

Heirs to the Fighte

Stormwarrior

They foughte as warriors, glory cover'd men
Age of the epic wars, here the tales begin...

Bloode cover'd northerne grounde when trusted gods were bann'd
Unsheath'd, the pagan sworde, freedom to defende
The sounde of proven steele, still carried by the wynde
Free men, free warriors, forearm'd for lande and kin

Thundere roars on highe, feede the eagles in the skye
We are northern warriors - Heirs to the fighte
Battle-wyndes anighte, oh father with one eye
We are northern warriors - Heirs to the fighte

Oh up highe the ravens flye, still gatheringe their lore
And stille northerne wyndes are breathinge tales of times longe
gone
Swordsmen, the braven ones, with passion in their heartes
Deeds of heroic kinde in times so wilde and darke

Thundere roars on highe, feede the eagles in the skye
We are northern warriors - Heirs to the fighte
Battle-wyndes anighte, oh father with one eye
We are northern warriors - Heirs to the fighte

And thus I caste the runes and see what is foretolde
Oh heare their whisper'd sounde, their powere to unfolde...

Thundere roars on highe, feede the eagles in the skye
We are northern warriors - Heirs to the fighte
Battle-wyndes anighte, oh father with one eye
We are northern warriors - Heirs to the fighte

Thundere roars on highe...feede the eagles in the skye...
Battle-wyndes anighte...oh father withe one eye...
Heare the ancient battle-cry...