

Born of Thunder

Folkodia

Wherever I tread on this haunted, holy ground
I look to the skies above,
the clouds armed with storm...

Born of thunder is he who rides
Down from the tempest's burning soul,
To Midgard with a hammer in his hand
On his chariot made of living fire...

He's the protector of men:
His name is a magic word;
He's a god come from on high-
He's the one...

Whenever I see the glory that dawns each morn,
Frozen like steel, enchanted by Northern light...

Born of thunder is he who rides
Down from the tempest's burning soul,
To Midgard with a hammer in his hand
On his chariot made of living fire...

He's the protector of men:
His name is a magic word;
He's a god come from on high-
He's the one...

Robbed in such splendor,
Immortal eyes bedewed
With the gift of prophecy...

Where I tread on this haunted, holy ground
I look to the skies above, the clouds armed with storm...

Born of thunder is he who rides
Down from the tempest's burning soul,
To Midgard with a hammer in his hand
On his chariot made of living fire...