Immigrant Song

Minimal Compact

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 thrashing oar.
Our only goal will be the western shore.
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 thrashing oar.
Our only goal will be the western shore.
So now you'd better stop
And rebuild all your ruins,
For peace and trust can win the day
Despite of all your losing.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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