

Folkearth, The Bane Of Giants

Hear the distant thunders
Calling my name in awehigh up in the skies I was born
Tempests compose my glorious ode
I defy the giants of frost
Alone I have faced their hordes!
At the hour of my wrath
Death was dealt by my avenging hand!
Mjolner hammers the hills
The bane of giants it brings!
Mjolner rides on the storm
The bane of giants is wrought!
I fear not the serpent
Coiled at the ancient
Roots of Yggdrasil
My hammer is a pounding
My chariot is riding
Power-girt by dwarves
Beloved of men
And feared by giants!
I fear not the tempest
Boiling in the brooding Northern skies above
My hammer is a pounding
My chariot is riding
The wind has called me: Ill descend to Midgard and face the giants!
Mjolner hammers the hills
The bane of giants it brings!
Mjolner rides on the storm
The bane of giants is wrought!
I have come from above, riding my chariot anon! Woe to the giants of frost, for I am their mortal foe