

Hin Onde, Paganheart

Glittering mails to warriors high
Strongest blades to men of steel
Blades upon which we shall rise

[Ref.]

We're the ones with the paganheart
Proud is our spirit, our will is hard
We're the ones with the paganheart
to conquer back what once was ours

Blades which will cut your throats
Endowed with unimaginable strength
We will reduce you to silence!

[Ref.]

And so the night became
And the battle begun
One by one we cut down the enemies
We're less in numbers but our will is strong as steel
Onwards we march
Under the banner of the ancient pagan empire!

[Ref.]

Glittering mails to warriors high
Strongest blades to men of steel
Blades which will cut your throats
We will reduce you to silence!