

Deep into the heart of the battle they fought. Covered on  
All sides as all converged on them, until the four could  
No longer be seen. As time passed I feared them lost, then  
Slowly the armies separated, many were dead. I saw the four  
Each down on one knee, all stopped to watch and gaze  
Upon them with a smile of victory before sending them into  
The ground.

Then they rose together to make a final stand. With their  
Last bit of strength they raised their arms into the air pointi  
ng  
Blood stained weapons to the sky. They called upon the god  
Of war and made ready to die. But Odin would not call  
Them this day to Valhalla, instead he sent thunder and  
Lightning to strike the ground, bestowing upon them the  
One gift every warrior lives in hope of - the berserker rage!

Now filled with that strength, the power of a thousand  
Men was given them. No longer mortal they were touched  
By the gods. This time when they took up the attack, men fell  
Not by tens, but by hundreds, by thousands. And when the  
Smoke did clear, the four spoke the words and the masses  
Answered the response of the warrior's prayer.

Gods of war I call you  
My sword is by my side  
I seek a life of honor  
Free from all false pride

I will crack the whip  
With a bold mighty hail  
Cover me with death  
If I should ever fail

Glory, majesty, unity  
Hail! Hail! Hail!