

# 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.