Call of the Hammer

3 Inches of Blood

A dormant spirit awakens You hear it from within It's warriors will bring about the war

A fearsome power is rising Slumbering no more Bringing glory from days of yore

Inspiring words you'll hear
Enemies will fall
You will answer the call of the hammer

The legions are growing Swelling like a storm Lash out at the weakling gods

Bloodlust and rage No compassion will you feel Attack and kill with Nordic steel

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The god of thunder leads the charge Lightning strikes the feeble Nazarene

Golden rams pull Thor's chariot through the sky Hammer high, screams the battle cry

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