

Runic

"Showdown"

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My mind is sick of thinking
And my heart is flared up with rage
Arouse my fighting spirit
Become lethargic in the mist of times

Soon like the waves
Breaking themselves,
The swords will be knocked together
Soon like a storm,
Double-edged swords
Will rumble for ever and ever

The grounds for war aren't needed.
Only the pleasure of seeing the blood.
Your blood soaking the weapon is
Enough for me and
For my warlike people.

Tides And wind side with us.
Gods must have heard the sound
Of our drums.
We're going to mow'em down
We're going to make them feel
The taste of rout...

Praise be to showdown!

So row for the northern lights...
So row the Atlantis ocean skies.
Battleground jus before us.

Enemies are waiting for dusk.
Death has been invoked
And she will not leave alone.

Kill or be killed, win or be won.
Don't doubt in cut their heads off.
Gods will be proud of our work...

And now there is no place for cowards.
And now there is no time for weakness.

For those who feel down...
Their presence just now around, with us.
War, you are the only way
To let the fallen reach the eternal rest.
For all I believed.
All what you made me leave forgotten in past
War, that gave me the steel,
That gives me the courage.
That will make me great.

Maybe alive, maybe dead...
But never being slave again

Again...

Thousand people fighting/dying
Only think in gain

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