

Amon Amarth "Varyags of Miklagaard"

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Miklagaard has been our home
For twenty years or more
We've lent our axes, spears and swords
In service of the emperor

We are loyal warriors
That's the oath we gave
To protect the emperor
Even to a violent grave

Our loyalty was always firm
We kept our given word
On these southern battlefields
Our northern war cries roared

Battles have been fought
Many gave their lives
But all who died by axe and sword
Were called to hall up high

Our time here
Is now at end
Can't help but reminisce
A cold spring day
So long ago
When we set out to sea

We!
Set out from Svitjod's
Shores!
With dreams of fame and
Gold!
And!
The work of weaving
Norn's!
Was unknown

We were loyal warriors
That's the oath we gave
To protect the emperor
Even to the grave

It's time to take farewell
We have been resolved
From the sacred oath we gave
It's time to go back home

Our time here
Is now at end
Our memories will stay
Of Miklagaard
Our southern home
Until the end of days

We!
Set out for Svitjod's
Shores!
With honor and
Rewards!
We return back
Home!
We return back
Home!
With honor and
Rewards!
We return back
Home!

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