

Hrimthursum

Necrophobic

In wait for winter to come
Forgotten ones stand tall
Guardians of the past
Creators of what to come
Perpetual insomnia
Sentinels of the past never sleep

The wind blows colder now
And the frozen old starts to move
The wolves gather on the hills
And the raven is holding its prey

Nemesis, let the slaughter begin
Norsemen, drag the witches to the bonfires
Antichrist, we breed in the underworld
Sacrilege, evolve the dark desires

Nemesis, a burning hatred at heart
Norsemen, a pagan victory at hand
Antichrist, the North shall now glow
Sacrilege, let the evil of the giants overflow

And so our vengeance begin
Raging beasts march to war
The clouds come closer to the ground
And the sun is like a distant dying torch

Blood will colour the snow
Wherever hrimthursum go
Dancing over corpses stiff
As the moon slowly moves

Bodies cover the landscape
Like slaughtered sheep in the snow beneath

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