

Wind of Conquest

Folkearth

A wind arose one day from the North
And it did call to the sons Odin's host -
Ships they prepared and weapons of war,
Then raised their sails to this glorious wind!

Far, far away! And away further still!
Vikings are sailing headed for the East;
What pallid fear o'ertakes their enemies
When they spot afar Drakkars in the mist!

A wind arose one day from the North
Calling to the warriors of mighty Thor -
Ships they prepared and weapons of war,
Then raised their sails to this glorious wind!

They fight by day and feast by night,
They know no quarter, no defeat -
Grim were the lands that bore them,
Grimmer still they have become

A wind arose one day from the North
Blowing in the hearts of those loyal to Tyr;
Ships they prepared and weapons of war,
Then raised their sails to this glorious wind!