

Isengard

"Poltava"

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A king was born in times of war
Strong like the lion heart
He marched for glory
Searching for victory
Conquering the world

Through snow, wind, fire and rain
The army marches on
The Winds of war
Is calling our destiny
Screaming out in vain:

"Blood of our fathers
Our sons and Brothers"

In 1709, the march was over
In Poltava
The lions from north met their destiny
May their name not be forgotten
Let the stories live in our memory
Hail the brave and the fallen ones
Hail Carolus Rex

Sky turns to black
The battle lines are drawn
Under our flag
Together we stand
United we fall

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