

Turin Brakes

"The March Of The Varangian Guard"

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The sun rose over the wasteland
As far as the eye can see
Sand fills the vast plains of Serkland
It's vultures jeering at me

But they can circle until they drop dead
I have not come this far
To end, but to pursue my own thread
To join The Varangian Guard

Guards of glory and of might
Red as blood and black as night
Flies our banner as we march
In the East, for the king of the Greek

There's men of the cross and the hammer
A few of the moon crescent
Men simply searching for glamour
Some concealing their royal descent

The axe-bearing foreigners they have aptly named us
All we've come from afar
Diversity is what unites us
We are The Varangian Guard

Guards of glory and of might
Red as blood and black as night
Flies our banner as we march
In the East, for the king of the Greek

Miklagard, in the second indinction, in the 6542 year of
the world

To Holmgard and beyond
This is where the winds have us guided
For fame and for gold
We once set sails for these lands unknown

Guards of glory and of might
Red as blood and black as night
Flies our banner as we march

In the East, for the king of the Greek

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