

Nirvana, Immigrant Song

Ahhh-ah-ah! Ahhh-ah-ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow
Hammer of the gods will drive our ships to new lands
To fight the horde and sing and cry
Valhalla, I am coming

On we sweep with the threshing oar
Our only goal will be the western shore

Ahhh-ah-ah! Ahhh-ah-ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow
How soft your fields so green, can whisper tales of gore
Of how we calmed the tides of war
We are your overlords

On we sweep with the threshing oar
Our only goal will be the western shore

So now you'd better stop and rebuild all your ruins
For peace and trust can win the day despite of all your losing