

The Swords of King Harald III

Folkodia

Remember this name
For it's laden with the fame
Of the warrior ruler
King Harald of Norway

The sovereign of lands
Swept by Nordic winds,
The son of King Olaf,
The bane of the Poles!

With five hundred at his side,
King Harald sotmers to the fight!
Their swords gleaming silver,
Striking like thunders of Thor!

Leader of the Varangs,
Of the imperial guard-
The scourge of Bulgaria
And the Eastern host!

The last of the Vikings,
A true son of the North;
His name shall be hailed
Throughout the eons long!

With five hundred at his side,
King Harald sotmers to the fight!
Their swords gleaming silver,
Striking like thunders of Thor!

Bloodlust is what drives him,
Loyal to battle's call;
Where the fray rages thick
No surrender, no shame!

He can hear songs of glory,
An otherworldly melody,
As he bleeds from his throat
'Pon Stamford Bridge...