Shores in Flames

Bathory

Mother winter leaves our land
And opens wide the seas
The lukewarm breeze does beckon me
As it whispers through the treesIt says: Set your sails
And let me take your ship to foreign shores
Take farewell of those near you
And your land of the North!The wild cold deep black ocean's waves
Invites my hungry heart
Cry not my love I'll return
Only death can keep us apartOden in the sky up high
Let the Ravens of yours fly
To guide us on our sail to foreign shores
Let your Ravens flyThe wind blows through my hair
fills our sails with hope and pride
Caress these lines of Oak, wind
Do not throw us all asideThe wild cold deep black ocean's waves
As wide as sky above
Carry us, oh, Gods of sea
Don't take us down belowNow approach the shore at dawn
All is still the light of daybreak is yet to be born
Clad in morning dew asleep
The city's walls rise before us men from the seasCarrying cold steel at our sides
No time to lose at sunbirth we attack the city by surprise
Down the coastlines with the wind we reign
Men of the North we leave the shores in flamesShores in Flames
Fire!Thor of thunder way up high
Swing your Hammer that cracks the sky
Send the wind to fill our sails and take us home
Guide your sons, us, homeWhen the wind cries out my name
And time has come for me to die
Then wrap me in my cape
And lay my sword down at my sideThen place me on a ship of Oak
And let it drift with tide
Let the flames purify my soul
On its way to hall up highUp high
Fire!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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