Exmortem, Into the Realm of Legend

And they resounded with a new prayer: "Deliver us, O lord, from the fury of the norsemen!" In vain!!

Tales of the mighty deeds Of the heroes of old Still a certain nostalgia Of what has been, lived on

They came from the cold and hostile north They pillaged the monasteries Putting villages to fire and the sword And profaned the churches

"Far and wide like the falcon That hunts through the sky Flew he now o'er the desolate sea

Has through courage strike close to thy foe Not too short for thee then is my blade

When the storm roars on high Up aloft with the sail Ah! How pleasant is the sea in it's wrath!

The sea-king himself shows no greed Only glory he seeks from his foe!"

They sailed out of history Into the realm of legend

[Based on "Fridthjof's saga" and the book "The Vikings, Lords of the Sea"]