

From Volga To Bosphorus

Folkearth

From the Volga to Bosphorus
Our dragon-prows now doth rule;
From the North and as far East
As the fabled City of the Kings!
From the Volga to Bosphorus
Our horde has known no defeat!
From the North and as far West
As Greenland's grim, frostbitten Hel!

From the Volga to Bosphorus,
Pull relentless on the oars!
From the night into the day
Fortune's on our side, boys!
From the Volga to Bosphorus
Raise your voices in this song:
We come with swords of steel in hand

Shouted the warriors
And plans they laid out
On how to win this battle...
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On how to win this battle...

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From the Volga to Bosphorus
Resound roars of berserker-gang!
From the mountains to the sea
Burn the pyres of victory!
From the Volga to Bosphorus
Odin's fires doth rain down!
From the sea we came as beasts
With dragon-claw and monster-lust!

Vikings preparing for the fight,
Climbing aboard their ships -
And in the cold of early morn
They raise their swords!

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As Greenland's grim, frostbitten Hel!
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Our dragon-prows now doth rule!

Over waves, past Kraken-teeth,
We leave behind Gibraltar...
The horizon's embers slowly fade
As we bid the sun a last farewell:

Vikings preparing for the fight,
Climbing aboard their ships -
And in the cold of early morn
They raise their swords!