

Her Northern Majesty

Ancient

Her majesty is crying tears of ice cold rain.

I see my brazen brothers come to claim their hill and plane,
They take my hand and guide me to the walls of Stortinget.

Angered by the weak and ostentatious actions of leaders of our
land.

Spitting on the vainglorious proclaimers of freedom to all that
be
as they hold a worldwide banner shouting come and follow me.

Norway is the star to be followed. Her symmetry plain to see.
We shall not let her father into the popular amorphous sea,
and with these words spoken the end befell the lies.

And the promises have awoken the Northern son's vengeful eyes.
I see the promises begging on their knees in guilt and shame.
So swiftly were they silenced and once again the Vikings reign!

Now we shall live as one, brothers and sisters of pride.
As we watch our enemies sail away forgotten with the tide.

Her majesty shall raise her head, a beautiful example to all.
The sons of North have Norway in hand and never shall she fall!