

Hammer Horde

"Howl Of Himinbjorg"

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Heathen rage within my blood feels never-ending.
Conquest has spread to the home of the weaklings.
All who stood before me died, and they grant me
glorious battle.
Ages will know my name. War-torn men fall. Fates met
in defeat.
With the sound of steel comes judgment.
Norns weave my fate and blades carve my wounds.
Today my death will bring me to Heimdall.
I hear howlings beyond Bifrost.
Ancestors call me, bloodline of ancient pride.
Valkyries ride to tame to Asgard, where Gods reside.

Hail to the fallen ones. We raise our call to honor thy
sons.
Faith and glory is our right.
With ancient guidance we die with pride.
Lord of sky-fortress, I approach Heimdall.
God of sleepless nights, hearer of leaf-fall.
A thousand miles and the future fills your vision.
I hear howlings beyond Bifrost.
Brothers call me. From Midgard, raise pints up high.
In drink and feast, they honor me.
'Till in battle their fate is to die.

Hail to the fallen ones. We raise our call to honor thy
sons.
Faith and glory is our right.
With ancient guidance we die with pride.

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