

In the Sign of the Ravens

Mithotyn

Born like a true hammerchild
I was along time ago.
Dubbed with lightning and steel
in the sign of the ravens.
Cold nordic winds
sweep across our land
with air
breathed in the sky.

Under the wings
of Odins messengers we live.
Carrying on our nordic blood
from fathers to sons.

In the sign of the ravens,
our hearts still pounds.
To the might of thy hammer,
we are eternally bound.

In the sign of the ravens,
our hearts still pounds.
To the might of thy hammer,
we are eternally bound.

Strong ancient spirits
gurdes our way of living,
with scenes
seen way up in Valhall.
When the horn is blown
we will stand united
in long armoured lines,
ready for the eastern treat.

We shall fight beneath the sky,
as you fight above.
We shall all be willing to die,
in the sign of the ravens.