

A Vikings Tale

Peyton Parrish

Prep the tables, bring the meat
Pour the ale, our bellies do feast
If one must fall from a drunken spell
It's a Viking's tale, don't ever doubt that

Boots be damp, our dirty feet
Man a worthy stench too deep
And the women shout, "Get a bath, you reek"
It's a Viking's tale, don't ever doubt that

We sail at speeds across the seas
Finding lands for us to siege
And the enemy runs from the beach to weep
It's a Viking's tale, don't ever doubt that

The war is near, it's time to breach
Gather your axes, follow me
Into the gates we charge and raid
It's a Viking's tale, don't ever doubt that

Find these lands our kingdom seats
All the nobles bow to me
But the fun, gay old ones, thy dare not speak
It's a Viking's tale, don't ever doubt that

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