

Circus Maximus

"Sons Of The New Dawn"

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The Warlord weaves his web of fear.
Each man receives his faith of share.
A blood-red sun is the warriors shield.
The eagle scans the battlefield.

From a beautiful dark past,
When the Earth was young and pure.
We'll go into a disgraceful future,
Where everything we own is lost.

But we are the Sons of the New Dawn.
Under the sign of the hammer,
We'll take back what us belongs,
Warriorsouls longing for revenge.

We are guided by the Warlord,
So comrades take up your shields.
And raise your swords high to the sky,
For we will rule the battlefields!

Just like Autumn dies and Winter follows,
Our Winter is beyond.
Let's rebuild our dynasty,
With pagan souls and immortal beauty.

Fight, my warriors fight.
Fight for the heathen pride.
Hail, my warriors hail.
And don't let this mission fail.

Remember, death is the element we do not fear.
Stand strong with pride, and never surrender.
My mighty warriors, our empire is near.
For we do accept the rules of nature.

Ooh, magnificent Gods of War;
Let us be victorious.
And may we find our paradise
In the eternal spheres of ice.

For we are the Sons of the New Dawn.

Hailing under the sign of Mjollnir.
We will rebuild our dynasty.
Young and strong, to infinity!

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