

# Ásgeir, Torrent

Gods of iron clashing, wind in battle through the night  
Tears will fall, and strength is needed to overcome  
This old house is full of leaks and mold on the walls  
Dragons of the mind are lurking in the shadows

Torrents wash away  
everything  
raindrops flowing all around

Queen takes King, the pawns are falling onto the ground  
Over you and me, there is rising the pink moon  
Merciless though the wind takes hold with freezing cold  
Come, my friend, sit with me; take council in the warmth

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(Translated by John Grant)