

Lindisfarne

Stormwarrior

793 at the northumbrian shore
Dreadfull omens shake the lande
Mighty messangers have come from above
Awful signs they shalle presente
Thunderstorms, lighting comes down
Fiery dragons ride the sky
A famine hath followed these tokens of hell
Starvation now overtakes man's life

Fallow's moon hath left the saintly shore
Holy island ends the nighte
Northern dragons have crossed the ocean's horizon
Red white sails appeare in sighte

Highe swung stems are breaking the waves
Behold! Ship made of oak drawing near
Beastly howlings are reaching the isle
What strange horde hath broughte the sea

Lindisfarne - The priests are overrun
Lindisfarne - Calamity hath come
Shores are laid waste, saints to overtake
The storne of the northe hath begun
At Lindisfarne

Storming on the lande
Tearing their clothes off their backs
Chasing these weaklings away
Some shalle be struck, some shalle be drowned
Others shalle be laid in chains
St. Cuthbert's cross, their treasure of stone
Knocked down their idol shalle be
His holy church, a sacred place
Spattered and soiled with the bloode of the priests

Plundered the chapels shalle be
The cloister is sacked, the altar is destroyed
Precious stone, noble jewels and gold
Now their holy treasures are on board

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[Solo: Lars/Both]

Alcuin of York:
Lo, it is nearly 350 years that we and our fathers
have inhabited this lovely land, and never before
has such terror appeared in Britain as this we now
suffered from a pagan race...

They stepped on holy places with uncleaned feet
Dug up the altars and plundered all the treasures in the holy curch...
What should be expected for other places

When the divine judgement has not spared this holy place?

Thy ravens up highe
One-eyed father, accept our offering
Let us not return without wealth and pride
Be our guidance on the stormy sea

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"A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine