

Those white fields they reign over this land  
At the sparkle of ice they silently weep  
All ages of mortals they know

And the bright sky reaches throughout the north  
Raining hoar upon the woods  
It conceals the stars and sets the sea in fire  
Shakes mountains by thunder  
Halting the day, raging at night

For long the clouds have traveled  
Restlessly swelling above the waters  
If the heavenly flame now melts the frost  
With just the stream we drift

Those white fields they blind the night  
Silent giants of stone and of ice

The wind shall scatter the cold fair land  
And the eternal stream fall as snow  
None ever living on these plains  
The ice cold wind now takes the fair land

Far away wind driving the clouds  
Carving mournful verses to stone  
The sky leads the weary roamer astray  
Struck down by the white nothingness  
Thus curse the giants of stone and of ice  
From here none shall pass

Should the trees be burnt to ashes  
Should the shore be buried under the waves  
No man can ever own this land