

## Storms Of Asgard

Thyrfin

A desolate aeon has passed since the demise of our crown  
A tragic end which made hecates and predictors wail  
But dragons still sleep tranquil in proud heathen hearts

At first they came wearing their most innocent masques  
Telling vikings vague stories about a nazarene whelp  
While keeping their swords drawn behind their backs

Storms of Asgard  
Engulf the unfaithful  
Storms of Asgard  
Reclaim your throne

They spread their odious thorns all over northern soil  
Some unfaithful sheeps swore allegiance to them  
But some rather died  
Their craving and megalomania became too much  
Raping northern soil before pagan eyes spawned hate  
There where great battles but the outcome were not

The pagans volcanic wrath is still alive in our hearts  
And the white veil which still covers us  
Will be torn apart.