

On a misty winter's morning
When all was still
Came upon the shores of Albion
A plague from the North
Death by the sword
The unsuspecting villagers
Toiled and tussled their daily lives
But on wings of pestilence
Northmen came to bring demise

Riding on through the white valleys
Bringing death to all who resists

Bringers of death, scavengers of sorrow
Order of the axe, murder on the morrow
Never to be seen, rumours to be heard
Struck upon the shore of this earth

Lindisfarne [2x]

Soon the dust had settled
Bodies littered the streets
Church lay in ashes,
None were spared
On the wild seas
Dragonheads they rode
Bringing home their hoard
The order of the sword

Riding on through the white valleys
Bringing death to all who resists

Bringers of death, scavengers of sorrow
Order of the axe, murder on the morrow
Never to be seen, rumours to be heard
Struck upon the shore of this earth

Lindisfarne [2x]