

## 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