

Midgård

Therion

Behind the depth, before the height,
surrounded by the serpent Jormundgand,
(the) world of Man in the middle
of heat and ice, built by the Ymer brow.

World of Man - hot and cool - high and low

In between extremities rises Midgard, mighty as the stem of the
tree.

Ash and Elm, the human pair living of its precious fruits. But
soon it may end.

Middle Earth, Old Midgard (we) wish the tree will burst into le
af!

Will someday your ballance reach an end and you'll start to fad
e?

Mannaheim, Old Midgard all your walls start to tumble down.
May the tree be reborn from the ash it will grow again.

Let's defend Midgard, we Call the High One

Sow upon the field the rune of Jara

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