

A feared barbarian warrior
Arrived from the cold northern lands
A man-beast, slayer a hungry wolf stalking his prey
Owned the steel hardly beaten by anyone
Earned his fame on the cruelest of quests
Looted and destroyed
with no one to tame his fervour and rage

wealthy catch of gold and steel
and also a usual salt for his meat

Later on the beast merged his blood with the eastern pagan pack
To conquer vast lands, leaving the trail almost everywhere
Swept all who stood in his way
Ransacked temples, cities and towns
Killed all, no exceptions
All that remained was burnt dust

wealthy catch of gold and steel
and also a usual salt for his meat

The man fought in armor or naked to the point of exhaustion
No one was found on the earth to break his strength

Trudging and falling with weariness
He kept going on and nothing could stop him
With a sword cut he stood up
Again and again, like a dreadful ghost