

Voice Of Battle

Nomans Land

Warriors are flying to the west
The Sun is laying eyes onto the east
Flames of fires are travelling with winds
Battle's voice is pushing us ahead

Work of axe knows no mercy
The face is blinded with blood
Vikings are crashing in like troops of wolves
Battle call is irresistible

The Hammer has already struck
Another march for glory
The one who abandoned home
Is granted power by Odin

Work of axe knows no mercy
The face is blinded with blood
Vikings are crashing in like troops of wolves
Battle's voice is pushing us ahead

No sorrow, no pain, no regret
If perished in a fight
Victorious step you only to give
The waves and wind will sing for you