

I would wake warriors great  
Summon warriors of the oak  
High as a pine in the forest  
Summon those who sleep  
Wake those beneath the grass  
Buried deep under fields  
Under sacrificial graves  
In the burning earth

Carve runes upon the horns  
Stain them red with blood  
We mumble our spells and sing our hymns  
Filled with lust we drink  
The mead so pure and strong  
Proffered by smiling maidens  
We praise the taste on our tongue  
Mead blessed for us by Odin

My father he has promised  
That glorious I'll become  
Standing high in the stern  
Steering the ship so worthy

Slained in battle I rise again  
Brought to life by a heathen spell  
The sea was my home, I ruled the waves  
Without fearing my death  
Arising from the realm  
Where the dead are screaming in vain  
Bring forth the day  
And I'll fight by your side

Born here in northern land  
My vision's been clear since long ago  
My heart will bleed as I walk upon earth  
My fate lies here, carved in stone  
I'm surrounded by fires  
I behold this fearsome night  
I was born as a wolf  
But raised as a human.