

Sovngarde Song

Miracle Of Sound

From the mists of the mountains a deafening call
Bellows down over the plains
On a host of battle-worn ears it does fall
Pushing out through the thunder and rain

These men of the north they have suffered too long
The anger it swells in their veins
Of the spirited roars of lost warriors' songs
Distant echoes are all that remain

And my voice is my violence
Clear the sky's frozen tears
And no more we'll be silent
With this Sovngarde song in our ears

And we stand tall
Sons of the snow
We will not fall
Under these blows
For our hearts they are hardy
Our spirits are strong
And our voices are lifted into
This Sovngarde song

Conquer the anger and ravenous rage!
Make it a part of your power
Pummeling down let your bloodlust engage!
Under your force they will cower

Feeling the fury so pure and so bright
Breaking the bonds of surrender
Under the moon for our home we will fight
And we will die to defend her

And my voice is my violence
Clear the sky's frozen tears
And no more we'll be silent
With this Sovngarde song in our ears

And we stand tall
Sons of the snow
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Under these blows
For our hearts they are hardy
Our spirits are strong
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These perilous peaks
On the rim of the sky
I move in the midst
Of the clouds drifting by
At the top of the world
On a white doomful day
Men of wisdom will show me the way

And we stand tall

Sons of the snow
We will not fall
Under these blows
For our hearts they are hardy
Our spirits are strong
And our voices are lifted into
This Sovngarde song

Oh
Bron Ul Drem
Bron Ul Drem