

Mithotyn

"In The Clash Of Arms"

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A king, courageous and proud.
Across the wild seas he sailed
through hard storms and black clouds
with men who could not fail.
Victory was in their tail.

Masters of the handling of steel
with a quenchless thirst for glory.
He ran into the hordes of foes
with his twohundred combatants only.

Better warriors than he had
can be very hard to find.
Even in the worst situations
they did not leave their king behind.
In the clash of arms
the blades shone brightly.
In the clash of metal
he earned his glory.

Loudly rang the ore's cold hearted songs.
Many men was brought up high
though it's he who for Valhall longs
Yet, it's not his time to die.

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