

Deathe by the Blade

Stormwarrior

Axe and sworde in my handes
Deceivers invaded these landes
A charge, their false heartes to kill
The calle of the gods to fulfill
Fighte the true evil, prevente their returne
Bloode on the crosses, churches shall burne
Stronge our will, fearless we are
The ravens our guidance, the hammer our hearte

Warrior
Spill their holy bloode
Deathe by the blade
The wrathe of the gods shall returne

Wytches were burn'd at the stake
Heathens were murdered and raped
Suppressed, our forefather's faithe
Wisdom and cults were erased
Fighte for our gods, prepare their returne
Bloode on the crosses, churches shall burne
Proude our hordes, fearless we are
Vengeance our duty, barbaric our heartes

Warrior
Revenge shall be thy fate
Deathe by the blade
The returne of the glorious age