

White blade falls upon coils of steel  
Flickering as it flies  
Mighty warrior is dead, who put the Ting  
Of swords together  
In search of glory he travelled far  
His battle snake knew no defeat  
No defeat or tiredness  
Under the storm of spears

The hordes are silent  
Harking to the skald's song  
He wrote for him, who let the play of swords begin  
The hordes are silent  
Harking to the skald's song  
He wrote for him, who let the play of swords begin

Warrior is joyful at the Aesir's feast  
Odin's call for the battle waits  
The Balder of the warrior - Viking, he is  
The giver of white rings  
In search of glory he travelled far  
His battle snake knew no defeat  
No defeat or tiredness  
Under the storm of spears