Skrewdriver, Land Of Ice

Talking bout a land that is made of ice
A land of the North that is full of pride
Hearts full of fire, forests full of snow
We're always made welcome by the friends we know
As we board the Swedish ferry and journey through the night
Gothenburg is waiting, hearts of fire, land of ice
Hearts of fire, land of ice

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We cross the mighty ocean and arrive the next day Comrades are waiting on the dock of the bay We toast old friendships as we shake their hands We swear to keep on fighting to release our lands The next day on to Stockholm to meet comrades of the fight Their pride is Sweden's struggle, hearts of fire, land of ice Hearts of fire, land of ice

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'Bevara Sverige Svensk' is the slogan there Nordic pride is the thing they share To save their Northern country from the Marxist plague To stop their country dying they fight every day They're fighting in Uppsala, in Sodertalje they fight In Boras and in Malmo, hearts of fire, land of ice Hearts of fire, land of ice