**VIKING POEM**

A-ah-ahh-ah, ah-ah-ahh-ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
from the midnight sun where the hot springs blow  
  
The hammer of the gods

will drive our ships to new lands   
To fight the horde

and sing and cry,

Valhalla, I am coming  
  
On we sweep with,

with threshing oar   
Our only goal will be the western shore  
  
Ah-ah-ahh-ah, ah-ah-ahh-ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
from the midnight sun where the hot springs FLOW

How soft your fields, so green   
can whisper tales of gore,

of how we calmed the tides of war   
We are your overlords  
  
On we sweep with,

with threshing oar   
Our only goal will be the western shore  
  
So now you better stop

and rebuild all your ruins  
for peace and trust can win the day

despite of all you're losin'