

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