

I Feel the Breath of Ragnarok

Nokturnal Mortum

The Wanderer, the one who walks these earthly roads
What do you seek among this rotten world
Here where only betrayals and meanness could survive
By your faith in your fatherland they would call you heretic
May it be the honour you're looking for but it exists no longer
or may it be kinsmanship
The one you'll never find once a hand of your brother is eager
to stab you back with knife
So the human worm do mock the greater gods for ages the cursed
from was forged
The road from honest sword towards the coward bullet
And the very thunders forged in the heavenly amory now could be
hiding in the electric chair.
The world is drunk with dump and bitter darkness, it's burned b
y the run to progress
It's eaten up and put ob knees before the scoundlers here is th
e final of your amazing play
But to live upon your pain, we walk towards our doom □ we true
awaiting Ragnarök
To be a kinsmen, it means to truly be one's brother
To be in brotherhood it means to die for them
But so many here try to find the fault, the fault in their own
brothers
And murder them to the greater joy of the crucified fag
When the glitter of gold is more precious than the rays of shin
ing sun
The soul went blind from dirt they throw upon my eyes
The worm crawls towards the gold together with salvation prays
And coated into spiders web, the one just like the thousands ot
hers
The coward tries to steal the strength of the strongest
The man is stealing the force which was given to the gods
To stay the same to isolate yourself from others or burn in sou
lside flames die young
To be all or no one to be the shadow behind it all or one could
be a greater memory among its folk
Who is greater, the wolf or the bear or maybe falkon is better
than the raven
Inside of senceless questions anong the foolish people
I feel Ragnarök breaths to be alive, means to true at full do n
ot await till oldness take your breath
Watch the stars and walk your only path its time for vilest Rag
narök