

Old Man's Child, St. Aidens Fall

Norse soldiers armed with virtue,
hearts of steel, minds filled with dignity,
Once they sailed across the open sea,
their eyes glowed with death-joy, and glory.

Brave men of endless strength,
as they sailed across the open sea.
Weak men in brown robes cried for mercy,
screamed for help to god almighty.
The ultimate warrior force,
crushed them neath their iron hand.
Mightiest conquerers ever, to be seen,
they were sent from an old foreign land,
waded in blood battle until the end,
a gift of strength, given from Wotan high.
Turned their gods and their ships to the north,
the waves upon the water were like ripples in their minds.
Entered than the ancient land of darkness,
as they soon would turn their ships again.

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