

## Thousand Swords

Graveland

We attacked with thousand swords  
our banners were streaming under clouds  
at the gates of christian capitol  
The wide river of blood was flowing.  
We attacked with hate in our eyes

Their request for mercy was nothing for us  
they had no respect for our ancestors  
today is not a day for mercy.  
We attacked and golden palaces collapsed.  
Christ's elected ones paradise was burning.  
Their golden bells were tolling the last hour  
The last hour of christian rulers in pagan Europe  
We are just blessed soldiers  
from the depths of unbaptized forests.  
Barbarians in wolfish skins.  
And we had pleasure to burn the Vatican  
Gods returned and now they are with us.  
Spirit of war possessed our souls.  
Our swords want to fight with our moves.  
Its a great feeling to spill the blood in the basilica.  
Herds of ravens fly between the clouds  
They'll come to the earth when we go away  
They'll eat food we prepared  
They'll drink blood we have spilled

The vengence will be cruel  
blessed by gods and spirits.  
In self defence of fatherland.  
Vengence done by our hands  
brining cruel death for enemies.