nokturnal Mortum**

# **"The Funeral Winds Born In Oriana"**

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the blood is in wolf footprint  
the hunter has won his hunger  
his howling is heard in the night  
among the mist and the moonlight  
the sound of the huge trembita  
is echoed away from the carpathians  
we announce the funerals  
to the still alive world  
coming from the boreal land  
we won many nations  
we are everywhere, we are the  
children of silver  
now we are trumping to have the last victory  
the cries of ravens  
the howling of wolves  
we are the keepers of the fire  
which will burn down the heavens  
the trumpets are singing  
and with the rhythm of the drums  
we are stepping down on this world  
it was sold to the sly nation  
it will die together with them  
only the ravens flying in the sky  
can see all of us  
they are the only ones to see our army  
our fighting spirit and faces of hatred  
in the ancient land of oriana  
we will gather together again  
and our power has multiplied into thousand  
we are ready to fight against judeo christianity!  
we have the silver moon power in our hands  
we have the rage of millions of fire in our eyes  
we have the demons' hatred in our hearts  
we have the pain of our ancient  
fathers in our souls

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