

Sweoland Conqueror

Thyrfing

In primordial times, when Ginnungagap empty stared
Before Ymers death, before our triumphant dominion
There was nothing
No sea, no waves
No earth, no heavenA frostcovered stone created
Bure, father of Bur, Bestlas husbandBestla, daughter of Boltorn
And mother of three
Oden, Vile and VeYmer's assassins, Svears creators[Chorus:]
Oden - spirit and life you gave
Vile - intellect was your gift
Ve - completed the heathen warrior
And Sweoland sets sail to plunderWith will as strong as the heart of Hrungner
They sat the world ablaze
Usurpers of Ethelreds british isles
Conquerors of western Frankia
And crushers of Irish strongholdsThe flesh of a giant bears the mark of their tribe
And his blood carried them forth to glory"Never before has such terror appeared
as we now have suffered from a pagan race""Nor was it thought possible
that such an inroad from the sea could be made"[Repeat chorus]"Shrines were desecrated
Ornaments were plundered
The bodies of saints were trampled
The blood of priests was spilled"

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