

Nirvana "Immigrant Song"

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We come from the land of the ice and snow,
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.
The hammer of the gods,
Will drive our ships to new lands,
To fight the horde singing and crying:
"Valhalla I am coming!"

On we sweep,
With thrashing oar.
Our only goal will be the western shore.

We come from the land of the ice and snow,
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.

Sultry fields of green,
Whispered tales of lore,
Of how we calmed the tides of war,
We are your overlords.

On we sweep,
With thrashing oar.
Our only goal will be the western shore.

So now you'd better stop and rebuild all your ruins,
For peace and trust can win the day despite all your
losing

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