

## Bloodsoil

### Clandestine Blaze

As I walk through the forgotten lands  
The Bloodsoil speaks to me  
Awakening Clandestine spirit  
Connecting with unknown greatness.  
Thorns and textures of Life and Death  
Deafening natural silence.  
Voices from unseen sources  
Stimulating the senses.  
In distance, so far away from corruption of modern world  
So close is the Bloodsoil of your Heritage  
Where greatness of man  
Remains inferior to land he was born from