

Turisas, The Heart Of Turisas

At the tables of the North
Man is used to blizzards and storms
Their arms are tempered by the work of their swords
Gallantness and faith fills their hearts

The heart of Turisas was forged by four winds
In a smithy high up in the skies
On an anvil of honour, with a hammer of blood
The four winds pounded

The heart of Turisas was forged by four winds
In a smithy high up in the skies
On an anvil of courage, with a hammer of sweat
The four winds pounded

Over vast steppes
Horsemen ride for day and night
With honour and glory in their minds
The Eastmen ride

Under the sun
The soldiers of the South sing their songs
Endless scorching deserts
Have trained these men

Take this sign into Your heart and be brave
Let it lead You to Your glory or Your grave
Today

Hear me, my warriors
Soldiers from all the edges of the world
Let us join our forces
To an army, united

The four winds guide Us
The heart of Turisas leads our way
Our drums echo: Forward march
Our horns cry for victory

Beyond the ocean
The warriors of the West bend their bows
In the name of the Eagle
These brave men fight

The heart of Turisas was forged by four winds
In a smithy high up in the skies
On an anvil of glory, with a hammer of tears
The four winds pounded