

In The Battlefield

DoomSword

Dust clouds arise from the english ground
The smell of blood pierces the brain
Running in charge towards the castle walls
I hear my heart beat down in my throat
I know the Battle joy!

As my sweat drops into my eyes
A rain of arrows whistles in the sky
This icy air freezes our blades
And wet our beards with a morning rain
Blood, it's on my face!

Odin guide my sword!

As some vikings bolts pierce the walls
We bring the ram towards the gate
Warriors proudly die under english fire
The ram claims for its path of death
Thunderous is the crack!

I awaited for this glorious moment
I can now enter the fortress crying the charge
My axe cuts some english heads
While the city of Jorvik cries its swansong
Captured is the king!

Odin guide my sword!