

Darkwoods My Betrothed **"From The Snowy Hillside They Came"**

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Via the paths of the four winds
Through the icy valleys and hills
They came led by two ravens
The messengers from the hall of the slain

Warriors of a thousand battles
Skalds of a thousand stories and tales
Riding in a shadow
Which will lie over the christian fame

Hear the dark woods call
Swear for the ancient names
Odin, Thor, Valhalla
Written into the heathen flames
False beliefs fall
Hearts of steel begin to pound again
In my eyes I almost see
Dragon ships setting sails

Fathers, watch us ride
Through the northern storms
And freezing winds
We are the horde
That came from the snowy sides of hills
Brothers up there we greet you
just like you - we will never fail
Sisters, wait for the call
We will come
when we hear the Odin's hail...

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