

Helheim, Nattravnens tokt

(Music: Vanargandr, Lyric: Vanargandr)

Stende i en skog av skodde
kjenner en eim av kulde slende
Det ventes dd i kveld
dden over meg selv
Her i Mrkvedens indre sal
piner jeg meg selv i hat
Presser sverdet dypere inn
dypere og dypere til det fortrer mitt sinn

Nattravnens tokt vil begynne
nr natten den vil hulle
Svever over meg som et tegn
p dden, mrke og Helheim
Der hvor hundre menn ferdes
og deres sjel og blod herdes
Nattravnens tokt vil komme
nr dagen er omme

Hill min dd - i skogens favn
Mine skrik ld - kom nattens ravn
Vandrer n som mrkets slave - glemt og fortapt

Mitt kjtt fryser til is mens min sjel vandrer
Der man kan fle ddens bris og er blant Hels mrke slaver

Skogen ligger der glemt
svart, dunkel og glemt
Intet menneske her finnes
her hvor mrke og kulde bindes
Tken tetter skogen inne
s ingen den vil finne
Bare de som etter dden lengter
og ned til Hel vil senkes

Over skogen syd for Midgard, over Mrkvedens indre sal
Svever der en nattens ravn, som hungrer for mer drap

(English translation:)

(The raid of the nightraven)

Standing in a misty forest
feeling a vapour of coldness
death is awaited this night
the death of myself
Here in the hall of Mrkveden
I torture myself in hate
pushing the sword deeper into myself
deeper and deeper until it devours my mind

The raid of the nightraven will commence
when the night it shall praise
It floats above me as a sign
of death, darkness and Helheim
there where a hundred men live
and their souls and blood harden
The raid of the nightraven will come
when the day has come to an end

Hail my death - in the embracement of the forest
My screams sounded - come raven of the night
I am now wandering as a slave of darkness - forgotten

and lost

My flesh is freezing to ice, as my soul is wandering
There you can feel the breeze of death, and is amongst
the slaves of dark Hel

There the forest lies hidden
black, obscure and forgotten
no man is found
where cold and darkness is bound
The forest is enshrouded by fog
so that no one can find it
Only those that long for death
and to Hel will descend

Above the wood south of Midgard
above Mrkvedens inner hall
a nightraven is flying
still with a lust for death