

Land Of Frost

Nachtfalke

Hail - to our ancient gods - hail - hail - hail
Hail - to my fathers sword - hail - hail - hail

Set sail warriors onward to fight
bound for glory bound for right
in Muspellheim we raise our swords
in the name of all the ancient lords
only the strong shall here prevail
warriors of evil warriors of Hel
none of the battles can be lost
in a land of fire in the land of frost

In a land where no life dwells
in a land where's the dead alive
in a land of thousand winter nights
in a land of eternal frost and ice

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All the pain and suffer is going stronger
stand up and fight we can't wait no longer
they killing they raping day by day
the army of the god takes all life away
pounding the world with a fist of steel
there is no fear of pain we feel
none of the battles can be lost
in a land of fire in a land of frost

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Over old hills and far away
in thousands of grim battles
and army of dead with only one aim
killing all the enemies
an army of the dead in the land of frost
Called: The Einherjer

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