

Helheim, Mørk, Evig Vinter

(Music and Lyric: Vanargandr)

I opphavs tider var ingenting, ikke sand, ikke sj eller svale blger;
jord og opphimmel fantes der ikke, bare Ginnunga-gap og gras ingen steder
Fra et urvesen av jotunslekt ble kuldeverden skapt
Frostjotner rr over kulde, mrke og den svarte makt
Lange dager og tunge r skal der engang komme, for menneskenes tid i Midgard er omme
De skal fare til det dunkle svarte, i flammene og kaoset de ikke vil makte
Frostjotner vil fryde seg i galskapens ekstase, de vil bli verdens nye mektigste rase
De skal vokte verdens bnder, plyndre, drepe og fardmme

I nord ligger slottet, til over tusner jotner
De skuer ut mot landet, der alt skal st i brann

Tidenes strid
Mørk, evig vinter
Pines i Slid
mennesker der lider

For jotnenes kamp har begynt, mot det menneskene har forkynt
Her skal den mørke skjebne seire, for her skal Frostjotnene feire
Mørk, evig vinter

Det klinger i sverd, kser og store hammere
Skrik og hyl synger som i Nivlheim
Blodet fra jotner og menn flyter gjennom landet, og ryken fra brent skog stiger
i en sort eim
Frostjotner sloss som gale ulver, mens menn lper som redde sauer
Jotnenes makt har satt sitt spor p en engang grnn, flott jord
Ingen liv spares etter denne siste krig for her skal alle d p verste vis
Kvinner og menn, alle skal lide, til Nivlheim gjennom Slid de pines
I opphavs tider var ingenting, ikke sand, ikke sj eller svale blger
Men n finnes det mørke, kulde og evig vinter, for Frostjotnene har verden underlagt

I nord ligger slottet, til over tusen jotner
De skuer ut mot deland, der alt str i brann

For jotnenes kamp er vunnet, menneskene har forsvunnet
Her har den mørke skjebne seiret og Frostjotnene har feiret
Mørk, evig vinter
(frste vers tatt fra Volusp)

(English translation:)

(Dark, eternal winter)

In the time of origin there was nothing, not sand, not sea or cool waves
earth and heaven did not exist, just Ginnunga-gap, and grass nowhere
From a primitive creature of Giant- race, the cold world was made
Frost giants command the cold, the dark and black power
Long days and cruel years will someday arrive, for man's time in Midgard is at an end
The shall wander into the gloomy darkness. Into the flames and chaos they can not endure
Frost giants will rejoice at the ecstasy of madness. They will become the worlds new,
most powerful race
They will guard the peasants of the world pillage, kill and condemn

To the North lies the castle
of over a thousand giants
They look towards the land
Where everything will be lit afire

War of time
Dark, eternal winter
Tortured in Slid

people there suffer

For the giants battle has begun, against what man has proclaimed
Here, the dark fate will triumphant, for here the Frost giants will celebrate
Dark, eternal winter

Swords, axes and large hammers will sound. Screams and howls sing like in Nivlheim
The blood of giants & men will flow through the land, and the smoke of burnt forests
rises in a black vapour
Frost giants fight like mad wolves while men flee like frightened sheep
The giants power has left its mark. On a once green and beautiful land
No lives are spared after this last war, for here all will die in the worst possible way
Women and men, all shall suffer, to Nivlheim through Slid they're tortured
In the time of origin there was nothing, not sand, not sea or cool waves
But now there is darkness, cold and eternal winter, for the Frost giants have
conquered the world

To the North lies the castle, of over a thousand giants
They look towards the wastelands, where everything is lit afire

For the giants battle has been won, man has disappeared
Here the dark fate has triumphed, and the Frost giants have celebrated
Dark, eternal winter
(first verse taken from Volusp)