

The Glorious Dead

Vanir

They were brought
From their homelands
Bound and in chains
Condemned to fight
On the sands till
None would remain

But as they fought
Again and again in
Spite of the odds
They rose up high
Remade into beings
To rival the gods

Screaming Crowd
Thirsting for
Bloody end
Hear their roar
Raise your sword
Blow by blow
Earn your life
Slay your foe

Behold the glorious dead
Titans amongst men
Bow down to the glorious dead
Legends carved in steel

Thus remade
The arena
Now as their throne
Their mountaintop
Their domain of
Glory unknown

There they lived
Legends growing
Till their last breath
By worthy bands
They would meet their
Glorious Death

Screaming Crowd
Thirsting for
Bloody end
Hear their roar
Raise your sword
Blow by blow
Earn your life
Slay your foe

Behold the glorious dead
Titans amongst men
Bow down to the glorious dead
Legends carved in steel

Cut by a thousand blades

Blood and death as their wives
Shedding their life's blood
Till Charon arrives

Behold the glorious dead
Titans amongst men
Bow down to the glorious dead
Legends carved in steel