## Warhorns Of Midgard

The clouds in the sky begin to hide The land for years Ive called mine A war unknown to the worlds Calling the last fearless hearts

Gathering the clans to fulfil our fate Ready to fight till the dawn of the day Brave wolves in the heat of the hunt Well rise again when the morning comes

Blow your horn The horn of war Hoist our banner Tattered and black

Side by side the arms up high We form a wall of honor and pride Uncertain to see them alive Your home, your son, your own wife

50 thousand men are glimming afield Every stride and chant quakes my shield Upon the hill their war machinery hushes Waiting to kill

Black raven circuit the field I see their eyes greedy starring at me Descendents clucked by death Foreboders of our fate

The bones sliver Steel bursts Blood creeps Men fall

Fight for honor And die for pride

Warhorns of Midgard the forecast of war Warhorns of Midgard will never fall silent

## Nothgard