

Once upon a time here on the plains of Pohjola
There dwelled a heathen people almost forgotten by
now.
Known as northmen, they furiously defended their kin,
Thus being those who the baptised never recognized.

They conquered and plundered, they held to their
Honour,
Victoriously they advanced with no plans of retreat.
But even one more evil did think of the same;
On the island they encountered an enemy once known.

They never stood back at a threat
But grabbed their axes granted by gods.
Yet grown in strength, their foes had decided
Once and for all to crush them to the ground.

There was a page to turn in the legends
Of the battles against all plague.
For it's in vain to accomplish honour
If failing to experience death.

...in white their blood now frozen.

In the deep of the waves lies now their reign -
Flame once so proud now dead, yet their shame
Shall the vanquisher forever bear:
No sunken honour may rise for them.

Behold the throne for there now sits the king of
Wrongful deeds,
The shepherd of such hungry beasts, not less a beast
himself.
But people submitted to them shall never disappear;
In the past long gone we can not forsake what in our
hearts dwell.

And time, it has ended.

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