

# Ensiferum, Blood Is The Price Of Glory

Before the grimmest enemy  
Cold rain whipping those proud faces  
War cries raising their spirits  
Despising death as they rush forward  
Blood of the brothers drains to the ground  
Stirring up rage  
Giving them power  
Trampling the enemy with their feet  
Without fear they fight

Can you hear the call of the North Star?  
Feel it's longing in your heart  
This bond is eternal  
Sworn through blood  
At the end we will stand as one!  
Even if daylight dies  
Our horde marches on and on  
If we should fall down to the ground  
We'll rise again and never give up!

But for some it's all too much  
This honourable battle and bloodshed  
They flee like a swarm of craven rats  
Leaving their brothers to a certain death  
The last furious men  
They didn't fear death or pain  
They held up their swords and shields  
As winners they stood on the battlefield

Run away you cowards  
We turn our backs on you  
The shame that now stains your name  
Will only brighten our glory  
Those who fight till their last breath  
And fall with honour  
Their names and deeds shall live forever  
Never to be forgotten  
No axe stayed in your weak hand  
No shield protected you from the blows of enemies  
Get out of our sight  
The war has no need for traitors