

Iuvenes "Riddle Of Steel"

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Intently I watch
The sacred fire on my
Weather beaten face
I feel it's glow
My hand gives steel
The shape of the sword
That will turn my son
Into a hero
Scops will praise him in
Their legends
Bards will praise him in their songs
Eagles will wield it
To high skies
The day has come for
My son to learn
The riddle of steel
The day when his fate is done
When the heritage is
Given to him

I swear by all our gods and by their
Holy laws that I shall obey the
Discipline of steel whose
Secret i've learnt from you your words
Will make me strong should weakness

Or doubt arise I turn my eyes
To the overwhelming majesty
Of the snowy peaks stabbing gloomy
Clouds my fathers sword in my hand

The blood sears in my veins
By my heritage by my legacy to you my father
I swear to guard the secret of steel that
Fills warrior's heart with might
Oh father that called me to this
World should this be your will
I'll obey
This proves how worthy I am
Oh my ancestors glory and fame
Thunder behind me glory ahead
Nothing can drag me away from the gods' path

Shown by my father for I am the man
Whose heart is the heart of steel

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