

Fields Of War

Majesty

When I was a young man, I was proud, I was brave.
I punished, I conquered and won every race.
Through the Fields. I was holding my banner high.
But Then I got older, took a house and a wife.
The long war was over, years of peace have passed by.
But now again, the warbells ring through the night.

The enemy is strong and high in number.
Now my fellow brothers call my name.
I can't sit and wait, I want to die in a battle.
With my Brothers. Ride through the land!

I was born with an iron will
Chosen by the stars.
I shall conquer an I shall kill.
My return to the fields of war.

In years of prosperity I lived like a lord.
But now peace is over, so bring me my sword.
I am old, but my will is stong as steel.
The feeling of power comes back to my bones,
I still feel the magic when I ride through the ruins.
I know, the bloodlust is still in me.

The enemy is strong and high in number.
Now my fellow brothers call my name.
I can't sit and wait, I want to die in a battle.
With my Brothers. Ride through the land!

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Awaiting the call of the gods,
he rode through the battlefield like thunder pounding loud and wild.
The wolves were howling,
while he was holding his sword up in the sky.
His Battlecry was echoing on the mountains round the valley
And he shouted: "Hail to my Brothers, the enemies shall die!!!"

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My return to the fields of war.