

Orson

"Einherjer"

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In that raid to rich shores
We'd catch the Fortune's smile
Hell of the whining swords
Suddenly fall on this land
Last in my life I saw
The arrow stick in my chest
I knew as I die:
In battle I'd find my rest.

I was married on the battlefield
Wedding with death - is more than real
First sweet night under rainy sky
With the songs of winds and raven's cry
Burn fire, burn my funeral fire
My friends, raise your ale-horns higher
In that gloomy skies I hear your song
Near stars as the gleamses on swords
Of my future valiant horde
In Valhalla, where the feast of strongs

Aarrghhh! Death gave me winds
And I can fly between the stars
Death gave me freedom
And I can came into Asgard

I can drink the light
I can touch the sun
I can see the cosmic gates of world
I can fade in time
I can be the all
I can outcast all with Universe

Hail of the desperate souls
Hewed in the cave of ice
Valkiries' strew on my road
Virgin white snow from skies
Glory of sword and blade
In chamber of conquerors
Stern warriors raise their horns
Bring the fame to hammer of Thor

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