Great Heathen Army

Iced Earth

Throw the pagan king into this pit of serpents He was a threat to Ella's greed See the heathens rise and fight for honor Tyr will guide us into rightful victory

Take the Saxons, make them beg and plead for mercy For they will come to cleanse our sins From the shores we see the Saxon army See the raven fly, it's Odin by our side

Seeking revenge the Heathen Army
They'll bring the empire to its knees
The pagans strike, the Saxons fall
Show no mercy, make them crawl

One thousand heathens breach the gates Pray to your god you'll meet your faith Your kingdom's falling one by one We take control, nowhere to run

Fourteen years Ironside and Brethren battled Their blades are stained with nobles blood From the hoard we hear destiny calling Marching to the gates we see Valhalla

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