

## Brothers of North

Fferyllt

Hear you the voices of ancient Gods,  
Voices of battle, and clash of the swords.  
Axes are swinging, smashing the heads,  
Blood of the enemies upon shining blades.

Thirst for the battle is stronger, than pain,  
Marching to victory through thunder and rain.  
Born to be winners and kings of the world -  
Sons of the Aesir - Brothers of North!

Our story's not finished, our times are not over,  
We're children of fire, winds, and storm.  
We're standing forever with almighty Odin,  
Our strength was our glory before you were born.

People were hiding their children and cattle,  
Seeing our drakkars upon morning sea.  
We'd conquered the towns battle by battle,  
Now we shall return and shall reign over thee!

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Voices of battle, and clash of the swords.  
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Blood of the enemies upon shining blades.

The water from Rheine will return our force,  
The sign of our Gods makes us rising our swords.  
We're feeling the smell of the ground and blood,  
We're ready to fight for their names and their pride.

Forests and hills are eternal our temple,  
Sky, full of lightning - is our shining dome.  
Menngirs will tell us the story of metal,  
Frost is our native, and North is our home!

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We'll return to our homes after enemy's fall,  
That is the honor, and pride for us all.  
Crosses are thrown down, and churches are burned,  
Raised is the standard for Brothers of North!

Rulers of Asgard guide us to war,  
Those, who're protected with Hammer of Thorr,  
But for those, who has heard the Valkyrie's call,  
Straight is the path to Odinn's Hall!