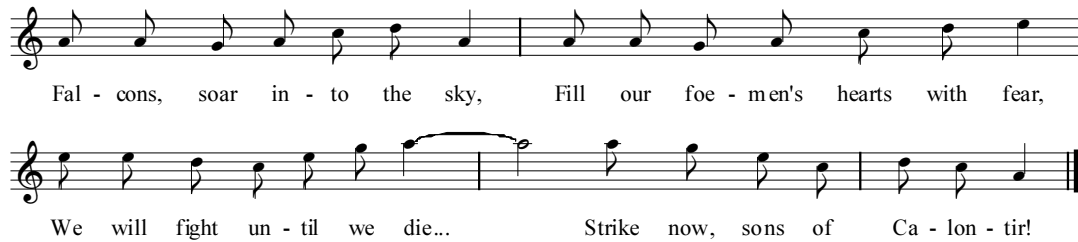


Sons of Calontir

Johann Steinarsson



Fal - cons, soar in - to the sky, Fill our foe - men's hearts with fear,
We will fight un - til we die... Strike now, sons of Ca - lon - tir!

Chorus

*Falcons, soar into the sky,
Fill our foemen's hearts with fear,
We will fight until we die...
Strike now, sons of Calontir!*

The drums are beating at first light,
Take up arms and join the fray,
Calon warriors, take flight,
For we are golden birds of prey!

Chorus

Great armies come from foreign lands
With death and conquest in their hearts,
Now the Falcon Host shall stand
And tear our enemies apart!

Chorus

They come to us in howling waves
And hurl themselves upon our shields,
Thus we send them to their graves
For Calon soldiers never yield!

Chorus

Like predators upon our prey,
We slaughter them with axe and sword,
Blood shall flow throughout the day...
Tomorrow, we'll be back for more!

Chorus

*Falcons, soar into the sky,
Fill our foemen's hearts with fear,
We will fight until we die... (hold for four beats)
Strike now, sons of Calontir!*