

Called by War

Fferyllt

This is the last day before black Holy War,
These are the Warlock's last words.
And light of the day will not shine anymore,
And clans will treat their gods.

The Knight of the Evil invaded your land,
He'll take your hearts and breath,
Your life will be taken with sword in his hand,
You're people, condemned to death.

The children of forsaken nation must die,
Their bodies he splits with his gaze,
Your castles and temples will burn in the fire,
His war cry shakes stones on your graves.

Your daughters and women will serve to his cult,
Your mothers, enslaved, will cry,
The priests and the maidens, infant and adult,
Will suffer until they'll die.

Dawn, with the silent voices comes my way,
Pain, never ending glade is here to stay.
Fear, ascending screams reach their peak,
Stone, the final motion graved in grief.

The blood will be flowing for months and for years
The seas and rivers turn red
Ages of struggles, achievements and dreams
Forever destroyed and damned.

Arrival of chaos supported by steel
Black armies bring suffer and death
Foundations are shaken and surface ablaze
The mankind - its final path.

Prepare for the reaper awaken and grim
Embodied in darkness and chill
The cold in your blood and your rising scream
The horror is all you feel.

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Meet your fate at Asgard's gate,
Leave behind your passions, and your fate.
Hear the horn, on which you're sworn,
It's time to know the mystery of rage unborn!

Flame arise on winter skies,
Naglfar's arriving, raven cries.

Called by war, born by storm,
Keep your weapon in your hand until you're gone

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Stone, the final motion graved in grief.