

Call of the Hammer

3 Inches of Blood

A dormant spirit awakens
You hear it from within
It's warriors will bring about the war

A fearsome power is rising
Slumbering no more
Bringing glory from days of yore

Inspiring words you'll hear
Enemies will fall
You will answer the call of the hammer

The legions are growing
Swelling like a storm
Lash out at the weakling gods

Bloodlust and rage
No compassion will you feel
Attack and kill with Nordic steel

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The god of thunder leads the charge
Lightning strikes the feeble Nazarene

Golden rams pull Thor's chariot through the sky
Hammer high, screams the battle cry

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