

Heathen Horde

Ensiferum

Too many times has moon travelled across the sky,
Since our fathers sailed out for glory and honour,
It's time to fulfil the vow once given,
Forge your plows to swords, send the word,
Raise an army countless as stars in the sky. CHORUS:

All heathen hearts,
Answer the call,
God of thunder bless our swords,
Our heathen horde,
Will never fall,
We are hungry for blood, steel and war. Filled with strength, valour, determination,
Determined to conquer the land,
There is no power,
In their weak invocation,
Puny invocations to their feeble god,
Desecrate and drown it in their blood. (CHORUS) "snjallr maðr
hyggske munu ey lifa
ef hann við vág varask
en elli gefir
honum engi frið
Þátt honum geirar gefið Row!
Storm is getting near,
Row!
I can see land ahead,
No!

Show no mercy for the weak,
Gold, land and women are ours to take so kill! (CHORUS) English translation of Old Norse poem:
"A coward believes he will ever live,
If he keep him safe from strife:
But old age leaves him not long in peace,
Though spears may spare his life."

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