

Where The Brave Belong

Chinchilla

To ride to every battle
To fight with pride and fun
To die on holy areas
For their history and their sons
To hail their god of thunder
To adore their god of light
They mutade to bloody beasts
To loose all ethnic kinds
Valhalla that's the place they belong to
To wash their souls so white
Valhalla that's the place they belong to
To forget their headless crimes
The stories about their heroes
They've been told for so long
Are followed by death and crime
Also from creatures of the evil one
There is no place like Valhalla
No god for war and crime
Only a grave for thousand
Striking warriors