

Iron Mask

"Iced Wind Of The North"

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Hear the thunder roar, storm of Thor
Do you feel the cold of an ancient world?
In this age of rites and battles
Drakkars ready to fight,
They are vikings feasting in the halls of gods
The master of the seas
And I can feel the glory of braves
Raising our cup to the sky in honour of Odin
And I can see them conquering the stars
Dragon ships, Dragon ships, coming from the mighty
sea of north

Feels like I'm there, like I'm in Valhalla
Feels like I'm there, like I'm in Valhalla
Iced wind of the North

They forge their swords with power
Sailing through the seas eternally
Settling in the Land of Saxons
And when the night falls
They praise their gods
Feasting in the hals of gods
The master of the seas
And I can feel the glory of braves
Raising our cup to the sky in honour of Odin
And I can see them conquering the stars
Dragon ships, Dragon ships
Coming from the mighty sea of North

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