

Menhir, Warrior Of The North

Men of north
pray to ase
for the war
kill your enemies
men of north
pray to ase
for the war
destroy chrstianity

Northwind, the breath of the grim godsex
fog and darkness above the forgotten forsts
The eye of odin filled with hatred stares trought the darkness
only the warrior of the north is able to stand his look firm

Warrior of the rorth
see you in walhall
Warrior of the north
see you in walhall

The northern honouer, the only law that he subjects to
the hate against christianity, the strongest feeling that he knows
You can fetter him, you can torment and kill him
but his spirit will always be free like an flying eagle above the clouds

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Im Norden, im Land des ewigen Eises, hllt er die Hand ber uns!

On the battlefield he beholds the light of this world
the first sound that he heard was the warery of his father
In his veins run the hot blood of the northern deities
in the last battlehe'll lead his brothers to walhall

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