

Varyags of Miklagaard

Amon Amarth

Miklagaard has been our home
For twenty years or more
We've lent our axes, spears and swords
In service of the emperor We are loyal warriors
That's the oath we gave
To protect the emperor
Even to a violent grave Our loyalty was always firm
We kept our given word
On these southern battlefields
Our northern war cries roared Battles have been fought
Many gave their lives
But all who died by axe and sword
Were called to hall up high Our time here is now at end
Can't help but reminisce
A cold spring day, so long ago
When we set out to sea We set out from Svitjod's shores
With dreams of fame and gold
And the work of weaving Norns
Was for us unknown We were loyal warriors
That's the oath we gave
To protect the emperor
Even to the grave It's time to take farewell
We have been resolved
From the sacred oath we gave
It's time to go back home Our time here is now at end
Our memories will stay
Of Miklagard, our southern home
Until the end of days We set out from Svitjod's shores
With honor and rewards
We return back home
We return back home
With honor and rewards
We return back home We return, we return
We return back home
We return, we return
We return back home

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