

Celebration Of Our Victory

Thyrfing

Torn and bloody our clothes they are
As we march home from a battle afar
Victorious we were, the raven's were with us
A glorious triumph was reached by dusk

We drink our mead in the light of the funeral pyre
Just as the flames, our cups are raised higher and higher
We drink to our brothers who in this battle have fallen
We hail thee, whom the god's have callen

Back in the village my woman awaits me
The fairest of women with a flaming desire
Her grace is to be seen by none but me
My scarred heart is burning like fire

Tonight is the night of viking's celebration
A celebration of our glorious victory
A victory that was surely not our first
And certainly not the last.