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 trickels 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