

# Falchion, Burning The Gates

We have broken the time of the old wisdom  
Unscathed is no more the entrance of the kingdom  
We ride to bring the legacy of heathens  
Pagan might will rise as the golden arrow flies

Winds of North are blowing so strong  
The gates are still flaming  
We hold the chronicle of our forefathers  
We praise every world which is written

Come with me my brothers  
There is something you should know  
When the blood will stream on the enemies  
We'll grow the resistance till the last corpse

So the falling of enemies finally begins  
Our armies hold the powers  
And gods of heathens are by our side

Let the rain moisten the ground  
And bury the blood to the sand  
Damp our heroes for the brave war  
And the burned gates of enemies

Well you did my brothers  
There is something we should honour  
Now we hold the kingdom of heathens  
And the pagan forces will grow

We ride to bring the legacy of heathens  
Pagan mist will rise as the golden arrow flies