

# Men From North

Nachtfalke

Dragonships arrive on the coast  
enemies see them and fight is lost  
men from north march through the sand  
with iron axe and sword in hand

They see the enemy praying on their knees  
begging for mercy to the Christianity  
but no one hear their silent shouts  
when their souls turn to heaven out

Vikings - ruler of the sea  
Vikings - live on eternally  
Vikings - "hail" our battle cry  
Vikings - let our solaryan sun wheel fly

The village burns the children cry  
flames are lightening the sky  
the soil is covered with red blood  
slaughtered bodies lay in the mud

The nordic men are leaving the place  
go to their ships with a smile in their face  
they plundered and seal back in the dark night  
battle new dawn will bring a new fight

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