So we feast tonight at Northern Gate We have won the wars of late Hold your head up high tonight Have another horn Even though we won the war today They will find another way Don't give up without a fight Take what give the norn I see ships on the horizon bleak I know whom they come to seek They will find I'm not alone They won't come at ease Maybe leaving them alive was wrong Even though they were so young So I reap as I have sown Not a moments peace Show your swords Drive them down Hold my hoards Give no ground Show your swords