

Far away beyond the horizon,
above the shadows of the horses' hoofs,
a maiden behind a golden shield
in a chariot rides across the sky.

Two ravens are above us,
a long forgotten tale,
how it is to reach the utter hail
and the eyes of a Valkyrjur caress your heart...

When a lightning strikes with pride
and a thunder roars upon us,
when the trees will be beckoned by their dew
again
the icecold mist shows us our way...

Then be sure, oh thy heathenhearts,
our time will soon be there,
when the one-eyed God walks amidst us
and the neighing will be deep inside of our
hearts...

One day we will tear the hearts
of the ones who stay against us,
the nine worlds are in our hands
since we've found the key of Valgrind.

No wolf will ever subdur us,
oh Freya hear my words,
forever I'll be in your retinue
and await to sense your breath...

Once you will open your eyes
while a maiden is kneeling at your side,
and she will kiss you to awake
for you will stride the mighty rainbowbridge...

Two ravens are above you,
they will show you the final way
across the river and over the mountain,
into the ardent awaited land...