

# 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