

Hordak, Beers, Axes And Oak

Sailing Towards the end of the world
Armed with beers, axes and oak
A crew of brave men set of sailed
To meet the unknow there's no place for the weaks

In the age when earth was plane
And dragons killed men
They wrote their own histoy
And they were guided by the wind

On the route of the frozen horizons
With the sound of the waves in their feet
Days and nights passed by
And they put their trust in the sea
For lack of food, lager and women
Their faith was fading away
But that's their road that's their will
A flame that stands in the sea

But fog's treacherous and delivered 'em to a maelstrom
That swallowed their ship and extinguished their flame
Now their bodies are pasture of the marine beast
Without life but glorious their message even can be felt in the sea

After they became one with the ocean
And grasped their axes for one last time
On waves of glroy they rode
On waves of glory they will forever ride