

Walhalla

Dark Moor

Nobody can be back
From that forgotten land
The furthest one, the blac
Lonely and gloomy sandThe bridge's narrow and thin
The sentry waits patiently
People to pass it
In despair but valiantlyNo one reduced his pace
No one looked back with grief
No one changed his face
No one felt relievedYou sense their noisy treads
And look the stone face
And they seem the dead
Of a forgotten raceLast land, last land
With the sword in my hand
Just a word I can hardly say
While our foe we slay, WalhallaMighty Odin just states
No surrender but defeat
Real warriors learn too late
That die is like to beatGlory in war is always better
Than honor, love and wealth
Written in golden letters
Present and future destroyed by strengthAll of them have been killed
Without dropping their blade
Ranks of gods have been filled
To make war when giants invadesValkyries have chooses their sore
Warriors doomed the fall
Leading them into war
In the days of Armageddon

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