

# Nirvana, Immigrant Song

Ahhh-ah-ah! Ahhh-ah-ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow  
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 the threshing oar  
Our only goal will be the western shore

Ahhh-ah-ah! Ahhh-ah-ah!

We come from the land of the ice and snow  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow  
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 the threshing oar  
Our only goal will be the western shore

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