

Adorned Brood, The Way Of The Sword

Our honour
our pride
belongs to you
our swords
will kill for you
All who stand against us
are standing against you
escort us on our way
To win this battle
guide our swords and shields
We waded through
till the victory is ours
You are the one who ensures
that our men return home proudly
you make heroes out of them
for they die as heroes
You are the king the cherusker
standing over all kings
your strength is what we remember
you live in us for all times
The spirit of the swords
forged in pagan flames
execute our will