

The Holy Cross

Stormwarrior

Wise men have come to seal our fate
Salvation they'd bring to free northern lande
Pray to our Lorde now, ye all shalle be savd
Or taste the steeledrawn by our sanctified hands

Forefather's wisdom, oh Runatyr's rites
The tales of the hammer, now witchery's sighs
Elderly feasts, heretical lore
They fear ancient symbols, the greates runes of years

Hell, damnation
The saviour's on his way
Hell and fire
The holy cross shalle burn down to hell

We will never resign to the holy cross
Never bow down to their Lorde
We'll never defect to the holy cross
The hammer's our guide
We'll never kneele down to the cross

Wise men have come to seal our fate
Salvation they'd bring, we all shalle be savd
Forces of darknesse have pav'd all their ways
Conversion by violence, now a foreign god we praise

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I am The Lorde, thy God
(Hallow'd be thy name)
Thou shalt have no other gods before me
(Thy Kingdome come)
For I, The Lorde, thy God am a jealous god
(Hallow'd be thy name)
And The Lorde will not hold him guiltless
that taketh his name in vain
(Thy Kingdome come)
I'll show mercy unto them that keepe my commandments
(Thy will be done)
Art thou willing to praise me?
(Yes, Master...!)
(Deliver us from evil)
(Hallow'd be thy name)

...for thine is the kingdome
the power and the glory...

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