

Forest Of My Native Soil

Goatmoon

Triumphant Nordic wind I can feel on my bare skin, so cold that
it feels like a knife that cuts my flesh.
In the embrace of winter snow I reveal my sins.
With my frozen eyes I can see.
Darkness surrounding me and these frozen white trees.
Mist rises from the forest's ground, the forests of my native soil.
It's so cold, so dark, so pure.
In this moment there is nothing else in this world.
Suicidal winds carry out the breath of nuclear winter.
I see the life fleeing before my eyes.
Weak mortality shattered to frozen pieces.
Satanic wrath guiding my path into this night side realm.
Wounds opened once again, cold blood slowly flows, blood stained
frozen steel I hold in my hands.
Purged realm of my immortality, the blackest horns are my crown
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Darkness spreads like mist over this lifeless soil, and full moon
glitters on the snow, like once did the wielding swords in the
night.
As I stand here in the dark, moonshine only light of mine.