

# Nachtfalke, Land Of Frost

Hail - to our ancient gods - hail - hail - hail  
Hail - to my fathers sword - hail - hail - hail  
Set sail warriors onward to fight  
bound for glory bound for right  
in Muspellheim we raise our swords  
in the name of all the ancient lords  
only the strong shall here prevail  
warriors of evil warriors of Hel  
none of the battles can be lost  
in a land of fire in the land of frost  
In a land where no life dwells  
in a land where's the dead alive  
in a land of thousand winter nights  
in a land of eternal frost and ice  
Hail - to our ancient gods - hail - hail - hail  
Hail - to my fathers sword - hail - hail - hail  
All the pain and suffer is going stronger  
stand up and fight we can't wait no longer  
they killing they raping day by day  
the army of the god takes all life away  
pounding the world with a fist of steel  
there is no fear of pain we feel  
none of the battles can be lost  
in a land of fire in a land of frost  
Hail - to our ancient gods - hail - hail - hail  
Hail - to my fathers sword - hail - hail - hail  
Over old hills and far away  
in thousands of grim battles  
and army of dead with only one aim  
killing all the enemies  
an army of the dead in the land of frost  
Called: The Einherjer  
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