

Before God, Iceland

Land of fire, land of snow
The paling moon, so brightly glows
The howling wolves, sing their songs
Of timeless hunger, through nights long

Through bitter nights, of winters cold
The strong survived, and they were bold
Men of iron, with will of gods
Would flourish still, against the odds

Land of fire, land of snow
To golden seas, clean rivers flow
From the valleys low, to mountains high
All is pure, from land to sky

Awe is splendor, but it's known
That life and death, share this home
All that strived, to tame this land
Did do so , by their own hands

Realms of life, realms of death
Can give you all, or steal your breath
Chaos, and harmony
Coexists, endlessly
Land of fire, land of ice
Strong of ill, breaks winters vice
Through stings the air, and solid earth
Its a struggle, til springs rebirth

This land of chaos in harmony
Full of great sagas to be told
Of warriors who braved the seas
Never fearing the oceans bold
Our fathers from these lands came
With courage in their hearts
And this land of snow they tamed
While each man did his part

So fear not but praise the coming cold
For this is when the night is clear
And old instincts soon take hold
At yule each earths new year

Remember from whence you came
And that when the Nordic wind blow
The lands of ice from where we came
Are much more than lands of snow

When the midnight raven calls
In the north's silvery moonlight
And the snow begins to fall
Upon midgard tonight
Take time now to remember
When the Nordic wind blow
In the chill of December
A land rich with fire and snow