

Black fire burns the horizon  
Ravens fly high in the sky  
A breeze lifts the fog from the ice  
The winter predicts our fall  
The last tide of honor now rises  
With greatness and frost in its eye  
A pale sun gleams upon the masses  
All mountains stand proud in its tall  
The winds speed upon our twilight  
Thunder snow falls from the sky  
Snowstorm that blind upon my eyes  
From the clouds of red they are thrown  
A thousand miles winter surround us  
The dark marches while the world falls  
The storm of the millennium rises  
In massive size I hear its call, call  
Beast of prey from the north arise  
A force of strength none can defy  
Unleashed from the gates a giant storm  
To an end it all shall come  
Mighty deeps of north world call  
The power is at hand  
Apocalypse brought by a will  
Scattered winds blow at you all  
Bewinged by darkness from the cold  
Come the order of chaos  
Spread by winter, hate and storms  
The final days descend the fall  
The world ends just as it began  
Cold winters claws grips at us all  
All to be, not to be revealed  
The prophecies' truth upon all  
The curse is a force that we onward  
Freezing and breathing at us  
No far from the forest abounded  
The ravens warn us and call, call  
Norden on fire