

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"]