

Doomsword, Resound The Horn: Odin's Hail

A black host descends
omen of the end
fury and pride at Odin's command
just the mountains can dare to stand,
hordes of the gods
almighty force
foreign invader surely won't prevail
the army that cried loud Odin's hail.
It doesn't matter how much
I shall suffer to live
to condign my poor soul
in your mighty hands
I long for that moment my life
I shall give and if I die in this battle...
Let hammer commence !
Black mist now protect us
From unfaithful eyes,
the attack to the cross
and its god will surely succeed,
steel at my side, banners up high,
ancient words from the Gods
I pronounce the Viking war-cry:
Odin's hail, it doesn't matter how
much I shall suffer to live
to condign my poor soul
in your mighty hands
I long for the moment my life
I shall give and if i die in this battle...
Let Battle commence!
"This is the dan for which I was born,
I blow my last breath into the horn,
to the halls of Valhalla
I know finally
my last words are
Odin's hail!"