

Hear the screams on the battlefield
Wapen
Feel the might of the horde
See their eyes call for victory
Wapen
Strike them down and be free

Kuningaz
I travel on a lonely road
On the traces of my king
To find the wisdom of our past
Kuningaz
King of our forefathers
Protector from the Romans,
Boldly break the hoslile force

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Kuningaz
You sit on you wooden throne
And you live thy glorious life
Your sword lets them die
Kuningaz
The blood we will see
Reminds me of your glory
With your faith we will ride

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