

Breath Of The North

Nomans Land

Upon the wave's foamy crest,
Astride the dragon of the sea,
He brings trouble on his wings,
On his mighty wings
The hand holds steel
And someone's life on it.
There's thirst for glory in his eyes,
And gleams of funeral pyre.

Breath of the north will fill lungs
And give you power.
The dragon bares its teeth.
Blood of his foes he'll drink aplenty
Upon the Ting of their armours.