

A Pagan Storm

Wolfchant

With power and Might this storm wind blows
Tear down the Christian monuments this night
Take hold of our trembling Enemies bodies
Fear the force of the pagan storm

Since 2000 years
We hear these lies
Every day and every night
Since the time of our infancy

All these invented stories
The peoples' mind
Poisoned by wrong
Promises A heart full of
Fear to suffer to suffer purgatory

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But time is coming
And the first free thought
Is running trough your head
But deep in you heart
You can feel something
Is wrong with this story

In ancient times this wind was born
Grows up again, to a storm
We ride on it's wings and fly through the night
Together we stand and we fight

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