

## Resound The Horn: Odin's Hail

DoomSword

A black host descends  
Omen of the end  
Fury and pride at Odin's command  
Just the mountains can dare to stand,  
Hordes of the gods  
Almighty force  
Foreign invader surely won't prevail  
The army that cried loud Odin's hail.  
It doesn't matter how much  
I shall suffer to live  
To condign my poor soul  
In your mighty hands  
I long for that moment my life  
I shall give and if I die in this battle...  
Let hammer commence !  
Black mist now protect us  
From unfaithful eyes,  
The attack to the cross  
And it's god will surely succeed,  
Steel at my side, banners up high,  
Ancient words from the Gods  
I pronounce the Viking war-cry:  
Odin's hail, it doesn't matter how  
Much I shall suffer to live  
To condign my poor soul  
In your mighty hands  
I long for the moment my life  
I shall give and if i die in this battle...  
Let Battle commence!  
"This is the dan for which I was born,  
I blow my last breath into the horn,  
To the halls of Valhalla  
I know finally  
My last words are  
Odin's hail!"