

Vanir, March of the Giants

Forward!
Forward!
Forward!
The sons of Thor ride to war.
(x2)

Thunder roar
Hooves they pound
Begin the charge
The sons of Thor
Ride to war
Vicious and vile
Flee to your church
You cowards of faith
We light your homes and fields
A pyre will blaze
With burning flesh
We are the lords of death

Forward!
Forward!
Forward!
The sons of Thor ride to war.
(x2)

Giants march
Across the field
The ground shakes
Tremble with fear

Weak are the lambs
That fall by our hands
No warriors nor men
All that awaits are slavery
A life by the whip
Vikings from north
Lands on their shore
With a thirst for blood
A battle-horn sounds
Begin the charge
Ready your selves for the fight

Forward!
Forward!
Forward!
The sons of Thor ride to war.
(x2)

Stone cracks
As horses ride
Our destiny
As iron collides

By our axe and sword
We defend our land
From the armies of
Weaker men
Odin hear our roar
Lead us into victory
Let our sword strike true
Let us crush our enemies

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Forward!

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The sons of Thor ride to war.
(x2)