

Snuff "Vikings"

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Down below the feet were marching on
There was glory calling, flowers were thrown
Although the sun was shining
The cold blue light of morning
Can't melt the layers of dreams
Left from the night before
The dream goes on...

Yes, the mood was stirring
Yes, the eyes were shining
To answer honours calling wreaths were laid
All the girls were smiling
The young men held a wine
Marching on the dreams
Left from the night before
The dream goes on...

Watch the smiles turning into tears
They'll send the young men to war
Down below the feet were marching on
There was glory calling, flowers were thrown
Although the sun was shining
The cold blue light of morning
Can't melt the layers of dreams
Left from the night before
The dream goes on...

Same blood same sun
The dream goes marching on...

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