Black Fire

Wolfchant

Black fire is the force The spirit and the curse On those who want to take Out strenght away

The Soil under your feet Is bloodred from their deeds Yield now there's better Nothing in our way

And there We are The keepers of the pagan rights We salute to the god The gods in Walhall We've got the tunes The spirits on our side We send our rivals to Hel

Black Fire on their god Black Fire on their god Black Fire on their church Black Fire on their lords Black Fire on their lords Black Fire is their curse

Black Fire And victory to us

And so out Chants Will clang for everyone Reverberate through Grief and dolor

We sowed the black winds deep Within your minds And Now it's you To reap the storm On the wings of an eagle We fly throught the night Holding their fish in our claws On the black winds of freedom Against all false light Exposing the light of their laws

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