

Without fear we sail: a curse or a desire, who can tell?
The vastness of the ocean is calling once again
Deep down inside this lonely heart we keep the island,
Home of the brave, where pale rocks meets the sea

Like raging waves we strike, out of the mist,
As the moon shines on the open waters
Nuragic breed,
The sound of our name brings terror to the coast
Soldiers of fortune with no mercy and souls of black

From blood red fields of dust to eastern bounds,
From the great Sphinx in the land of Egypt to Israel
Under a stranger sky a thousand miles we walked
Born for the struggle we bend the knee to no one

People of the sea,
A brotherhood of bronze and salt

Dreadful war, by your side we all live and die
Glory bound, onward we march!

Screams!
As the twisted dance of destruction and pain we join
Praise!
Behold the glory of these warriors, fighting 'till the end
Hail the Sherden,
Raise the spears,
Laugh into the face of death!
Fight or fall!
We sail on

In the final hour spare us your rites
The only prayer we will need
Is made of leather and bronze:
The sword shall guide the spirit through the dark