

Sons of the North

Folkearth

In the lands where winter is king,
Where deep forests primeval still
Crown brooding mountain-peaks,
There reign as lords the sons of the North!

The Viking blood is strong in them,
They descend from a race feared by men -
Their Drakkars are seen ploughing the sea,
Their swords are carved with runes of doom!

When the skies seem pregnant with storm,
When the church bells sounds the alarm,
Pray for your life to your false God -
For here come the mighty sons of the North!

Where there's a fight,
In land or at sea,
The sons of the North
Are eager to plunge
Into the fray's very midst!

Berserker rage taking control:
Their eyes go wild, they snarl like beasts,
Fear befalls all their enemies!
They clash their swords against their shields,
They sing a song of blood and war,
They're ready to kill in the name of Thor!

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