

Set Sail To Plunder

Thyrving

A viking and his warriors built a dragonship
They're going out to conquer a feeble land
Heavily armed with swords, axes and shields
The swedes set sail for weaker ground

Chanting hymns of Tyr, of Odin and of Thor
A viking shall but win, berserker deep inside

The warriors spotted land, treasure hunt is at hand
Nobodys life will remain when they leave this shattered ground
Without any fear, they walked in from the shore
Mead is in the vikings to bring rageous attack

Take them all, slay them all spare just one
One to tell the story about a storming inferno

Men from the north brought despair to the foreign land
Treasure they now have to bring back home
Villages were harmed and burnt, but vikings got their goods
All the gold and treasures found their way to Sweden

One should have seen how they crushed all their foes
No damn warning for the pitiful scums
They died within minutes when the great warriors came
Children were drowned and women were raped

Oh, how the lust of the vikings was great
All their enemies met such a dreadful fate

Smoke is rising to the sky, the village lies deserted
Footsteps in the ashes, the only memory of the vikings raid
The only sound that is heard is from vikings counting gold
Not a single child in the village lived to grow old.