

Immigrant Song

Gotthard

Ah...

Ah...

We come from the land of the ice n' snow
From the midnight sun, where the hot springs blow

The hammer of the gods,
Will drive our ships to new land
To fight the horde
Singin' and crying
Valhalla, I am comin'

On we sweep
With threshing oar
Our only goal
Will be the western shore

Ah...

Ah...

We come from the land of the ice n' snow
From the midnight sun, where the hot springs blow

How soft your fields so green
Can whisper tales of gore
Of how we calmed
The tides of war
We are your overlords

...so now you'd better stop
And rebuild all your ruins
For peace and trust can win the day
Despite all your losing

Uh...uh...uh...