

Doomsword "Blood Eagle"

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"I har alle bevidnet et l'inge kendt ritual. Konger dor pa denne vis"

No more battle noise, nor crying this night.
The whole of England is silent, stopped is every fight.

As the heathen knife falls down onto King Aella's spine,
Blood runs onto York, no christian light will shine.
Ivarr pulled his ribs one by one out of his back,
Wings of blood won't make him fly, he just longs for a
heartbreak!

All of you have witnessed, a ritual long time known:
Blood Eagle, Kings Die This Way!

The clouds gathered above, to witness and behold
The landing of an Eagle on the walls of this stronghold.

As the heathen knife falls down onto King Aella's spine,
Blood runs onto York, no christian light will shine.
Ivarr pulled his ribs one by one out of his back,
Wings of blood won't make him fly, he just longs for a
heartbreak!

All of you have witnessed, a ritual long time known:
Blood Eagle, Kings Die This Way!

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