

Sign Of Fighters' Storm

Satanic Warmaster

Before my time has come to die and depart
I'll breathe for this thundering hate in my heart
No day or night not a moment shall I rest
For the voice of my blood is the echo of this quest

The essence of purity of power and of strength
In blood and valour we all must defend
To struggle and to die for this soil is the core
Of our inner raging fire to continue the war

Glaring, shining and flaming higher
Fighters eyes embraced by fire
By the light of the moon from the sky above
Revealed is a sign of fighters' storm

In the darkness of the woods an fighters' oath is sworn
A gestalt of a wolf a sign of werewolves' return
The rite of predators is storming through the halls
Our howl of fullmoon to mark our enemies' fall

In remembrance of a golden age in history
Of mesmerizing splendour a time of supremacy
Our marching ranks revived by a bond of loyalty
To become a spearhead to prevent this Nordic tragedy

Glaring, shining and burning brighter
Turned at the sky the eyes of fighter
The wheel of sun is rising before me
On my knees I'll greet it's golden blaze of glory