

Markland National Anthem

By: Attila/ Atli Vathason, First Warlord (Bruce Edward Blackistone)

(Sung to the Czarist National Anthem. If you don't know the tune, listen carefully to the background of the 1812 Overture)

Markland thy slimey sod, forsook by all the gods Home of the darkest swamps and thickets of thorn!

Lo, how thy mighty rocks they break our plows asunder, Making us wish we had never been born.

Markland they noble sons, run from the sounds of guns Faster than jackrabbits and cunning as rats.

They'll gain the victory, annihilate the enemy When they can sneak up and stab in the back.

Markland thy daughters dear, make Mongols cringe with fear Comely as great cave bear and stronger than ox.

See them in the field right now, how gracefully they pull the plow As with their dainty feet they drop kick the rocks.

Repeat ad nauseum.