

The Battleslain

Battlerage

Over the hills
Death on the battlefield
Follow the wind
The smell of blood
Sadness will bring
The brother who fall

Sword tight in hand
Bodies lie everywhere
Fought till the death
Till the last breath
You've hailed your ancestors
Now go with them

Raise up your fist
High in the sky
We're thunder, fire and rain
Raise up your voice
From deep inside
Glory to the battle slain

Into the pyre
May all your daring blood
Send high the fire
Up to the sky
The soul of a warrior
The essence of might

Now's time to sing
Hail to the one who fall
Glory and pride
Power and might
Raise up your steel
All sworn to fight

Raise up your fist
High in the sky
We're thunder, fire and rain
Raise up your voice
From deep inside
Glory to the battle slain