

Dark Angel

"The Voice Of The Gods"

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Now finally on the way
Strong winds will take us home
No one we will obey
But our gods all alone
The oars are gliding in
The blackened nordic sea
And driven by the wind
The waves we must defeat

The voice we can here is the old northern call
Still guiding us on our course
This song in the wind born in warrior's hall
Is leading our way back home

Arrival is a feast
We've been gone for far too long
Remembering the dead
Many brothers, they are gone
But with their swords in hand
And restless souls within
We'll return to the land
That they are buried in

You feel the bond when you are born
Where mountains touch the sky
Eternal ice and raging storms
Up where the eagles fly
You hear the hooves of Sleipnir pound
Wolves and ravens by his side
With one eye watch us through the clouds
And take us as we die

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