

Enthroned, Skjeldenland

Thundering through the endless woods
let by the sound of the Bjallarhorn,
they resounded from beyond the Skjeldenland.
Clinching with their swords they attack
after hearing the Heimdall's sign to charge,
the sign to ride over Skjeldenland.

Ending with the roman dominion,
they hail the restoration of the pagandom,
burning down the churches with their pagan fire
they do it with ancestral northern hate,
piling sacred temples of the feeble Christ,
They steal the golden call in offering to Odin.

Hailing under the blackened skies of Norway
the raven's claw signed the northern hordes
to charge, to ride all over the Skjeldenland

Claiming their Viking victories in Flanders
as rival they have the Vlandesns striders
who are daring to keep the Flemish empire.

A silver fullmoon glows on a winter night
sometimes hidden by clouds and Midgard's fire
reflecting and resounding with Thor's strikes
all over the pagan fields of the Skjeldenland.

Freezing, icecold, pagan fullmoon, winter nights
Northwinds are howling like hungry wolves
they victimize, but the Viking horde invade the frozen winter.
They pile the profaned churches and hail the pagan fire,
Asgardsveien are their paths from the Hordanes land.
Rising high their swords, they conquer the Skjeldenland.
Hail Skjeldenland!!!