

Hear the screams on the battlefield  
Wapen  
Feel the might of the horde  
See their eyes call for victory  
Wapen  
Strike them down and be free

Kuningaz  
I travel on a lonely road  
On the traces of my king  
To find the wisdom of our past  
Kuningaz  
King of our forefathers  
Protector from the Romans,  
Boldly break the hoslile force

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Kuningaz  
You sit on you wooden throne  
And you live thy glorious life  
Your sword lets them die  
Kuningaz  
The blood we will see  
Reminds me of your glory  
With your faith we will ride

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