

## Blood Heritage

### Ablaze My Sorrow

Blood is life, from an ancient spring it still runs pure  
Blood is ages past, where gods of old gave us pride  
Blood is fire, burning us with liquid red  
Blood is death, taking us to our golden halls

Strength is ours  
for the strong have the right to rule  
Without fear we rule  
for the weak and scared will always fall

We are the chosen  
We come with tide  
Pray to your false gods  
for we will not heed

Our blood holds the rage of the northmen  
Two centuries of fear from the seas  
Behold the dragons of the north

Gods watches us  
but interferes not us mortal men  
Faith not needed  
for the strength of your deeds will be judged

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