Blood Is the Price of Glory

Ensiferum

Before the grimmest enemy
Cold rain whipping those proud faces
War cries raising their spirits
Despising death as they rush forward
Blood of the brothers drains to the ground
Stirring up rage
Giving them power
Trampling the enemy with their feet
Without fear they fight

Can you hear the call of the North Star?

Feel its longing in your heart

This bond is eternal

Sworn through blood

At the end we will stand as one!

Even if daylight dies

Our horde marches on and on

If we should fall down to the ground

We'll rise again and never give up!

But for some its all too much
This honourable battle and bloodshed
They flee like a swarm of craven rats
Leaving their brothers to a certain death
The last furious men
They didn't fear death or pain
They held up their swords and shields
As winners they stood on the battlefield

Run away you cowards
We turn our backs on you
The shame that now stains your name
Will only brighten our glory
Those who fight till their last breath
And fall with honor
Their names and deeds shall live forever
Never to be forgotten
No axe stayed in your weak hand
No shield protected you from the blows of enemies

Get out of our sight The war has no need for traitors

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