

From the heart of northern storms  
After several lifetimes go by  
I, the coldness arise

Touching the sky, turning the light  
To frosty shine, forming to frost  
I am a ghost, the lord of frost

Wolves call my name-  
Pakkasherra  
I am the northern wind-  
Pakkasherra

With the black wings of light  
I fly to the castle of mine  
Higher to the mountains  
Deeper to the woods  
To the cold heart of moon