

## Till the Last Man Falls

Turisas

Far away, Beyond the bay  
Rugged hills tower over the woods  
A fort stands steadfastly on each top  
No pinewood this enchanting at night,  
Nor water so blue or bright  
This is the land of the Fenns  
Once the trees were as old as the world  
Whole Tavastia was quiet and tranquil  
Now those days have gone by  
Left: mourning and loud war cries  
A chain of six bonfires blaze  
People start running back and forth  
In these distant towns of North  
Hundreds of years We've fought  
Thousands of men dropped their sword  
'til the last man falls - We vow  
Blow Your horns, Prepare for war  
War ships float towards the town  
With crosses sewed on their sails  
The huge fort gates are boomed  
The ones left outside are doomed  
United against the cross We stand  
Suddenly all the people fell quiet  
The cloudless heavens turned scarlet  
Drumskins strongly boomed from the skies  
The signs of warfare were in front of our eyes  
See the battle raging - Grab Your sword  
A distant thunder rumbling - Bend your bows  
The great arrows fly, Stallions whine  
Long chains creak, Heath echoing  
Finally the victory is achieved  
Last enemies retreat  
Much blood have been spilled  
Hundreds of men been killed  
Cheering and celebrating can be heard  
Far away, Beyond the bay  
Rugged hills tower over the woods  
A fort stands steadfastly on each top  
When will the old Gods fall?  
For how long will the spirit live on?  
United against the cross we stand