

Warriors Of The Night

Wizard

When stormy winds in autumn
Brings smell of snow and ice
The master of the golden hall will rise

Gathering dead warriors
Death virgins at his side
Across the rainbow bridge they will ride

Proud he's sitting on his horse
Looks to his wild brood
With the power of providence
They'll ride soon

He held up high his spear
This is the final sign
The golden gates are opened wide

Down to Midgard
High in the sky
With his wild hunt
He will ride

He summons now the warriors of the night
Feel the burning touch of Odin

(you hear) the pounding of their hoofs
Like thunder in the sky
This thunder will call you to look high

Like a magic wind of doom
Like a firewall of death
Don't look down this is your test

Are you frightened
Or are you brave
Don't be afraid
It's not your grave

He summons now the warriors of the night
Feel the burning touch of Odin

An angry wind blows through my hair
A touch of greatness in the air
I look to the left, to the right
I look high up to the sky
And the only thing I see
Odin on his ride