

Warriors of Ice

Northland

We are the wind of the nordic lands
strong and wild and blowing so cold
We are your death
an icy sword trough your flesh

In the top of the snowed mountains
we prepare our weapons to fight
Cleaning the blood of our swords
sharpening the wing of the last bloody axe

Swords are kissing the flesh of the enemy
the sun is rising up in the sky
heads will fall from day to night
We are warriors of ice!

Standing in front of enemy lines
the rage is running trough the veins
So many heads will fall!
The victory is near is the end of your days

Feel the death close to you!
You have to prey for your life
feel your life gone
straight to hell!

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(Solo)

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