

## 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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