

Winds Of Trondheimsfjorden

Fferyllt

Icy winds blowing from raging Northern sky,
Drakkars are calling those who vocated to win or to die,
Sails on the horizon take away them far from home,
Many will grow in man, many they will not return.

Smell of burning yet not troubles,
Swords that rest in mighty hands.
Sound of thunder broke the silence,
That was heard in distant lands.
Rise ye sons of frost and metal,
Rise ye children of the waves!
Win the world or die in battle,
Send to Hel those christian slaves!
Fortress in fire, screams of the dying run through the night,
Sower of Discords stands by His faithfuls' side.
Rage of the Vikings turns into horror young and old,
Rainbow is rising, Asgard is shining with roofs of gold.

Rise ye sons of frost and metal,
Rise ye children of the waves!
Win the world or die in battle,
Turn to dust all christian slaves!

Wind brings the drakkars back to the Trondheim shore,
Met with the honor, maiden's smile and widow's sore,
Fires are taking bodies and arms of warriors slain,
Waves slightly whisper of battles that to be again...