Heathen heart
Pagan pride
Faring far
Sword by Side
Tribal times
Northern nights
Hidden high
Runic rites I was told

Hold the heathen hammer high
Hold the heathen hammer high
Hold the heathen hammer high
Hold the heathen hammer high with a battle cry
For the pagan past I live and one day will die
Hold the heathen hammer high, never turn away
Ever true unto your forefathers stalwart stay
Hold the Heathen Hammer high with a battle cry
For the pagan past I live and one day will die
Hold the heathen hammer high, never turn away
Down the wayward way so far faring strangers stray
Hold the heathen hammer high

Weather wild Blackened blade Angry eyes Ruthless raid Heathen heart Pagan pride Faring far Sword by Side hard and cold

Hold the heathen hammer high
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For the pagan past I live and one day will die
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Down the wayward way so far faring strangers stray
Hold the heathen hammer high

From a pagan past that only the heathen hold
From the far end of the world and of times untold
I bring message to your mids of the ways of old
Ways reluctantly abandoned if truth be told
Ways abandoned for a scavenger of our souls
Living on malicious lies, hiding in the holes
Cruel and credible as any our tale of trolls
Hold the heathen hammer highest of all your goals

Hold the heathen hammer high with a battle cry For the pagan past I live and one day will die Hold the heathen hammer high, never turn away Ever true unto your forefathers stalwart stay
Hold the Heathen Hammer high with a battle cry
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Hold the heathen hammer high