

Joe Santa Maria

"Strandhagg III - Landing"

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Now we're leaving open sea towards the western
shores
Heading for the Scottish coast
Through the whipping Smirr our Drakkar urging forth

A distant shore lies in front of us so restfully
Occupied by those who beg
Pull the oars my fellows, the beach is just ahead!

Row, brothers, row for the spoil's already near
Fast, brothers, fast, there's a lot for us to tear!

Cloaked by fog we're getting closer to the beach
Then our bows roll on the banks
A single moment - then all hell is breaking loose!

Soft as the weather is the way they're defending
Instead of fighting as men of worth
They're falling on their knees, but their end is now
impending

Row, brothers, row for the spoil's already near
Fast, brothers, fast, there's a lot for us to tear!

It's the age of the axe, sword & spear
Teach the occident what is fear
It's the dawn of the wolf in man
It is time for the cross to ban

Slay these foreign parasites
They are prey for sacrifice
Let the age of Herjan rise!

"And when I set my foot into thy disgraced kingdom
Be sure my wrath will last for ages
Without mercy, without grace I will write
Thy chronicles most bloody pages"

