

## Thyrfin "Celebration Of Our Victory"

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Torn and bloody our clothes they are  
As we march home from a battle afar  
Victorious we were, the raven's were with us  
A glorious triumph was reached by dusk

We drink our mead in the light of the funeral pyre  
Just as the flames, our cups are raised higher and  
higher  
We drink to our brothers who in this battle have fallen  
We hail thee, whom the god's have callen

Back in the village my woman awaits me  
The fairest of women with a flaming desire  
Her grace is to be seen by none but me  
My scarred heart is burning like fire

Tonight is the night of viking's celebration  
A celebration of our glorious victory  
A victory that was surely not our first  
And certainly not the last

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