

Shield Wall

Vanir

Rushing forth into attack
Futile to escape.
Holding ground with all our strength
Spears and shield held high

A wall of wood steel and death
Their weak blows swept aside
They hack and thrust with no result
As they fall to the mud and die

As they fall to the mud and die

Stand as one
Counter attack
SHIELD WALL

High above upon a hill
We see their coward king
Frightened as a little child
As we move in to kill

For his defiance he shall pay
With every drop of blood
His crown torn from his grasp
With an axe buried in his gut

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