

Honored Are The Fallen

Folkodia

Einherjer warriors
In silence march
Above the clouds
Aflame with sunset:
Hues of bronze and gold
Dancing reflections
On their shields and maille
The distant thunder roar
That forebodes a storm
Is the sound they make
As they're marching on
Throughout the aeons long
Into eternal halls
That shine with fame
And sings of their name...

Einherjer warriors
In silence march
Above the clouds
Aflame with sunset:
The tarnished gold
The stains of blood
The scars of battle
Washed with each rain -
The light in their eyes
Brings dawn to the sky
Each and every time
A warrior dies...