

## **Bornholm**

# **"The Call Of The Heathen Horns"**

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See the lights around  
Warriors in shining armour  
Marching through the path of the elder  
Clouds rise on the mountain's high

Oh, cold Carpathian wind,  
Clean, as our virgin's blood  
Listen to the roars of battles  
See awakening forgotten wrath

Oh, cold and mysterious night  
Idolised, graceful empires  
Halberds are shining bright  
The armies of Heathens rise

Oh, cold Carpathian wind  
I hear your call, bringer of storms  
The stars shining above the mountains  
Like lights above the graves

Father, take my soul  
To the halls of eternal glory  
Father, raise my sword  
To unleash my raging fury

I hear the sounds of battle drums  
I hear the call of the heathen horns  
A call for war

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