

Turisas, Till The Last Man Falls

Far away, Beyond the bay
Rugged hills tower over the woods
A fort stands steadfastly on each top
No pinewood this enchanting at night,
Nor water so blue or bright
This is the land of the Fenns

Once the trees were as old as the world
Whole Tavastia was quiet and tranquil
Now those days have gone by
Left: mourning and loud war cries
A chain of six bonfires blaze

People start running back and forth
In these distant towns of North
Hundreds of years We've fought
Thousands of men dropped their sword
'til the last man falls - We vow

Blow Your horns, Prepare for war
War ships float towards the town
With crosses sewed on their sails
The huge fort gates are boomed
The ones left outside are doomed
United against the cross We stand

Suddenly all the people fell quiet
The cloudless heavens turned scarlet
Drumskins strongly boomed from the skies
The signs of warfare were in front of our eyes

See the battle raging - Grab Your sword
A distant thunder rumbling - Bend your bows
The great arrows fly, Stallions whine
Long chains creak, Heath echoing

Finally the victory is achieved
Last enemies retreat
Much blood have been spilled
Hundreds of men been killed
Cheering and celebrating can be heard

Far away, Beyond the bay
Rugged hills tower over the woods
A fort stands steadfastly on each top
When will the old Gods fall?
For how long will the spirit live on?
United against the cross we stand