

To Valhalla

Dan Bull

Valhalla, Valhalla
These monsters are godless, no conscience
They'll come for your toddlers, row longships
And throw constant assaults at our coast
Onslaughts of boats, homes torched, bones broken
And throats opened 'til only Old Norse is spoken
Flows thawed aboard the ocean so Thor and Odin
Float toward our home since they landed in Lindisfarne
There's been no calm thus far
They've made plans to do English harm and then disarm us fast
Decimated our idyllic charm, laid waste, villages, farms
Pillaged, charred, time has come to fight from dawn until it's dark
Distill our spirit 'til it can't be diluted
Unlike these brutes whose bile is putrid, highly stupid
It's time to prove their fight for food upon our isle is fruitless
If these vikings want violence, we'll do this
By my reign, I proclaim I will make it rain flame
The likes of which no viking ships will face again
So they can pray to Freyr but I'm afraid they'll fail
To create a Danelaw, these raiders' ways are way too frail
They can set sail and head west against the gales
Aboard Norse longboats with decks as dense as nails
But they will never prevail through our valour
We'll make 'em tuck their tail or send them to Valhalla
No, they will never prevail through our valour
We'll make 'em tuck their tail, banish them to Valhalla
These monsters are godless, mindless and gutless
That's not courage, they're just blind from the bloodlust
Previously a city, all we see before us is a burning wreck
There are rules in war, these hordes don't deserve respect
This certain sect's a surging threat to Mercia's emerging order
That's immersing all of us in mercilessness
Their marauders serve us just desserts
Murderousness is their main course
But barbarians can't compare against our trained force
They can send assassins to our settlements and sack them

But we'll be sending them straight back from whence they came
We're Saxons, every last one of us took his vows
To ruck with those rugged buggers with the blooded brows
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They may have laid a trail of blood from hidden blades, impaled us
But their godless state will make us safe, lay your trust
In your rightful king, grit your teeth against the spiteful sting
Of these uncivilized tribes and sing the Bible's hymns
Christ will provide, lord almighty, look at the size of him!
Now, our chances fighting vikings aren't quite as slim
For every Englishman that's born and died

By the sword of vikings, I'll extinguish another northern light
'Til all that shines is the lifeblood
Sliding down their skull from inside to the mud and
My god! He's put it right in his eye!
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