

The Shield-Wall

Forefather

When the fiends have come there is nowhere to hide
I must swing my axe, my brothers at my side
Feeding on our own fear, passions running high
Fleeing not a choice, better to fight and die

In the shield-wall we stand to defend our land
Holding on till the end

Brace the storm and keep the shining blades at bay
Fight to let our kingdom live another day
Heed the old ones' cries, we mustn't let them down
We will slaughter them to keep them from the crown

In the shield-wall we stand to defend our land
Holding on till the end

Flanas geseca me
Ecga beata me
Beornas wielda me
Cyningas sind genered urh me

Iren gewunda me
W pen deria me
Cempa teora me
Cynedom is gewered urh me

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