

Ensiferum

"Blood Is The Prince Of Glory"

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Before the grimmest enemy
Cold rain whipping those proud faces
War cries raising their spirits
Despising death as they rush forward

Blood of the brothers drains to the ground
Stirring up rage, giving them power
Trampling the enemy with their feet
Without fear they fight

Can you hear the call of the north star?
Feel it's longing in your heart
This bond is eternal, sworn through blood
At the end we will stand as one

Even if daylight dies
Our horde marches on and on
If we should fall down to the ground
We'll rise again and never give up!

But for some it's all too much
This honorable battle and bloodshed
They flee like a swarm of craven rats
Leaving their brothers to a certain death

The last furious men
They didn't fear death or pain
They held up their swords and shields
As winners they stood on the battlefield

Run away, you cowards
We turn our backs on you
The shame that now stains your name
Will only brighten our glory

Those who fight till their last breath
And fall with honor
Their names and deeds shall live forever
Never to be forgotten

No Axe stayed in your weak hand
No shield protected you from the blows of enemies

Get out of our sight
The war has no need for traitors

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