

Britta's Glory

And it's Charge, Dawn, Charge,
We'll fight with every breath
And every step we take today is one step nearer death
But we'll charge

Oh she marched across the Empire and she blazed into each heart
Warrior and general, bright as flame she stood apart
With thunder all around her and with fire upon her brow
To keep our Empire free from harm she made her solemn vow

The Jotun threat had hit them hard, but still the west she won
Out to the East so fast she flew, she shone just like the Sun
Side by side with Dawn she stood, at bloody Summerholm
And crystal clear it was to all our Empress had come home

Her Virtue strong and splendid, made an Empire's life-blood beat
With fire and steel and fury, all her foes they met defeat
Until one bitter winter when at Skarsind battle found
The Young Empress had perished, lying dead on frozen ground

Now we're marching out from Anvil underneath a weeping sky
For Glory and for Vengeance with our banners raised up high
We'll make them fear her memory, cast them down into the mud
For Throne and Crown and Britta, we will make them pay in blood!

And it's Charge, Dawn, Charge, We'll fight with every breath, And
every step we'll take today is one step nearer death, But we'll charge.