

Ensign

"Living Beneath The Hammer"

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Windswept landscape, desolated mountain plateaus
The Deepest woods and darkest scrubs
Flords and mountains are our landmarks
In a life beneeath the Hammer
A long and narrow kingdom
Ruled by trinity
From stormy mountain tops covered with snow
We behold the kingdom of the Hammer
We ride along the paths of Midgard
Fog from the soil rises at our feets
To the west the shore can be seen,
Where the first sat foot ashore
Where they raised sail towards north

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