

Victory Horns

Nomans Land

Clouds of arrows
Walls of spears
Screams of horror and pain
We fight for the truth
We fight for his glory
To him belongs our fate

Swords and axes
Follow the target
Leading by deadly runes
Enemy is lost
On the bloody corpses
We march with the victory horns

We load the ships
With the gifts from Father
Reward for the way that we found
When we go to the sea
We die for motherland
And today the new life we will meet

Let's play the victory horns
For the glory of father Odin
We are his power and will on the Earth
And our bravery brings the fortune