

Bound For Glory "Hymn of the Conquerors"

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We are the chosen of an eternal kingdom
Revelling in our heresy
We are the conquerors, spurned by the northwinds
Our trumpets wailing sounds of doom
Our sea of soldiers march with hatred
Sparing no unbelievers in our wake
Your establishments burn on this winter evening
The moon a witness to our conquering tide

Chorus:

One thousand years of forgotten glory
One thousand sins we shall not forget
One thousand heroes no longer forgotten
One thousand swords unsheathed for your death
We fear not death, for it is our ally
We fear not hate, for it is our friend
We fear not your gods, for they have no power
And we fear not you, for you shall die!

Barbarossa awakes, his knights now rising

His beard is wrapped three times around the stone
The march to the East is once more coming
Legend of legends arise once more
We submerge again into dark ice waters
The seawolves hum the hymn of death
Iceland, Greenland, belongs to the northmen
Reclaiming ancestral lands once again

(Repeat Chorus)

All around you can you feel it?
The autumn winds bring a scent of death
Grim reaper walks, your people follow
The sun has set upon your land
We fear not death, for it is our ally
We fear not hate, for it is our friend
We fear not your gods, for they have no power
And we fear not you, for you shall die!

