

Thyrane

"Storms Of Asgard"

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A desolate aeon has passed since the demise of our
crown
A tragic end which made hecates and predictors wail
But dragons still sleep tranquil in proud heathen hearts

At first they came wearing their most innocent
masques
Telling vikings vague stories about a nazarene whelp
While keeping their swords drawn behind their backs

Storms of Asgard
Engulf the unfaithful
Storms of Asgard
Reclaim your throne

They spread their odious thorns all over northern soil
Some unfaithful sheeps swore allegiance to them
But some rather died
Their craving and megalomania became too much
Raping northern soil before pagan eyes spawned hate
There where great battles but the outcome were not

The pagans volcanic wrath is still alive in our hearts
And the white veil which still covers us
Will be torn apart

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