

Ah-ah, ah!  
Ah-ah, ah!

We come from the land of the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_  
From the midnight sun where the hot \_\_\_\_\_ flow  
The hammer of the gods  
Will drive our ships to new \_\_\_\_\_  
To fight the horde, sing and cry  
Valhalla, I am coming

On we sweep with threshing oar  
Our only goal will be the western \_\_\_\_\_

Ah-ah, ah!  
Ah-ah, ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow  
How soft your \_\_\_\_\_ so green  
Can whisper tales of gore  
Of how we calmed the \_\_\_\_\_ of war  
We are your overlords

On we sweep with threshing oar  
Our only goal will be the western shore

So now you'd better stop and rebuild all your \_\_\_\_\_  
For peace and trust can win the day despite of all your losing

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