

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 twilight
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!