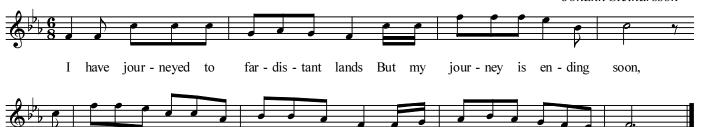
Falcon Flies Home

Jóhann Steinarsson



My tri-als are o-ver, the Fal-con flies home By the light of the sil-ve-ry moon.

I have journeyed to far-distant lands But my journey is ending soon, My trials are over, the Falcon flies home By the light of the silvery moon.

The council has gathered, the muster is called, We hasten to war once again, The purple and gold, so stalwart and bold, Shall take up the cause of our friends.

Chorus

A young man-at-arms with a spear in my hand, I fear that my task is too large, But with friends at my side, my heart swells with pride As I brace for the enemy's charge.

Chorus

They come in great ranks towards
the gate where we stand
As a battle-cry rips through the skies,
And with passion robust, I step forward and thrust,
And the first of the raiders now dies.

Chorus

But the raiders are countless, they pour from all sides, They determine to breach through the walls, So I brace once again, for my strength shall not wane And I will not let my brothers fall.

Chorus

The battle, it rages, the raiders they come, And once more my spear lays them low. I will fight on with pride through the pain in my side Where a raider's sword struck a fierce blow.

Chorus

The blows come more fiercely, my arms now grow weak, The pain more than I can endure, I hear Valkyries call as my sword-brothers fall, And I know that my death is assured.

Chorus

The sun is now fading, one raider still stands, Both his wounds and mine now bleed fast, My brothers are gone, our great battle is done, And I know the next strike is my last.

Chorus

With a last gasp the raider now drives his blade home As my spear sends his spirit to flight... As we both meet our end, I say `Thank you, my friend, I shall be with my brothers tonight.'

Final Chorus:

For I now journey to glorious lands, I shall dine in Valhalla soon, My trials are over, the Falcon flies home By the light of the silvery moon.