

Aria Of Bravery

Majesty

Once in a while a warrior cries for the battle.
Once in a while a warrior cries for the steel.
Prays to the gods for strength to go on on his journey.
Riding away, leaving his people behind.

He's holding his sword up with magic,
A warrior of steel is rising high:

"I ride the sky, I rule the night
Till I am free, with sword and sorcery.
The gods look down, hear battle sound.
I carry on, until the fight is won.
Brothers (we're) riding to the north tonight,
where thy magic flows and eagles fly.
Where eagles fly.

I ride proud and wild, out of my way or you're falling.
They look at my face and hail me when I'm passing by.

I'm holding my sword up with magic.
I'm a warrior of steel I'm rising high.

I ride the sky, I rule the night
Till I am free, with sword and sorcery.
The gods look down, hear battle sound.
I carry on, until the fight is won.
Brothers, (we're) riding to the north tonight,
where thy magic flows and eagles fly.
Where eagles fly.

Through the seas and through the sky,
Over mountains oh so high. What shall come?

Magic flows inside my veins,
With iron will I'll break the chains. Face the storm.

Voices calling from the north,
Tell me to fulfil the oath I have sworn

See the enemies I kill,
Oh I drink the blood I spill to stay strong."

Voices calling from the North