

Those That Crush the Roots of Blood

Wodensthron

In an age where pride has withered
There stands our monument of faith.
Preserved by time, not by touch,
We remember the times of our golden age.

Figures carved in Neolithic stone
Homage to the ones who died in fight.
Burial mound of the fallen.
Stone of the white horse,
Birth of our true land.

Those that crush the roots of blood
Seek to remove our old ways.
Those that crush the roots of blood
Shall burn in flame as elder days.

And in this new age of darkness
Our entire heritage has been defiled,
To create a path for false gods and prophets
Destroying our identity!

The times are ahead when man finds lost wisdom,
And those without diligence shall pay with their blood!