

While We Breathe

*Words: Rorik Galbraith
Music: Steffen Albert Rheinbauer*

We are the War-riors of the Hirth, We are the guardi-ans of the King. Man - y will feel our rage this day. The
bite of the axe and the sting of the dart Will shat - ter shields and spill blood. By the axe or by the
sword, this is our trade. For while we breathe, no man shall slay our King.

We are the Warriors of the Hirth,
We are the guardians of the King.
Many will feel our rage this day.
The bite of the axe and the sting of the dart
Will shatter shields and spill blood.
By the axe or by the sword, this is our trade.
For while we breathe, no man shall slay our King.

Come the morn, the dogs of Hel will bark
Banging shields, singing of death.
Their swords held high, with a thirst for blood
Stand tall Huscarl falter not!
Trade blow for blow, make them pay
Ten lives for each of ours laid low.
Their tide will break against our wall of death.

The battle sways, the cowards run,
Thrown back, the foe is smashed.
The last ax falls, and the last man dies.
Of what is left the gods may choose.
'Tis true, our table too has empty chairs.
They stood brave, and they paid their debt in full.
To them we drink, for they'll be sorely missed.

Come liege lord, drink with us,
Share your meat and wine.
Revel with your loyal Hirth.
For you we fought, the day is yours;
The land is safe, the bells can ring again,
Until again the Hirth you need;
We will come; for that is our oath.
For while we breathe, no man shall slay our King.