

Triumph Of Winter

Nomans Land

The raven spreads its runic wings
Against (the) autumnal moon.
The cowering pack awaits the Triumph,
Of Winter transfixed by awe.
The hammer of cold has smashed into pieces
The hordes of the living Loki
The flames are amuck, the body is empty.
The grip of Berserk is firm.

The raven spreads its runic wings
Against (the) autumnal moon.
The cowering pack awaits the Triumph,
Of Winter transfixed by awe.

Your scream freezes on your lips,
Your blood is crunchy on your teeth.
Dragon of war spits death.
Viking beholds
The battle of the Gods, and lifts his sword.