

# Son Of Pure Viking Blood

Besatt

In the times of moral fall  
Times of mayhem, filth and false  
Your life was a battle-field  
A ship at the high seas

Your words were not forgotten  
They still echo in my mind  
With the wave and hum of the sea  
With the lightning in the sky

You were the son of pure Viking blood  
You were a warrior to you existence

I still hear the hoofs of horses  
Crackling of fire, sound of horn  
I see the war and the swords of steel  
Christian blood upon my hands

I hear flapping of the sails  
Smell the scent of the sea  
Feel the hail lashing my face  
I feel pride in my heart

You were the son of pure Viking blood  
You were a warrior to you existence

And the candles are still burning  
'til memory smoulders in our hearts  
But your war is still around  
And your sword was taken up

Live your life in Valhalla  
The way you always wanted but  
Until life in our hearts  
The memory of you still remains

You were the son of pure Viking blood  
You were a warrior to you existence  
Now it is time to find your way home  
Among green forests and unbounded seas