

Folkearth, Carmina Bellica

Upon the pinions of the wind
A call is carried forth
And sets our banners high
Fills our hearts with pride!
Swear the warrior's oath
On the shrine of the war-god
Carve runes upon your sword
And enemy hearts alike!

Songs of war signs my sword
Sound the charge - we go to war!
Songs of war and glories old
Shall be sung in our halls!

We stand beleaguered by foes and fire
Courage still in our eyes

Phalanx, hold the line!
Men of Hyperborea
Your time is come to ride
Lo! Your grim gods are aligned
Pon the ramparts of the sky!

Songs of war signs my sword
Sound the charge - we go to war!
Songs of war and glories old
Shall be sung in our halls!

"Show them Hyperborean might
O pride of the empire!
Today the field shall be thine
Bring them to their knees!
Crush their idols to the ground
Ride their armies down!
Let us take up the cry: Vae Victis!"