

Forged in War

Brymir

Raiders, a thousand of them
Pitch-black the night that veils them
Even the bluest blood runs cold as ice
One million bolts of fire
Lights up our darkest hour
God, save us from this dire fate

Warriors of legend and hunters of men
Falling upon them like banshees from Hell
No one is spared from our raging hate
We're forged in war

Lethal direwolf commandos
Spearhead-phalanx of Odin
Kings of the Northern war machine
Vultures, above they circle
They know what feast awaits them
Our iron blades flash in the dark

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See the ravens scatter as a storm is coming from the north
Let the castles shudder in the war drum battery
Our spearhead gathering at your barricades
Only corpses, ruin and agony in our wake

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