

Storm

"Norway's Home"

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A strong guy from the farm went
he followed pine and breeze
up through the hills, greystone and wilderness
bold his steps was
Swathed in twilight
under a (completely) norwegian sky
his feet steadily wandered
towards their goal and upon heighs

A weatherbitten hand cluthes the sword
and cleaves the blumen's heads
His mouth twist in smoldering hate
Unpeace will fall

Then he stood there on the look-out top
his eyes couldn't rest
Because he sought a pure sight
but it became a cruel pain
There in the midst of norwegian forest and wilderness

His grim mind should show them
that a son of the north has lots of guts

The son of the north lost Norway's home
to a _ army
Proud he was when he returned
to cleave them with his sword

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