

## Sovngarde Song

## Miracle Of Sound

From the mists of the mountains a deafening call  
Bellows down over the plains  
On a host of battle-worn ears it does fall  
Pushing out through the thunder and rain

These men of the north they have suffered too long  
The anger it swells in their veins  
Of the spirited roars of lost warriors' songs  
Distant echoes are all that remain

And my voice is my violence  
Clear the sky's frozen tears  
And no more we'll be silent  
With this Sovngarde song in our ears

And we stand tall  
Sons of the snow  
We will not fall  
Under these blows  
For our hearts they are hardy  
Our spirits are strong  
And our voices are lifted into  
This Sovngarde song

Conquer the anger and ravenous rage!  
Make it a part of your power  
Pummeling down let your bloodlust engage!  
Under your force they will cower

Feeling the fury so pure and so bright  
Breaking the bonds of surrender  
Under the moon for our home we will fight  
And we will die to defend her

And my voice is my violence  
Clear the sky's frozen tears  
And no more we'll be silent  
With this Sovngarde song in our ears

And we stand tall  
Sons of the snow  
We will not fall  
Under these blows  
For our hearts they are hardy  
Our spirits are strong  
And our voices are lifted into  
This Sovngarde song

These perilous peaks  
On the rim of the sky  
I move in the midst  
Of the clouds drifting by  
At the top of the world  
On a white doomful day  
Men of wisdom will show me the way

And we stand tall

Sons of the snow  
We will not fall  
Under these blows  
For our hearts they are hardy  
Our spirits are strong  
And our voices are lifted into  
This Sovngarde song

Oh  
Bron Ul Drem  
Bron Ul Drem