

# Heathen Rise

Wolfchant

In the misty darkness of my dreams  
I wander through the fields  
The fields of blood and agony  
Where so many had to yield

Through all the ages  
Through all the struggle for life  
Against bondage, oppression  
For freedom and hope  
With the hopeless ideal to  
Survive

This is a tribute  
To all the heathens who died  
Tortured, enslaves and burnt  
To death  
By the servants of religious lies

Religious lies

I hear their mouning in my head  
The pain and misery  
Betrayed and slaughtered  
They were damned  
To this place without relief  
And all the slain thou took at me  
With widely opened eyes  
Their faces are distorted masks  
Congealed in silent cries

Do not believe  
Do not obey to their priests  
Who want to control you  
And spit on your roots  
To justify their bloody deeds

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May their spirit rise again  
To enlighten me  
And to bring back the lores  
Got lost in dark centuries  
May their ghosts rise again  
Just to frighten those  
Who dare to convert innocence  
By force

And their spirit  
Spirit shall rise again  
Haunt them - to take revenge

Cleanse the world  
And then rebuilt

The mighty heathen throne  
Cleanse the world  
And then rebuilt

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