

# Falchion, Journey In The Woods

Through the dark forest our army travelles  
The snow glitters the moonlight as the trees cover  
We grasp to the sword  
Our fate will be shown  
Once again we can fall until the gates are opened  
I bend under the fit in my pain  
The hunger of battle grows  
Here they sent us  
To the disconsolate woods

We grasp to the sword  
Our fate will be shown  
Once again we can fall until the gates are opened

Our journey is hard through the coniferous forest  
Still we trust our fate searching for hope  
Not the long time till we see the brothers' camp  
We drink the bowl to the heathenfolk's blood  
Too long has tasted  
To look for a new dark valley  
Where can we cover to the mist  
And get our new powers

As we arrive to the ice of the lake  
We see an army of the enemies  
We let them sink to hole in the ice  
We let them sink till the bottom

We grasp to the sword  
Our fate will be shown  
Once again we can fall until the gates are opened

Once again our powers will be shown  
And the waste of blood will be filled  
Heathenfolk's win will be celebrated  
And the heroes will be praised  
As cold as a crust of snow  
Are our feelings against the enemies  
We can sacrifice ourselves for the heathenfolk  
We live or die, but we hold our caste