Battleaxe, sworde of steele
Hammer, bow and an iron pride
Out of the twilight I returne prepared to strike
In the darkest realm, where the faithe is lost
and the falseness reigns
A storme shalle arise
To rake the fire and burn the chains

Warrior - Knight of the storme Warrior - Ready to strike Warrior - Lead by the oath

Warrior - For fighting I was borne

Many battles won, stronger from fighte to fighte Burning enemies
Fire, nighte after nighte
Fieldes are shining red
Skulls and bones throughout the lande
The storme of victory
Hath been laid into barbaric hands

Warrior - Knight of the storme
Warrior - Ready to strike
Warrior - Lead by the oath

Warrior - For fighting I was borne

When I fall in honour, pride and glory And sworde in hande The spirit shall live on forever in the hallowed lande

Warrior - Knight of the storme

Warrior - Ready to strike Warrior - Lead by the oath

Warrior - For fighting I was born