

Immigrant Song

Coalesce

Ah, ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow

From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow

The hammer of the gods will drive our ships to new lands

To fight the horde, singing and crying: Valhalla, I am coming! On we sweep with threshing oar, Our only goal
will be the western shore Ah, ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow

From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow

How soft your fields so green, can whisper tales of gore

Of how we calmed the tides of war. We are your overlords On we sweep with threshing oar, Our only goal will
be the western shore

Songwriters

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