

Honor

Korpiklaani

No use going to the underworld,
Alone toward the evening,
No use fearing for your life,
When life is drawing to a close.

No use going to the underworld,
In order to escape your time,
You shouldn't take what belongs to you,
There's no need to die in disgrace.

No use going to the underworld,
To grieve over your own disgrace,
The time of those who do will never,
Be changed into their honor.

Glory,
Glory,
Gloria.
There is no dying without Glory.

Glory,
Glory,
Gloria.
To life, the land, and to the battle.

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A Warrior's so glorious,
When stroking his mighty sword,
He has the great honor of,
Going to the underworld.

A soldier who dies for his land,
Has been endowed with a great heart,
The soldier also has glory,
The honor of his native country.

No use going to the underworld,
Ever to end up in disgrace,
A soldiers glory lies within,
The knowledge of his life and land.

But those who want to the underworld,
Barley Heard a thing of honor.

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