In the time of swords and axes In this Eeried Ogre time When martial men ravage on earth When the forest was dark and sombre And the Northern fighting spirit was alive Time of swords and axes Age of pride Swords shall be raised For the ancient view of hate I see the beast in the eye of them Who suffer in the present time This glorious and pathetic age Let us crush the sacred temple Unholy hordes whit evil mind From the darkest age in time Come back and fill the world Whit malignant powers of ancient The age of pride Dreadful longships sailed the sea They plumber and spread the fear Whit combat harried horses they ride For the sunset Warriors whit a hope to see their gods of war Their gods was their hope and inspiration