

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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