

Borne and rais'd in the realme of the hammer
Pagan heartes, poundinge harder than e'er before

Flee from the treacherous signe of the crosse
To fynde the pathe of glory
Where the elders have walk'd upon...

Ravenhearte - One ey'd god watche o'er me
Leade me, thy son and guide me on my waye
Ravenhearte - Hail me, I'm the chosen one
Woe to ye, my foes, and weale to ye who owne
A Ravenhearte

The northwynde was leadinge me
The elder wisdome to see
Greate voices of war tooke holde of me
And the gods were summoninge me

Free'd from the false-hearted claws of the crosse
I seeke the pathe of glory
Where the elders were stridinge upon...

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