

Journey In The Woods

Falchion

Through the dark forest our army travelles
The snow glitters the moonlight as the trees cover
We grasp to the sword
Our fate will be shown
Once again we can fall until the gates are opened
I bend under the fit in my pain
The hunger of battle grows
Here they sent us
To the disconsolate woods

We grasp to the sword
Our fate will be shown
Once again we can fall until the gates are opened

Our journey is hard through the coniferous forest
Still we trust our fate searching for hope
Not the long time till we see the brothers' camp
We drink the bowl to the heathenfolk's blood
Too long has tasted
To look for a new dark valley
Where can we cover to the mist
And get our new powers

As we arrive to the ice of the lake
We see an army of the ennemies
We let them sink to hole in the ice
We let them sink till the bottom

We grasp to the sword
Our fate will be shown
Once again we can fall until the gates are opened

Once again our powers will be shown
And the waste of blood will be filled
Heathenfolk's win will be celebrated
And the heroes will be praised
As cold as a crust of snow
Are our feelings against the ennemies
We can sacrifice ourselves for the heathenfolk
We live or die, but we hold our caste