

## In the Clash of Arms

Mithotyn

A king, courageous and proud.  
Across the wild seas he sailed  
through hard storms and black clouds  
with men who could not fail.  
Victory was in their tail.

Masters of the handling of steel  
with a quenchless thirst for glory.  
He ran into the hordes of foes  
with his twohundred combatants only.

Better warriors than he had  
can be very hard to find.  
Even in the worst situations  
they did not leave their king behind.

In the clash of arms  
the blades shone brightly.  
In the clash of metal  
he earned his glory.

Loudly rang the ore's cold hearted songs.  
Many men was brought up high  
though it's he who for Valhall longs  
Yet, it's not his time to die.