

Too many times has moon travelled across the sky,
Since our fathers sailed out for glory and honour,
It's time to fulfil the vow once given,
Forge your plows to swords, send the word,
Raise an army countless as stars in the sky.

All heathen hearts,
Answer the call,
God of thunder bless our swords,
Our heathen horde,
Will never fall,
We are hungry for blood, steel and war.

Filled with strength, valour, determination,
Determined to conquer the land,
There is no power,
In their weak invocation,
Puny invocations to their feeble god,
Desecrate and drown it in their blood.

Ósnjallr maðr
hyggsk munu ey lifa
ef hann við víg varask
en elli gefr
honum engi frið
þótt honum geirar gefi

Row!
Storm is getting near,
Row!
I can see land ahead,
No!
Show no mercy for the weak,
Gold, land and women are ours to take so kill!