

Victory Feast

Waylander

Tonight we feast
O brothers of my clan
Tonight we feast
O brothers of my blade

Let there be drinking
Eating of flesh
Let there be boasting
Tales to be heard
Let there be gloating
Counting of heads
Raise a toast
To Victory!

Adorned with our sacred woad
Armed with our keen edged swords
Scream aloud our battle cry
Bua nó bás!! Bua nó bás!!
See our enemies tremble with fear
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Our foes are vanquished
Time to make merry
Raise your alehorns
And hear the toast
On the battlefield
Our comrades our lying
Dedicate our victory
To their memory