

# 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...