

# The Conquering Of Hisir

Gehenna

At the break of dawn  
The gods above and below  
Blow their horns

The dark mist lies low  
Above the moisty ground  
Gods summoning their gathered hordes  
In declaration of war

We partake in massive bloodshed  
Whilst the remaining freeze and die  
Unshorn warrior behold the burning

Lovely it is the flames burning Hirsir

A lonesome cry echoes through an almost  
cloudless sky  
One god has fallen from high heaven ground  
Human parts and weapons lie scattered  
As blood freeze to solid ground  
Yes pagan souls be witness  
To the conquering of Hirsir

So warriors unsheathe your swords  
Burn with us and our lord  
Drums play their slow march  
Symbolize that we will to Hell march

Alonesome cry echoes through and almost  
cloudless cky  
One god has fallen from heaven high  
Human parts and weapons lie scattered  
As blood freeze to solid ground  
Yes pagan souls be witness to the conquering  
The battle is set for the conquering of Hirsir