

Sirenia, Sons of the north

I was born on a dark night
I was born in the ruthless cold
I was born in December
In a raging winter storm
I'm a son of the frostlands
I'm a son of the far far north
I'm a son of the darkness
And the northern lights above

Sons of the northern land
High kings of the land of dreams
Fortified by winter darkness
Glorified here never after
Fuelled by an eternal fire
Driven by a dark desire

We're descendants of Vikings
We're descendants of the North
Here the thunder and lightning
Are both enforced by the mighty thor
We are the sons of legends
We are sons of myths and lore
Our legacy is forever
Behold its radiance forevermore

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Northern lights
Shining bright
Winter nights
Mighty sights

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