

# The Rising Of Our Tribe

Abigor

I sent black birds to the sky  
I set a sign for my hate  
To darken the day  
To beat back the light  
[repeat]

Winds storm above this wasteland  
A first flickering of rage  
Dark clouds keep me sheltered  
Don't move before moonrise  
Don't move before moonrise

We gather in the name of our pagan ancestors  
The teutonic spirit burns in our hearts  
What once was ours will be taken back  
Rising our tribe like the upcoming winter-age  
Upcoming winter-age

Like in the ancient days  
We honour the cryptic place  
Where we receive our visions  
Was christian blood sacrificed