

Graveland, We Shall Prevail

We shall rise, and we Shall hasten
On the paths of our ancestors
We will pick up our broken and rusted swords
And we will pierce them, for the death carrying steel
A tribe will be reborn through the blood
That eternally runs in the sons of Wotan
Forgotten tongue, and forgotten crests
Will be brought back to Earth
Let's arise so that we can step on the paths of
Honor and pride, and to be hailed with praise
The white warrior of Wotan will once again
Plunge his sword into the age-long enemy's heart

(*)

The bastards of the viper Yahweh
will beg for mercy on their knees
We will feed the Earth with their blood
We, the folk of winter and frost
The warriors of the Pagan North
Harden your hearts and bravery
Because the day of our uprising is near
We will revive from the ashes of ancient praise
Which is not forgotten, and not obliterated
We will arise once again, to return praise to our Gods

Swords will shine again, in the light of fire and thunder
The four wings of the Sun will waft upon the paths of our fate
Once again. White children will be proud of their
Fathers and their Mothers
We shall rise, ad we shall hasten
On the paths of honor and pride
White warrior of Wotan folk of water and frost
The white warriors of Wotan will once again
Plunge his sword into the age-long enemy's heart

(REPEAT *)