

Adorned Brood

"Hammerfeste"

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Far far away in the distant North
Awfully it rises wrapped in fog
Between both divine lands
They fight up to the blood
To protect their home
To once go to the holy land

Hammerfeste - far far away
Hammerfeste - rules in lonely majesty
Hammerfeste - the enemies run away
Hammerfeste - it's their destiny

The fear is not the fate we'll seek
Our destiny will build upon
The mighty Hammer above us
If we fall we'll rise again
We raise our fists into the frosty air
Out of our inside rises cold air
And wraps us in uncanny fog

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