

# Angeli Di Pietra, Lindisfarne

On a misty winter's morning  
When all was still  
Came upon the shores of Albion  
A plague from the North  
Death by the sword  
The unsuspecting villagers  
Toiled and tussled their daily lives  
But on wings of pestilence  
Northmen came to bring demise  
Riding on through the white valleys  
Bringing death to all who resists  
Bringers of death, scavengers of sorrow  
Order of the axe, murder on the morrow  
Never to be seen, rumours to be heard  
Struck upon the shore of this earth  
Lindisfarne [2x]  
Soon the dust had settled  
Bodies littered the streets  
Church lay in ashes,  
none were spared  
On the wild seas  
Dragonheads they rode  
Bringing home their hoard  
The order of the sword  
Riding on through the white valleys  
Bringing death to all who resists  
Bringers of death, scavengers of sorrow  
Order of the axe, murder on the morrow  
Never to be seen, rumours to be heard  
Struck upon the shore of this earth  
Lindisfarne [2x]