

## Lion of the Northe

Stormwarrior

November mist, a silent nighte  
Starv'd to deathe I awaite the fighte  
The sounde of hooves in the breake of dawne  
The calme before the storme

The drums asound, hear the horns atone  
To sounde the charge on this icy morne  
Oute of the crowde a knighte cometh forthe  
The Lion of the northe

White lightning, gunpowder in the air  
Salvation, desir'd across the lande

We came, we foughte withe the Lion of the northe  
On Streiff he was riding aheade  
We stand, we fighte withe the Lion of the northe  
The saviour from up highe above hath come

He rode along all his rows of men  
Up highe on Streiff, saluting them  
The Lion spoke and we swore to fighte  
On these frozen fieldes we'd die  
He turn'd his face to the foes that day  
Throughe the dwindling mist he had pav'd his way  
He rais'd his sworde to attacke the hordes  
Oh the Lion of the northe

White lightning, gunpowder in the air  
Salvation, the cry throughoute the lande

We came, we foughte withe the Lion of the northe  
On Streiff he was riding aheade  
We stand, we fighte withe the Lion of the northe  
The saviour from up highe above hath come

Erblicket, ett lejon! I rimfrost han ridar fram  
Och han draer sitt vapen, sveas konung det är han  
Han hälsar sina mannar och på Streiff mot fienden  
Ett lejon från höga nord, ska äras på vår jord

Erblicket, ett lejon! I rimfrost han ridar fram  
Och han draer sitt vapen, sveas konung det är han  
Han hälsar sina mannar och på Streiff mot fienden  
Ett lejon, son från Norden, vi han ska ära på vår jord