

# 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 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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