

# The Ride of the Valkyries

Domine

Oh Warfather on high,  
I am calling you from the battlefield  
And as I take my last breath  
I call for the mightiest of miracles

For none but the brave, be he king or a slave  
With a pounding heart in his chest  
Will be worthy to rise and with the Valkyries fly  
And ride to the ancient Valhalla

Oh Warfather on high  
Listen to my prayer  
I lived my life by your rules  
Oh let death cover me now

For none but the brave, be he king or a slave  
With a pounding heart in his chest  
Will be worthy to rise and with the Valkyries fly  
And ride to Valhalla of old

with the Valkyries, ride over the battlefield  
Ride your horses and come to me  
I'm waiting for you to take my soul, high in the sky to  
Valhalla of old

Valkyries, ride over the battlefield  
I'm dying and glad to bleed  
Because I know today I will take my place with the heroes  
in Valhalla of old

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In The Halls of Valhalla I finally take my place  
With my sword and my shield I enter Odin's realm  
I'm an immortal spirit now with a heart made of steel  
With the gods on high forever I will live and laugh at the  
fears of man