

Blood and Soil

Abigor

This soil is dripping
With the blood of angels
I can almost touch
Their hands through the ground
My eyes are filled with pride
For this land of the dead
Is the precious gift of my father
No mortal value can buy such a treasure
Which I cherish in my heart of hearts
Father - Satan with fangs stained in blood
Smile to my naive dreams
This unhallowed ground
Secret sanctuary of my thoughts
Where I walk hand in hand with death
Upon blood and soil
Oh, don't mind any pain
It gives me wisdom
My rage is my strength
It gives me might
But something inside me seems to be lost
Is there hope for the blood of life?
Or will I always fly alone..
Those who are in Hell
Hallowed be thy name
This is for you who made me what I am
For the storm that tries
To shake my roots
Is just the breath of the dying god
Who once ruled heaven
But he won't succeed
As long as I stand true to my ways
And even I am alone
I can't remember what I'm missing