

# The Shield-Wall

## Forefather

When the fiends have come there is nowhere to hide  
I must swing my axe, my brothers at my side  
Feeding on our own fear, passions running high  
Fleeing not a choice, better to fight and die

In the shield-wall we stand to defend our land  
Holding on till the end

Brace the storm and keep the shining blades at bay  
Fight to let our kingdom live another day  
Heed the old ones' cries, we mustn't let them down  
We will slaughter them to keep them from the crown

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Flanas geseca me  
Ecga beata me  
Beornas wielda me  
Cyningas sind genered urh me

Iren gewunda me  
W pen deria me  
Cempa teora me  
Cynedom is gewered urh me

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