

Nachtfalke, Ode To The Fallen One

The time is right, to ride into the battle
we're fighting hard...for the glory of Odin
burn down their houses, with your warrior's rage
slay the dogs and drink their warm blood
Warriors awake, look foward into distance
And ride into the next, hard battle
They run away into the forest
there you will find them soon
arrows flying, swords clash
their blood trickles away for als times
Warriors awake, look foward into distance
And ride into the next, hard battle
Kill their man, another one is coming
kill their woman and their moral is broken
prepare your man with blazing steel
a new enemy lets you no other chance
many of the warriors are fallen, enter the holy halls
the gate is open wide, a toud hail is roaring
a golden shiver is falling down...it's Valhall
The dead warrior's sons carry on fighting
with iron hand and firm step they're defending their ground
everyone knows, there's no return
the sons of dead warriors are fallen in the battle
they enter the holy halls
a gate opens wide, a loud hail is roaring
... it's Valhall