

Korpiklaani, Fields In Flames

They rode
Those two hundred men
Narrow roads
Through this dark cold land
They burnt all villages
They raped and destroyed
Took gold, silver and coins
Taxes to King was their mission
But pain and sorrow they left behind
They drank all booze
They stole and killed
Fields in Flames and
Families without homes
Men with their golden swords
Horses' armoured heads
Iron harassed hard
Blades of weapons slashed
In silence the village lie down
Hearts bleeding morbid sorrow
One man of these men of the death
One man, broke down
Down he went with insanity
Down man, lunatic
He lit the fire under the house
You could only see his feet
He burnt away his insanity
Burnt away those memories