

Crom

"Vengeance Part 1"

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They came down from the northern hills on winters
final day
With swords and axes in their hands to take us all away
But from the border fortress build atop a nearby hill
Twenty men came riding (in their eyes the lust to kill)

And at the center of our village, 'neath the ancient
hanging tree
The riders met the enemies and it was not a place to be
Soon the first had fallen (red blood covered all the
ground)
But the fighting still continued, battlescreams were all
around

And when the northmen had turned heels we came to
see the bitter cost
That to defend our village many lives of brave men had
been lost
So we turned our gazes from the corpses and we went
to gather wood
For the pyres of our saviors to be burning well and
good
And as the sun was slowly setting blackend smoke rose
to the sky
Silence fell in mourning of the ones who had to die

They came down from...

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