

# 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