

# Ode To The Fallen One

Nachtfalke

The time is right, to ride into the battle  
we're fighting hard...for the glory of Odin  
burn down their houses, with your warrior's rage  
slay the dogs and drink their warm blood

Warriors awake, look foward into distance  
And ride into the next, hard battle

They run away into the forest  
there you will find them soon  
arrows flying, swords clash  
their blood trickels away for als times

Warriors awake, look foward into distance  
And ride into the next, hard battle

Kill their man, another one is coming  
kill their woman and their moral is broken  
prepare your man with blazing steel  
a new enemy lets you no other chance  
many of the warriors are fallen, enter the holy halls  
the gate is open wide, a toud hail is roaring  
a golden shiver is falling down...it's Valhall

The dead warrior's sons carry on fighting  
with iron hand and firm step they're defending their ground  
everyone knows, there's no return  
the sons of dead warriors are fallen in the battle  
they enter the holy halls  
a gate opens wide, a loud hail is roaring  
... it's Valhall