

Finnish Steel Storm

Goatmoon

Purity pounding in my veins,
Like the Finnish steel storm that crushes the churches, mosques
and synagogues the temples of my enemies.

As you trembling,
Weeping watch the glowing nuclear holocaust in the horizon,
You will feel once again the oppressing wrath of elitist tyrann
y.

Streets covered with pieces of glass,
Sky filled by black clouds of smoke.

The fire rises from the temples,
Flames lick the sky.

Deathskull guiding my honourable way,
With the power of steel we will take back what once was ours.
This you can trust!

Like a thunder we arrive, hearing the sweet music,
Screams of torturing pain from the mouths of burning scum,

The shattered star of David will see no light again.
The time of peace has reached its end,
The Third Reich rises once again.

The time of Nigger sympathies is over,
Our legion marches strong.

Raised hands and our hails for victory has suffocated the helpl
ess prances of democracy
Fleeing herd of sub-
human scum is running before Finnish steel storm.

Run, sub-human scum your time has come,
Now when the iron eagle flies high on the sky.