The March Of The Varangian Guard

Turisas

The sun rose over the wasteland*
As far as the eye can see
Sand fills the vast plains of Serkland
It's vultures jeering at meBut they can circle until they drop dead
I have not come this far
To end, but to pursue my own thread
To join The Varangian GuardGuards of glory and of might
Red as blood and black as night
Flies our banner as we march
In the East, for the king of the GreekThere's men of the cross and the hammer
A few of the moon crescent
Men simply searching for glamour
Some concealing their royal descentThe axe-bearing foreigners they have aptly named us
All we've come from afar
Diversity is what unites us
We are The Varangian GuardGuards of glory and of might
Red as blood and black as night
Flies our banner as we march
In the East, for the king of the GreekMiklagard, in the second indinction, in the 6542 year of the worldTo
Holmgard and beyond
This is where the winds have us guided
For fame and for gold
We once set sails for these lands unknownGuards of glory and of might
Red as blood and black as night
Flies our banner as we march
In the East, for the king of the Greek

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