The Great Escape

Turisas

Word I bring from far up North
Songs I sing from you nephew's court
Convened Ting on the death of Harthacnut
Proclaimed king and the Danes salute
End you exile Your claim to the throne is strong
Svein's your ally The Swedes will fight along
Norway awaits me It's time to cross the north sea
First I must break free We could ask Constantine?
I'm needed elsewhere... No way, my troops I can not spare!
This seems quite unfair... Can't you hear? My answer is NO!
My Basileus, my Emperor
I have honourably served this kingdom
Sand have I won, and furthermore
Blood of Saracens have flowed by my work of sword
My Basileus, my Emperor
You have left me no choice but to escape
Taking my men, and from the Horn
We are breaking our way out after nightfall
"This is insane, we're trapped in the sound!"
Row for all you're worth, despair to mirth!
"The chain will not break, there's no way around!"
Over we shall go! So, hasten now, from stern to bow
Tilt the galley over, for no emperor nor chain will stand in my way!
Man the oars! Out to the sea!
Bid farewell and wave goodbye
Because gentlemen, we are heading home!
Rising, a new day rising
New kingdoms await
New lands there to take
Your son's heading home
He's a viking, the last of The Vikings
With chests full of gold
Great tales to be told
Your king's heading home

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