

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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