

# From Volga To Bosphorus

Folkearth

From the Volga to Bosphorus  
Our dragon-prows now doth rule;  
From the North and as far East  
As the fabled City of the Kings!  
From the Volga to Bosphorus  
Our horde has known no defeat!  
From the North and as far West  
As Greenland's grim, frostbitten Hel!

From the Volga to Bosphorus,  
Pull relentless on the oars!  
From the night into the day  
Fortune's on our side, boys!  
From the Volga to Bosphorus  
Raise your voices in this song:  
We come with swords of steel in hand

Shouted the warriors  
And plans they laid out  
On how to win this battle...  
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From the Volga to Bosphorus  
Resound roars of berserker gang!  
From the mountains to the sea  
Burn the pyres of victory!  
From the Volga to Bosphorus  
Odin's fires doth rain down!  
From the sea we came as beasts  
With dragon-claw and monster-lust!

Vikings preparing for the fight,  
Climbing aboard their ships -  
And in the cold of early morn  
They raise their swords!

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As Greenland's grim, frostbitten Hel!  
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From the Volga to Bosphorus  
Our dragon-prows now doth rule!

Over waves, past Kraken-teeth,  
We leave behind Gibraltar...  
The horizon's embers slowly fade  
As we bid the sun a last farewell:

Vikings preparing for the fight,  
Climbing aboard their ships -  
And in the cold of early morn  
They raise their swords!