

Hordak, Neton Mit Uns

Where the river ends its flowing
At the frozen shores we stand
Weak snowflakes fall down
The calm before the storm

Warrior, Lord of the war
In your name we will fight
They try to steal the land where we were born
We howl like hungry wolves

Sharp's the blade that crosses my heart
This ground becomes my grave
Into the battle, ready to die
Immortal fury Immortal pride
Neton mit uns