

# Valhalla, Rohirrim

Rohirrim

(M/L:Ivan. V)

Fly and take the light of the sunrise  
over the top of the hills.  
Ride till the twilight come to us  
Never rest, never retreat and never loose.  
Hard as iron ; valiant stong and noble like a horse  
cause on a shaddle I was born

Listen to the horn  
calling us to war;  
answer the horn call.

Ride across the hills,  
share out the wind  
with the Rohirrim riders.  
Fight all day and night  
This the life  
of the Rohirrim riders.

One with my clan snd one with my horse  
The fury of my sword  
that will fall over my enemies heads.  
Feel the thunderstep of the defenders of The Mark,  
the wall of spears when we attack  
and the power of the braves.

Listen to the horn  
calling us to war.  
Listen to the horn call  
Warlike is my blood, thick and heavy  
I can feel it flowing through my veins.  
In my throat a battle hymn, in my hand a sword of steel  
that my enemy will taste : all of them have sealed their fate  
On the battlefield they 'll die.  
Here comes the earthquake. The ground will shake  
with the charge of the Rohirrim riders.