

## From the Pagan Vastlands

Behemoth

From the land which hasn't entered yet into the history  
From the depths of swamps we are bringing  
Proudly our name  
At night, kissing the moonlight -rebel children living in twili  
ght  
Like wolves...  
...some named us so...

Union with people from the sign  
Of the half moon  
To crush the golden walls of earthly heaven  
To strangle the pestilence  
To the lands of mighty Empire  
Others even think about us with fear  
We invaded a state with a sword  
In our hands  
Roma means nothing  
In the land of Slavs

Today forests sing about the legend  
Long forgotten spirits  
Whose names nobody remembers now  
Waiting their day to reborn  
Their visions of the past  
Are torturing our souls  
Whispering in the dark  
They will come again  
To reign supreme  
Believe my words

From unrememberence  
From Fire and Water  
From the sacred woods  
Ancient powers gather  
From the burnt  
Arcona  
...From the Pagan Vastlands!

Black horse rides across the sky  
With a sword we will open the amber gates of Nawia!

Dzieci Svantevitha nienawidz? Chrystusa!  
Dzieci Svantevitha nienawidz? boga-krzy?a!