

I see the golden era hath gone
Fimbulwinter now hath come
Oh signs of fate the ravens know
Dark greed will take the brother's breathe
I see kinships struck by deathe
Hear the howlings of the wolf asound

Axe- and sworde-age
Shieldes are cleft
Winde- and wolfe-age
The serpent rais'd its heade

Ragnarök
See the earthe go up in flames
Ragnarök
The greate serpent writhes in rage
The doom of gods now hath come
The falle of the sun
The gates of Hel devour the deade
At the twilightte of the gods

I see darke crowds of Muspelheim
Ride across the fielde, their swordes aflame
Loudly the Gjallarhorn atones
Valhalla's gates stande open wide
Helm Bearer's sons prepare to strike
The final war, the spear is throwne

Stars now vanish
Sun turns blacke
Rising steam
Oh Midgård stands aflame

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