

Sol arose  
that morning like a sunwheel at the sky...  
Shallow land  
two ravens high above gave me the sign...

Walhall  
the hall of shining shields  
where once I'll be to celebrate my death...

farewell  
my sword may lead me into ancient realms...

"...now saddled is my horse and grinded my sword,  
the wisest of all blacksmith's forged my shield...  
Tomorrow I will ride, when morningsun &lt;morning sun?&gt; arose,  
to meet my fate on shadow field...

...now the time to leave is near,  
and all preparations done,  
the twilight now heralds my farewell...  
A last donation to the ones  
who will guide me on my way  
and who will await me if I'll die..."

Valkyrjur  
will take my hand to lead me on my way...  
Himinbj