

Sky Chariots

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Coming in swarms
Out of the sky
Forming an iron cross
Then they divide

Only the smells of death will follow them

Galleys that fly
Out of the north
Painting the sky-ways red
Plundering forth

Only the swiftest will challenge them

Carrying chains
Iron and swords
Poisonous arrows fly
Into the hordes

Only the stoutest stock of nothern men

Battling trees
Wrestling rocks
Summoning Voden's strength
Enemies drop

Only the trials of flesh will challenge them

(Chorus)
Voden's call
One and all
Thor's winds blow
North we go

Coming in swarms
Out of the sky
Forming an iron cross
Then they divide

Only the smells of death will follow them

Galleys that fly
Into the sun
Carrying rogues and slaves
Enemies fallen

Only the trails of blood remember them

(Chorus)