

Varangoi

Warkings

We carve our name in blood and lore
Through the clash and battle's roar
From the northern lands where the legends grow
We are the Varángoi

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We're heeding the call of the kingdom
In distant lands, shields of steel
With fire and blood, with axe in our hands
We hold the line, we guard the wall

The heart of old Contantinople
A throne we are sworn to protect
In this foreign land, our story is told
Norsemen fierce with hearts of gold

Tágma tōn Varángōn
In the fray and storm of war, our valor shows

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My trusted and loyal companions
O my Varangian Guard
In scarlet and gold, your loyalty shines
Guardians true, in troubled times

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Forever we are
Loyal protectors
Northern blood
Byzantine heart

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