

# 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 trees It 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 apart Oden in the sky up high  
Let the Ravens of yours fly  
To guide us on our sail to foreign shores  
Let your Ravens fly The wind blows through my hair  
fills our sails with hope and pride  
Caress these lines of Oak, wind  
Do not throw us all aside The wild cold deep black ocean's waves  
As wide as sky above  
Carry us, oh, Gods of sea  
Don't take us down below Now 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 seas Carrying 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 flames Shores 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, home When 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 side Then 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 high Up high  
Fire!

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