

Idavoll

Panopticon

after the blood has dried on vigríd
and the hordes are laid to rest
sertr has flung the fire of muspel
but its embers no longer glow

arise! earth again.fair and green, modi and magni, take
up your fathers hammer.
meet me in idavollr where its always warm

come baldr and hodr, drink together, as lif and
lifthrasir have emerged from
the great ash tree. odin live on in his wisdom and thor
in his strength,we
raise our horns to the slain and remember the (old) gods
again

arise! gods again! fair and true,turn your backs to the
door that faces north.
meet me in okolnir where its always warm.

men will quarel, rivers will run, flowers will bloom and
nidhogg will feed on
the blood of the dead.....