

Ancient "Her Northern Majesty"

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Her majesty is crying tears of ice cold rain
I see my brazen brothers
Come to claim their hill and plain
They take my hand and guide me
To the walls of Stortinget

Angered by the weak and ostentatious
Actions of leaders of our land
Spitting on the vainglorious
Proclaimers of freedom to all that be
As they hold a worldwide banner
Shouting, "Come and follow me"

Norway is the star to be followed
Her symmetry plain to see
We shall not let her father
Into the popular amorphous sea
And with these words spoken
The end befell the lies

And the promises have awoken
The Northern son's vengeful eyes
I see the promises begging
On their knees in guilt and shame
So swiftly were they silenced
And once again the Vikings reign

Now we shall live as one
Brothers and sisters of pride
As we watch our enemies sail away
Forgotten with the tide

Her majesty shall raise her head
A beautiful example to all
The sons of North have Norway in hand
And never, never, never shall she fall

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