

Broken Throne

Vanir

The life he knew has come to pass he feels a strong regret
If he does not muster all and gain the gods respect
His hands tremble as he grab around the wooden shaft
He must raise against all odds and break the cross i half

The gods shall hear his plea his throat is filled with rage
A scream burst from his lips of hate and victory
All his father's before him died in blood and bravery
This day is, his to die to win his dignity

Rise son of Odin
Not just a man, Einherjer within

Christians came to his land to save their very soul
His family was driven out the lost their only home
But he knows now that in his chest beats the heat of gods
Odin's chosen, that will stand against denying odds

Their church shall burn for all it's done the land it stole from us
We tear the nails from the cross and stab them in their backs
For this land will always be a place for heathen gods
Until the day the last man bleeds and Einherjers are gone

Rise son of Odin
Not just a man, Einherjer within

Rise
Rise
Rise
Sons of Odin

Rise son of Odin
Not just a man, but Einherjer within

Rise son of Odin
Not just a man, but Einherjer within