

Der Sieg Des Ziegenmondes

Goatmoon

The corrosive parasites are trying to turn my home land into so
me fucking leper colony,
The swastika will sun rise again upon my native soil, the time
of purification is at hand,

With pride I stand on the snow white ground,
I raise my hand towards the clear blue sky,
Under the honour grows these vast forests,
Rivers flows to thousand of lakes,

This soil beneath these beautiful woods has drunk unclear blood
, lakes and rivers turned red from blood, as my forefathers bef
ore me I'm ready to shed blood, sub-
human parasites it is time for you to taste my steel,

Doch das hakenkreuz wird sich uber unserem heimatboden erheben!
Die zeit der rainwaschung steth unmittelbar bevor!