

Return to the Northern Carpathian

Graveland

From cold winter fog
Long shadows emerged
During endless night
Sharpened the talons on the rocks
Above trees, above rivers
Their eyes shine in the stars
Covered by the shroud of the night
In the silence they follow the call of blood
At the endless night
No one will open a door
When the ghost knocks
Whispering pitifully at the darkness
Grey shadows feel the taste of freedom
Blood is their love potion
The night opens its kingdom
They follow the warm smell of the prey
The voice of the darkness
Whispers at the doorstep
With a silent lamentation spreads the cold
Ancient magic in his words
Taking away the light, warmth and hope
At the endless night
Darkness and winter come back
From the wet mists of oblivion
From the forests of dormant murrain
Dark clouds covered the moon
Cold wind is picking up
The frightened trees nestle
Death walks in a dreadful silence
Grey figures in funeral attire
Reaching their sharp talons
Hungry, insatiable and unquenchable
Fangs dripping with black blood
Fountains of blood
Red on the walls
The death will dance in a wild dance
A lamentation of the dying is its anthem
On the altar of the dead bodies
The last drop of blood will be shed
Darkness and evil from the depths
Of the forests and mountains
Are coming back to the Northern Carpathian