

Reformation wrath Of The Old Gods

Kluas

From within the midst of the woods
Sings a pipe with a mystic tune
Whispering like an echo from beyond the ages
Softly whistle the pipes of pan,
From the golden age before man
When wine and song flowed through the forest

From a void beyond the stars,
Through gateways left unguarded
Now somewhat strange folk arriveth

And of the prophecies once been told,
The greatest now unfolds,
As the gods of the ancient world
Unite to reclaim their thrones!

As is told in a book of mine
Constellations shift in the sky,
A portal shall open in the heavens

All lords of heathen might
Will arrive side by side
From Ukko to Chernobog and Ra,
Marching through the stars they return to conquer

"And from the depths of the abyss,
An order will rise to be carried out by the heathen congregatio
n."

"Soon your powerless gods will be cast aside
As the war drums pound under a red sky
An ancient chill whispers the coming of a new way
Dark shadows crawl to silence the cries of our easy prey"

With the keys to all ancient lore,
Riding in on a 1000 storms,
With the wrath they raise the fiercest of armies:
Creatures of a sick diabolical breed
The very spawn of demon's seed
Clad in iron and shimmering steel,
Bearing standards of fire,
Dressed for war