

Age of Aggression

Malukah

We drink to our youth, for days come and gone
For the Age of Aggression is just about done
We'll drive out the Stormcloaks and restore what we own
With our blood and our steel, we will take back our home

Down with Ulfric, the killer of kings
On the day of your death, we will drink and we'll sing
We're the children of Skyrim, and we fight all our lives
And when Sovngarde beckons every one of us dies
But this land is ours and we'll see it wiped clean
Of the scourge that has sullied our hopes and our dreams

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