

Blood Is the Price of Glory

Ensiferum

Before the grimmest enemy
Cold rain whipping those proud faces
Warriors raising their spirits
Despising death as they rush forward
Blood of the brothers drains to the ground
stirring up rage, giving them power
Trampling the enemy with their feet
Without fear they fight

Can you hear the call of the North Star?
Feel its longing in your heart
This bond is eternal sworn through blood
At the end we will stand as one!
Even if the daylight dies
Our horde marches on and on
If we should fall down to the ground
We'll rise again and never give up!

But for some it's all too much
This honorable battle and bloodshed
They feel like a swarm of craven rats
Leaving their brothers to a certain death
The last furious men They didn't fear death or pain
They held up their swords and shields
As winners they stood on the battlefield

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Run away, you cowards, we turn our backs on you,
The shame that now tains your name will only brighten our glory
Those who fight till their last breath and fall with honour
Their names and deeds shall live forever
Never to be forgotten

"No axe stayed in your weak hand
No shield protected you from the blows of enemies
Get out of our sight
The war has no need for traitors"

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