

The Viking Sea

Count Raven

I have a secret place, where I can hide my face.
I'm there as often as I can be.
There I find my space, dissapear without a trace.
Out on the Viking sea.

Been here a thousand years, the spirit is so clear.
You are so precious, and so dear.
Come on along with me, and I will set you free.
Out on the Viking sea.

The old oak trees, the smell of sea breeze.
Guardian against all enemies.
You feel the sacrifice, the earth is alive.
Here Oden has survived.

Those who pass through here, they are not aware.
Of the secret that's laying there.
I watch the sun go down, from the fortress ground.
You are this country's pearl filled crown.

The raven's eye look to the sky, Gods angels they cry.
A nation once so free, now turned into an evil sleep.

The raven speaks to me about the history.
Of a people so proud and free.
Independence here, just defend their dear.
A natural must or disappear.
We gather again, we light the fire and,
We go back to the old ways.
I put down my stone, no longer I'm alone.
The ancestors brought me home.