

# Heathen Throne

Ensiferum

This hate inside me,  
It is constantly growing.  
Years of hollow lies,  
Made pagan hatred rise.

They came with their troops,  
Destroying land and roots.  
Abominations under the sun,  
They and their poisoned truth.

One by one my people fell,  
Under their deceptive spell.  
How many sons of the  
Northe, had to fall?  
Before our eyes could see;  
This isn't how it should be!

"Under the Northern star  
We shed our blood.  
With the call of a battle horn.  
We raise our swords.  
Behind the fields of blood,  
There's a haven for us.  
Deep in the woods of the North,  
Rises the Heathen Throne"  
[Kalevala]

Upholder of the skies,  
For too long has your name been  
Despised,  
Give us your strength and courage.  
When we meet our nemesis.  
On the shores that used to be,  
The place we called home.

Our land and faith are raped,  
Somehow they're going to pay.

Grant us your revenge,  
We are not afraid of death.  
Let none of them ever more, EVER MORE,  
Lay a hopeful gaze upon the sky!