

The Wine-Sacks Of The Emperor

Folkearth

They call us the Varangs -
Bearers of two-handed swords,
The pelekýfori with the dread axes:
The Emperor's wine-sacks!

Sons of the North we are -
Swedes and Danes, men of Norge:
The berserker-blood is strong within us -
It is a fire that only wine can quench...

We'll drink the empire dry,
We'll empty the cellar tonight
Raise a toast to thunder-Gods
In the shadow of Hagia Sofia!

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Loyal to the end, the warrior elite:
We are the only thing that stands
Between hoary Death's icy hand
And the Emperor's diademed head!

We'll drink the empire dry,
We'll empty the cellar tonight
Raise a toast to thunder-Gods
In the shadow of Hagia Sofia!

Call us what you will, Easterlings:
We are rulers of the battlefield!
We strike like the hammer of Thor
And drink in wine the whole sea of Njord!