

Berserkr

"The Iceman Has Risen"

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Hail Death! [x4]

To the front of the battle we ride
With our weapons in hand,
Banners pressed to the sky
Standing over the dead on the ground
With a warm cup of blood
And a victory shout!

[CHORUS:]

Soaked from head to foot
With the enemy's blood
The Iceman has risen again
Cold fire in his eyes
Vengeful sword in his hand
The Iceman has risen again
Generations were lost as the ice giant slept
'Twas in him where our courage was kept
Generations it took us to shake him awake
Now it's war that the Ice giant makes!
(repeat chorus)

In the depths of the Aryan soul
Lies an unequalled hatred
Where icy blood flows
The Vikings, The Saxons, The Lombards,
The Vandals, The Teutons, The Normans
The Franks and the Angles!

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