

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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