

Scandinavian Warmachine

Paganizer

Battalions disperse at dawn
Leaving a coast of elusive safety
Moving towards days of certain death
Wit the chill of doom in every breath

Through wartorn landscapes
Their march towards doom continues
Burning fields and flesh that cries
Soon enough combat will rise

Scandinavian warmachine
Warriors of the north
Scandinavian warmachine

Dug their heels in and moved to the front north

This Scandinavian warmachine
Conjured to feed a putrid war
They fought and died and crawled and bled
On fields afar viking blood was shed

Unsaluted soldiers
Of old and deathfilled days
Now burst forth your legacy
And bast in praise