

Feel the heavy thunder
of carnage and morbid plunder
come now brethren and fight
this land is ours by right

To our gods we cry
that we fear no to die
renewing strength thereby
cowardice is forsworn

The enemy's waylaid
now leap into the fray
hack away and pray
for glorious death, the battle born

The clangor of steel rings loud
Of fierce warriors so proud
keen to ascend the endless skies
where gleaming halls are prize

Blades in sheaths are set
victory has been met
none can forget
heaps of flesh lying torn
the heavens they have earned
for the end they yearn
then shall they return
the glorious dead, the battle born

For the battle we are bred
our banners on high you shall dread
our victims we behead
all fear the battle born
doomsday come anon
the final is foregone
awaiting still the dawn
of the glorious dead, the battle born