

The Chant Of The Barbarian Wolves

Satanic Warmaster

Banners fly as we march through the plains
On the path towards the unholy war
The wind from the horizon carries the stench
Of our enemies who await us in fear

In the last rays of the setting sun
A thought passes of a new dawn, a new age
Still, by blood and by sacrifice
It shall, of our master's grace, be ours

Strife, anger, blood and fire
A sacrifice is made
To rot with the corpses or survive
To hear The Chant Of The Barbarian Wolves

Litanies have been spoken, time is at hand
When the claws of iron will drink their chalice
A warblessed wine that consecrates our aim
The seal of blood as a sing of victory

Strike hard, without forgiveness
When armour and flesh are torn apart
Our dawn will break to show no light
For the jews ravaged whit no remorse

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