

Einherjer "Dragons Of The North"

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As blood for wolves for riches and lust
Onward with hammers to chest
Villages burn, burn citys to dust
And for fun they tortue the rest

Cold, blue steel through a nice day's breast
An avalanche of heathnes set sail
To show to the world of which men is beast
To conquer where others would fail

Odin is working to eagerly form
A great heathen fist from the north
Pray for your life when there's signs of a storm
But praying won't help when the dragons com forth

Roaming the bow, the berserks, the fierce
They know not fear of pain
Women and children are swimming in tears
While the berserks are going insane

Scholared embodies by blood and the mound
The clink of sword sound death chord
Bearslough and wolfslough are shaking the ground
Embraced by might, great northern horde

Odin, great warlord, I greed you with hail
This new god is weaker of class
Grant me thy powers, your secrets unveil
And I'll kick this christ right in the ass

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