

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