

# Walhalla

Dark Moor

Nobody can be back from that forgotten land  
The furthest one, the black,  
Lonely and gloomy sand  
The bridge's narrow and thin  
The sentry waits patiently  
People to pass it  
In despair but valiantly  
No one reduced his pace  
No one looked back with grief  
No one changed his face  
No one felt relieved  
You sense their noisy treads  
And look the stone face  
And they seem the dead  
Of a forgotten race  
[chorus]  
Last land, last land  
With the sword in my hand  
Just a word I can hardly say  
While our foe we slay... Walhalla!  
Mighty Odin just states  
No surrender but defeat  
Real warriors learn too late  
That die is like to beat  
Glory in war is always better  
Than honour, love and wealth  
Written in golden letters  
Present and future destroyed by strength  
All of them, have been killed  
Without dropping their blade  
Ranks of gods, have been filled  
To make war when giants invade  
Valkiries have chooses their sore  
Warriors doomed the fall  
Leading them into war  
In the days of armageddon