

## Sons of the Nord

Nomans Land

Severe Nord taught us  
That misery makes you strong  
Hunger makes you a hunter  
In the sufferings we are all alone

Dark northern sky showed  
That life is to perish soon  
Take what you can in allotted time  
Die free with no sorrow

Our thoughts are grey clouds with the rain  
Our will is the edge of the steel  
Our anger is breath of the cold  
That's why strike with our swords on the spot

Mighty rocks made us  
Skillful and unbreakable breed  
Many were crushed with our shields  
Like waves by the shore

Northern sea made us  
Friends with the winds and storms  
We appear from nowhere  
Suddenly fall like the doom