

Enslaved, Wotan

Naked, waste landscape
Vast plains lead to the seashore in the west
A northern wind sweeps over dead bodies
A stranger has entered the domains of the vikings

Die not lying sick, dastardly coward
Draw sword, fight with the war gods
Wotan!

We shall fight until we see Ritrost
We shall fight until Heimdal flows the Gjallarhorn
We shall fight for our domains
We shall fight with the war gods
Wotan!

Die not lying sick, dastardly coward
Draw sword, fight with the war gods
Wotan!