

Nifelheim

Ereb Altor

Beware of the Northern wind
Sacrifice to the mighty eagle to spare our skin and bones
His cold wind that pierces through all
Shores of longing, winter's gone
Guide us, sons of Oden
Ruler of the sky protect us
Don't take us down below
We set out sails
Our journey has begun
The mighty sea seals our fate
Waves so strong carries the Dragon ship
To arrive in foreign lands to conquer to trade
To depart from foreign lands, leave the shores in flames
Those who stand against us will fall by our hands
Send them down the river cold to the shore of the dead
To Nifelheim, they will travel the cold wasteland of the ninth
world
In Nifelheim, they will suffer the wrath of the snake of the ninth
world