

Walhalla

Dark Moor

Nobody can be back from that forgotten land
The furthest one, the black,
Lonely and gloomy sand
The bridge's narrow and thin
The sentry waits patiently
People to pass it
In despair but valiantly
No one reduced his pace
No one looked back with grief
No one changed his face
No one felt relieved
You sense their noisy treads
And look the stone face
And they seem the dead
Of a forgotten race
[chorus]
Last land, last land
With the sword in my hand
Just a word I can hardly say
While our foe we slay... Walhalla!
Mighty Odin just states
No surrender but defeat
Real warriors learn too late
That die is like to beat
Glory in war is always better
Than honour, love and wealth
Written in golden letters
Present and future destroyed by strength
All of them, have been killed
Without dropping their blade
Ranks of gods, have been filled
To make war when giants invade
Valkiries have chooses their sore
Warriors doomed the fall
Leading them into war
In the days of armageddon