

Stormwarrior, Deathe By The Blade

Axe and sword in my hands
Deceivers invaded these lands
A charge, their false hearts to kill
The call of the gods to fulfill
Fight the true evil, prevent their return
Blood on the crosses, churches shall burn
Strong our will, fearless we are
The ravens our guidance, the hammer our heart

Warrior
Spill their holy blood
Deathe by the blade
The wrath of the gods shall return

Wytches were burn'd at the stake
Heathens were murdered and raped
Suppressed, our forefather's faith
Wisdom and cults were erased
Fight for our gods, prepare their return
Blood on the crosses, churches shall burn
Proud our hordes, fearless we are
Vengeance our duty, barbaric our hearts

Warrior
Revenge shall be thy fate
Deathe by the blade
The return of the glorious age

[Solo: both/Lars/Scott/both/both/both/both/both/lars/Dirk]

[Chorus]