

Cruachan, Viking Slayer

I watch the sky turning black
And know the time is fast approaching
My clan they all look to me
I turn away, I face the ocean
In the dark I see a fleet of long-ships on the horizon
Again the Vikings come, to this land they are a poison

Archers ready your bows, swordsmen ready your blades
Gods be with us this night, as we stop this barbarian raids
Their boats now pulled to shore
Scrawny men pour forth from the hull
Their faces look ailing and drawn
But their minds are bent on the cull

On they come, these viking raiders, pale and grey
With withered bodies and swords to slay
Charging forth, from filthy ships, towards our line
But we are butchers and they are our swine

By ready men, they fast approach, the time is here
Stand firm at your line and show no fear
From the north, this army comes, to raid our lands
But instead tonight they will die by Gaelic hands

I give the call to attack, and we charge towards the Vikings
Arrows scream over head, and begin this night of killing
I watch as the armies collide, flesh and bone gets torn asunder
So many of my warriors die, as they stop viking plunder

In the distance I see, their leader so wretched and vile
Leading his men with pride, I see his weakness and I smile
Caught up in his stupor of greed, I slice his head from his neck
His cowardly men run away, victory is ours this day