

White Skull, Fighting And Feasting

The northern warriors pray
The hurtled bodies raise
TYR God of war they praise
He's really proud to fall
Fall under the sharp blade
The only way to die
They vowed to die arms in hand (in hand)
Valhalla joy's waiting for them
White-armed maidens named
The choosers of the slain
Will take them to the Reign
They fill the Heroes horns
Someone looks like a skull
The drink of Gods they taste

(chorus)
Fightin' hardly the Heroes die
But the wounds are healed
Feasting the Heroes days
They will live forever
Oh, Oh