

The winds of hell are blowing strong again  
The bodies still are burning, turn to ashen death  
Technology has made it easier  
To sacrifice our brothers of the earth  
We'll have to pay the piper if we are to survive  
The grapes of wrath are dying on the vine  
Heed the rising of the crimson tides  
We've turned the art of war to genocide

No honor left no glory face to face  
Unlike the time of ancients, of Odin and the fates  
Inside our hearts we still believe the lore  
The oath unto the hammer and the sword  
Still hosted in Valhalla the brave behind the doors  
Await the final call upon the horn  
come the crimson tides to every shore  
So teach your children well the art of war

The Northern lights are dancing cross the sky  
Above the fields of honor where braver men have died  
The Valkyries across Midgard still soar  
To claim the souls of valor true to Thor  
Like Branwynne and the Yeth hounds who fly from Shining Tor  
If not for magik we are nevermore  
So hearken to the wisdom of the Norns  
So teach your children well the art of war