

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