

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 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 threshing oar
Our only goal will be the western shore

S-so now you better stop and rebuild all your ruins
for peace and trust can win the day despite of all you're losin'

Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Ahh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh