

Dragon's Lair (Cosmic Flames and Four Barbaric Seasons)

Behemoth

Where the magic stream flows,
Through the shining woods,
Blue grass of wisdom grows
Around the oaken roots...
Where golden dragons fly
And the sorcerers gather,
Four wooden statues stand
And the fog lays thick
Dreamthrone of amber cosmic source of might,
Reflection of wisdom, Power of the darkside
Ceremonial steel drinks the blood,
Painting pearls and gold
Mystic flames burn bright
Around the oaken lord...
Forgotten sorcery storms from the skies,
From the golden hall of the ancient ones
...The Pagan awaits for the equinox...
Cosmic sorcery - the gift of the skies
Magic nature - stronger than your lies
...Stone demigod shines proud...
...The cult of the barbaric seasons,
Pagan pride forever,
Born to die in honour, not to serve on knees
Snowcovered, wild vastlands -
My beloved fatherland...
I see the tears of the oaken one,
My heart is like a stone,
My sword became sharp -
Crosses to break, bodies to dismember,
Flowers to burn...