

The Voices of the Dead

Folkearth

Iron legions march
Hunting down the enemy
See them curs on the run
Spare no one but one

One to tell the tale
Of our fearsome array
One to spread the word
That blood and honor are reborn!

Blood and honor call
In the voice of the dead
Roll back the stone
And claim thy father's sword!

I will stand by your side
Though long-lost be the fight
We will hold the line
Like three hundred Spartans brave

Those who bleed with me
Shall my true brothers be
And should we fall this day
In Valhalla we'll meet again!

Blood and honor call
In the voice of the dead
Roll back the stone
And claim thy father's sword!