

8. Burning The Gates

We have broken the time of the old wisdom
Unscathed is no more the entrance of the kingdom
We ride to bring the legacy of heathens
Pagan might will rise as the golden arrow flies

Winds of North are blowing so strong
The gates are still flaming
We hold the chronicle of our forefathers
We praise every world which is written

Come with me my brothers
There is something you should know
When the blood will stream on the enemies
We'll grow the resistance till the last corpse

So the falling of enemies finally begins
Our armies hold the powers
And gods of heathens are by our side

Let the rain moisten the ground
And bury the blood to the sand
Damp our heroes for the brave war
And the burned gates of enemies

Well you did my brothers
There is something we should honour
Now we hold the kingdom of heathens
And the pagan forces will grow

We ride to bring the legacy of heathens
Pagan mist will rise as the golden arrow flies