

Nord Mead

Miracle Of Sound

We're merry men of Skyrim
So sturdy and so stout
When the day is done
When it's time for fun
We'll drink and sing and shout!

You weak livered milk drinkers
Can let your throats run dry
Cause there's just one drink
That we will sink
Until the day we die

Drinking mead in the halls of Whiterun
The maidens and the men!
We swig our brew
Until we spew
Then we fill our mugs again!
You can keep your filthy Skooma
It makes our bellies bleed
Cause when we raise our flagon
To another dead dragon
There is just one drink we need...
NORD MEAD!

Chug a mug of mead
And another mug of mead
Chug another mug of mead
Till you fall down
Chug a mug of mead
And another mug mead
Chug another mug of mead, warrior!

After the long hard days
Of hunting and of war
Our throats are tired and thirsty
And our bodies drenched in gore
But we won't waste our evenings
Feeling tired and feeling spent
We perk right up when we breathe in
That wholesome honey scent

That Cyrodilic Brandy
Too fruity for these tongues
You can keep your fancy alto wine
It tastes like horker dung!
Balmora Blue tastes great to you
But here we like it plain
Just fill my mug
With the mighty jug
Of honey, heart and grain

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