

Going Berserk

Thyrfin

Heated by the strongest of mead my blood is boiling
There exists no fear in a berserker in battle
Oh, how sweet my enemy is recoiling
His brothers have abandoned him
They're running like cattle

Going berserk - as I rush into battle
Going berserk - as I feel the smell of blood
Going berserk - as I crush your skull
Going berserk - I am high on death

All my foes are terrified by the hatred in my eyes
For me this is passion and lust
For them it is nought but fear
All realize my might, i a berserker born of fire and ice
As they go against me they know they'll never meet their dear

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