

## Turin Brakes

### "The Great Escape"

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Word I bring □ from far up North  
Songs I sing □ from you nephew's court  
Convened Ting □ on the death of Harthacnut  
Proclaimed king □ and the Danes salute

End you exile □ Your claim to the throne is strong  
Svein's your ally □ The Swedes will fight along

Norway awaits me □ It's time to cross the north sea  
First I must break free □ We could ask Constantine?

I'm needed elsewhere... □ No way, my troops I can not  
spare!  
This seems quite unfair... □ Can't you hear? My answer  
is NO!

My Basileus, my Emperor  
I have honourably served this kingdom  
Sand have I won, and furthermore  
Blood of Saracens have flowed by my work of sword

My Basileus, my Emperor  
You have left me no choice but to escape  
Taking my men, and from the Horn  
We are breaking our way out after nightfall

"This is insane, we're trapped in the sound!"  
Row for all you're worth, despair to mirth!  
"The chain will not break, there's no way around!"  
Over we shall go! So, hasten now, from stern to bow

Tilt the galley over, for no emperor nor chain will stand  
in my way!

Man the oars! Out to the sea!  
Bid farewell and wave goodbye  
Because gentlemen, we are heading home!

Rising, a new rising  
New kingdoms await  
New lands there to take

Your son's heading home

He's a viking, the last of The Vikings  
With chests full of gold  
Great tales to be told  
Your king's heading home

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