

# Doomsword, In The Battlefield

Dust clouds arise from the english ground  
The smell of blood pierces the brain  
Running in charge towards the castle walls  
I hear my heart beat down in my throat  
I know the Battle joy!

As my sweat drops into my eyes  
A rain of arrows whistles in the sky  
This icy air freezes our blades  
And wet our beards with a morning rain  
Blood, it's on my face!

Odin guide my sword!

As some vikings bolts pierce the walls  
We bring the ram towards the gate  
Warriors proudly die under english fire  
Tha ram claims for its path of death  
Thunderous is the crack!

I awaited for this glorious moment  
I can now enter the fortress crying the charge  
My axe cuts some english heads  
While the city of Jorvik cries its swansong  
Captured is the king!

Odin guide my sword!