

Bathory

"Shores In Flames"

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Mother winter leaves our land
And opens wide the seas
The lukewarm breeze does beckon me
As it whispers through the trees
It says: Set your sails
And let me take your ship to foreign shores
Take farewell of those near you
And your land of the North!
The wild cold deep black ocean's waves
Invites my hungry heart
Cry not my love I'll return
Only death can keep us apart
Oden in the sky up high
Let the Ravens of yours fly
To guide us on our sail to foreign shores
Let your Ravens fly
The wind blows through my hair
And fills our sails with hope and pride
Caress these lines of Oak, wind
Do not throw us all aside
The wild cold deep black ocean's waves
As wide as sky above
Carry us, oh, Gods of sea
Don't take us down below
Now approach the shore at dawn
All is still the light of daybreak is yet to be born
Clad in morning dew asleep
The city's walls rise before us men from the seas
Carrying cold steel at our sides
No time to lose at sunbirth we attack the city by
surprise
□Down the coastlines with the wind we reign
Men of the North we leave the shores in flames
Shores in Flames Shores in Flames
Shores in Flames Shores in Flames
Fire!
Tor of thunder way up high
Swing your Hammer that cracks the sky
Send the wind to fill our sails and take us home
Guide your sons, us, home
When the wind cries out my name
And time has come for me to die

Then wrap me in my cape
And lay my sword down at my side
Then place me on a ship of Oak
And let it drift with tide
Let the flames purify my soul
On it's way to hall up high
Up high
Up high
Up high
Up high
Fire

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