

Lost Connection

Frost*

Gleaming Transylvania!
So clear from this eternal homeland.
Anyway here everything is passing
Which derive from you and God.
In the roar of the wind you can hear
The hymn of the living dead and
The fog wanderer furies screams.
Give now power to the night's creatures
And your battle blessing for your
Faithful followers that our age to steep
In the orthodox blood.
In my veins blazing the power of hate ness.
In my soul are whirling the ghosts of my forefathers.
The fog is appeared from my forefathers' blood.
They had been deprived of their belief
But they went to death rather than praise the
Might of the God.
You have no future in the empire of fog.
Here has no power the force of the God.