

Helheim

"Mørk, Evig Vinter"

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[Music and Lyric: Vanargandr]

I opphavs tider var ingenting, ikke sand, ikke
sjǫfǫl, eller svale bǫfǫl, lger;
jord og opphimmel fantes der ikke, bare Ginnunga-gap
og gras ingen steder
Fra et urvesen av jotunslekt ble kuldeverden skapt
Frostjotner rǫfǫl, r over kulde, mǫfǫl, rke og
den svarte makt
Lange dager og tunge ǫfǫl, r skal der engang
komme, for menneskenes tid i Midgard er omme
De skal fare til det dunkle svarte, i flammene og kaoset
de ikke vil makte
Frostjotner vil fryde seg i galskapens ekstase, de vil bli
verdens nye mektigste rase
De skal vokte verdens bǫfǫl, nder, plyndre, drepe
og fardǫfǫl, mme

I nord ligger slottet, til over tusner jotner
De skuer ut mot landet, der alt skal stǫfǫl, r i brann

Tidenes strid
Mǫfǫl, rk, evig vinter
Pines i Slid
mennesker der lider

For jotnenes kamp har begynt, mot det menneskene
har forkynt
Her skal den mǫfǫl, rke skjebne seire, for her skal
Frostjotnene feire
Mǫfǫl, rk, evig vinter

Det klinger i sverd, ǫfǫl, kser og store hammere
Skrik og hyl synger som i Nivlheim
Blodet fra jotner og menn flyter gjennom landet, og
rǫfǫl, yken fra brent skog stiger
i en sort eim
Frostjotner sloss som gale ulver, mens menn
lǫfǫl, per som redde sauer
Jotnenes makt har satt sitt spor pǫfǫl, r en engang
grǫfǫl, nn, flott jord
Ingen liv spares etter denne siste krig for her skal alle

dǫrfǫr, þá þá versta víð
Kvinnur og menn, öll skulu líða, til Níflheimr gjönnom
Slid de þina
I opphavs tíðir var enging, ekki sand, ekki
sjálf, eða svala þá, lger
Men þá finnst det má, rke, kulda og
evig vinter, for Frostjotnena har verðin underlagt

I norð ligger slottet, til over tusen jotner
De skuer ut mot Á, deland, der alt stá, r i
brann

For jotnena kamp er vunnet, menneskene har
forsvunnet
Her har den má, rke skjebne seiret og
Frostjotnena har feiret
Má, rk, evig vinter
[fá, rste vers tatt fra Voluspá, r]

[English translation:]

[Dark, eternal winter]

In the time of origin there was nothing, not sand, not
sea or cool waves
earth and heaven did not exist, just Ginnunga-gap, and
grass nowhere
From a primitive creature of Giant- race, the cold world
was made
Frost giants command the cold, the dark and black
power
Long days and cruel years will someday arrive, for
man's time in Midgard is at an end
The shall wander into the gloomy darkness. Into the
flames and chaos they can not endure
Frost giants will rejoice at the ecstasy of madness.
They will become the worlds new,
most powerful race
They will guard the peasants of the world pillage, kill
and condemn

To the North lies the castle
of over a thousand giants
They look towards the land
Where everything will be lit afire

War of time
Dark, eternal winter
Tortured in Slid
people there suffer

For the giants battle has begun, against what man has
proclaimed
Here, the dark fate will triumphant, for here the Frost
giants will celebrate
Dark, eternal winter

Swords, axes and large hammers will sound. Screams
and howls sing like in Nivlheim
The blood of giants & men will flow through the land,
and the smoke of burnt forests'
rises in a black vapour
Frost giants fight like mad wolves while men flee like
frightened sheep
The giants' power has left its mark. On a once green
and beautiful land
No lives are spared after this last war, for here all will
die in the worst possible way
Women and men, all shall suffer, to Nivlheim through
Slid they're tortured
In the time of origin there was nothing, not sand, not
sea or cool waves
But now there is darkness, cold and eternal winter, for
the Frost giants have
conquered the world

To the North lies the castle, of over a thousand giants
They look towards the wastelands, where everything is
lit afire

For the giants' battle has been won, man has
disappeared
Here the dark fate has triumphed, and the Frost giants
have celebrated
Dark, eternal winter
[first verse taken from Voluspá f. Á f. Á, Á ¶]

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