

Battle Claim

LÃ³chran

Deadly winds are blowing from the west upon the heights
Is that a wind of victory or it comes to take our life?
Our people have been wasted on the fields across our lands
The man who wins this battle will be the last man stand

The sounds of drumming comming, we close our eyes and pray
I remember my wife and my son that iÂ've left for so many days
The gods who lies on valhalla will take care and bless our fate
But we know since the beggining, no man stays alive today!

[Chorus]

Rise! Rise all the swords
even if we had to die, this day remains through times
By the glory of Thorwald, our blood will spread through the night,
tomorrow we are heading back home!!

The air is getting heavy and the cold could chill the bones
Face to face with enemies we sing our battle song
The archers points their arrows and begins the bloody rain
Tonight our fate is decided... We'll not die in vain!

[Chorus]

Rise! Rise all the swords
even if we had to die, this day remains through times
By the glory of Thorwald, our blood will spread through the night,
tomorrow we are heading back home!!

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