

Hin Onde, Songs of Battle

[Music by Wircki / Lyrics by Wircki & NRQ]

Afar the torch was lit and now it has grown to a river of flames
So very cold are these trails of north that we'll march singing forth
Fearless we rush upon your blades, Until death or victory and fame
Let our hymn be sang upon the slaughterlands of man

[Ref.]

Songs of battle, born in flames
Forged in the fire and clashes of steel
Songs of battle, born in flames
From a paganland still free

Upon meadows of blood and lakes of fire our hymn echoes
Ever mighty, ever cheerful, a spirit never to be crushed
Even the mighty men will one day fall but the might itself will never
fade
In stories told, in pictures drawn our hymn goes ever on

[Ref]

Though one day we'll face Tuoni's rapids
Dead Land's black streams
Our hymn still proudly echoes
Generations change, sharpest blades come eventually blunt
But in the midst of battle these songs are ever sung

[Ref]